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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

TO

HIS SON,

PHILIP STANHOPE, Esq.

LATE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AT THE COURT OF DRESDEN:

TOGETHER WITH

SEVERAL OTHER PIECES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS BY
MRS. EUGENIA STANHOPE.

THE TWELFTH EDITION.

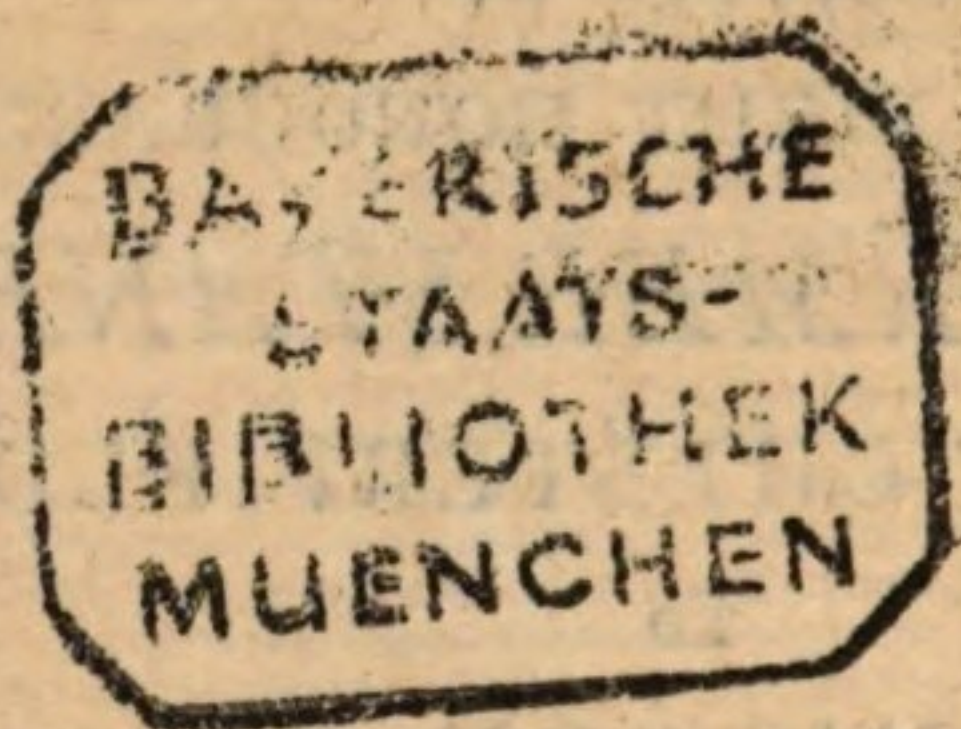
In which are inserted, in their proper Places, several Letters
that were wanting at the Time of their first Publication

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N:

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L O R D C H E S T E R F I E L D ' s
L E T T E R S.

L E T T E R C C X C V .

Bath, November 28, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE my last to you, I have read Madame Maintenon's Letters; I am sure they are genuine, and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful lady; whom I am convinced that I now know much better than her *directeur* the Abbé de Fenelon (afterwards Archbishop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the 185th letter; and I know him the better too for that letter. The Abbé, though brimful of the divine love, had a great mind to be first Minister, and Cardinal, in order, *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at that time to Madame Maintenon, seemed to be a good step towards those views. She put herself upon him for a saint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himself upon her for a saint too, which, I dare say, she did not believe; but both of them knew, that it was necessary for them to appear saints to Lewis the XIV. who they were very sure was a bigot. It was to be presumed, nay, indeed, it is plain by that 185th letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* some scruples of conscience, with relation to her commerce with the King; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only some scruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increase the desires of the

King. The pious *Abbé*, frightened out of his wits, lest the King should impute to the *directeur* any scruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the Lady, writes her the above-mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not tease the King by advice and exhortations, but to have the utmost submission to his will; and, that she may not mistake the nature of that submission, he tells her it is the same that Sarah had for Abraham; to which submission, Isaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written a more seducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his *penitente*; who I dare say had no occasion for his good advice. Those who would justify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp, in this affair, must not attempt to do it, by saying, that the King and Madame Maintenon were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his *enigme*. That is absolutely impossible; for that private marriage must have removed all scruples between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, since it was kept private, and consequently prevented no public scandal. It is therefore extremely evident, that Madame Maintenon could not be married to the King, at the time when she scrupled granting, and when the *directeur* advised her to grant, those favours which Sarah with so much submission granted to Abraham: and what the *directeur* is pleased to call *le mystere de Dieu*, was most evidently a state of concubinage. The letters are well worth your reading; they throw light upon many things of those times.

I have just received a letter from Sir William Stanhope, from Lyons; in which he tells me that he saw you at Paris, that he thinks you a little grown, but that you do not make the most of it, for that you stoop still; *d'ailleurs* his letter was a panegyric of you.

The young Comte de Schullemburg, the Chambellan whom you knew at Hanover, is come over with the King, *et fait aussi ses éloges*.

Though, as I told you in my last, I have done buying pictures, by way of *virtu*, yet there are some portraits of remarkable people that would tempt me. For instance, if you could by chance pick up at Paris, at a reasonable price, undoubted originals (whether heads, half-lengths, or whole lengths, no matter) of Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and Retz, Monsieur de Turenne, le grand Prince de Condé; Mesdames de Montepan, de Fontanges, de Montbazon, de Sevigné, de Maintenon, de Chevreuse, de Mogueville, d'Olonne, &c. I should be tempted to purchase them. I am sensible that they can only be met with, by great accident, at family sales and auctions, so I only mention the affair to you eventually.

I do not understand, or else I do not remember, what affair you mean in your last letter; which you think will come to nothing, and for which, you say, I had once a mind that you should take the road again. Explain it to me.

I shall go to town in four or five days, and carry back with me a little more hearing than I brought; but yet, not half enough for common use. One wants ready pocket-money much oftener than one wants great sums; and, to use a very odd expression, I want to hear at sight. I love every-day senses, every-day wit and entertainment; a man who is only good on holy-days, is good for very little. Adieu.

LETTER CCXCVI.

Christmas-Day, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A TYRANT, with legions at his command, may say, *Oderint modo timeant*; though he is a fool if he says it, and a greater fool if he thinks it. But a private man, who can hurt but few, though he can please many, must endeavour to be loved, for he cannot be feared, in general. Popularity is his only rational and sure foundation. The good-will, the affections, the love of the public, can alone raise him to any considerable height. Should you ask me how he is to acquire them, I will answer, by

desiring them. No man ever deserved, who did not desire them, and no man both deserved and desired them, who had them not, though many have enjoyed them merely by desiring, and without deserving them. You do not imagine, I believe, that I mean by this public love, the sentimental love of either lovers or intimate friends; no, that is of another nature, and confined to a very narrow circle; but I mean that general good-will, which a man may acquire in the world, by the arts of pleasing respectively exerted, according to the rank, the situation, and the turn of mind of those whom he hath to do with. The pleasing impressions which he makes upon them will engage their affections and their good wishes, and even their good offices, as far (that is) as they are not inconsistent with their own interests; for farther than that you are not to expect from three people in the course of your life, even were it extended to the patriarchal term. Could I revert to the age of twenty, and carry back with me all the experience that forty years more have taught me, I can assure you, that I would employ much the greatest part of my time in engaging the good-will, and in insinuating myself into the predilection of people in general, instead of directing my endeavours to please (as I was too apt to do) to the man whom I immediately wanted, or the woman I wished for, exclusively of all others. For if one happens (and it will sometimes happen to the ablest man) to fail in his views with that man or that woman; one is at a loss to know whom to address one's self to next, having offended in general, by that exclusive and distinguished particular application. I would secure a general refuge in the good will of the multitude, which is a great strength to any man; for both ministers and mistresses choose popular and fashionable favourites. A man who solicits a minister, backed by the general good will and good wishes of mankind, solicits with weight and great probability of success: and a woman is strangely biased in favour of a man, whom she sees in fashion, and hears every body speak well of. This useful art of insinuation consists merely of various little things. A

graceful motion, a significant look, a trifling attention, an obliging word dropped *à propos*, air, dress, and a thousand other undefineable things, all severally little ones, joined together, make that happy and inestimable composition, *the art of pleasing*. I have in my life seen many a very handsome woman who has not pleased me, and many very sensible men, who have disgusted me; Why? only for want of these thousand little means to please, which those women, conscious of their beauty, and those men of their sense, have been grossly enough mistaken to neglect. I never was so much in love in my life, as I was with a woman who was very far from being handsome; but then she was made up of graces, and had all the arts of pleasing. The following verses, which I have read in some congratulatory poem prefixed to some work, I have forgot which, express what I mean in favour of what pleases preferably to what is generally called more solid and instructive.

I would an author like a mistress try,
Not by a nose, a lip, a cheek, or eye,
But by some nameless power to give me joy.

Lady Chesterfield bids me make you many compliments; she shewed me your letter of recommendation of la Vestres; with which I was very well pleased: there is a pretty turn in it; I wish you would always speak as genteelly. I saw another letter from a lady at Paris, in which there was a high panegyric paragraph concerning you. I wish it were every word of it literally true; but, as it comes from a very little, pretty, white hand, which is suspected, and I hope justly, of great partiality to you; *il en faut rabattre quelque chose, et même en le faisant il y aura toujours d'assez beaux restes.* Adieu.

LETTER CCXCVII.

London, New Year's-Day, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is now above a fortnight since I have received a letter from you. I hope, however, that you are well, but engrossed by the business of Lord Albemarle's *bureau* in the mornings, and by business of a genteeler nature in the evenings; for I willingly give up my own satisfaction to your improvement, either in business or manners.

Here have been lately imported from Paris two gentlemen, who, I find, were much acquainted with you there; Comte Sinzendorf, and Monsieur Clairaut, the Academician. The former is a very pretty man, well-bred, and with a great deal of useful knowledge; for those two things are very consistent. I examined him about you, thinking him a competent judge. He told me; *que vous parliez l'Allemand comme un Allemand; que vous sçaviez le droit public de l'Empire parfaitement bien; que vous aviez le goût sur, et des connoissances fort étendues.* I told him, that I knew all this very well; but that I wanted to know whether you had *l'air, les manieres, les attentions, enfin le brillant d'un honnête homme*: his answer was, *Mais oui en vérité, un fort bien.* This, you see, is but cold in comparison of what I do wish, and of what you ought to wish. Your friend Clairaut interposed, and said, *Mais je vous assure qu'il est fort poli;* to which I answered, *Je le crois, bien, vis-a-vis des Lapons vos amis; je vous refuse pour Juge, jusqu'à ce que vous aïez été délaponné, au moins dix ans, parmi les honnêtes gens.* These testimonies in your favour are such as perhaps you are satisfied with, and think sufficient; but I am not: they are only the cold depositions of disinterested and unconcerned witnesses, upon a strict examination. When, upon a trial, a man calls witnesses to his character, and those witnesses only say, that they never heard, nor do not know any ill of him, it intimates at best a neutral and insignificant, though innocent character. Now I

want, and you ought to endeavour, that *les agrémens, les graces, les attentions, &c.* should be a distinguishing part of your character, and specified of you by people unasked. I wish to hear people say of you, *ah qu'il est aimable! Quelles manieres, quelles graces, quel art de plaire!* Nature, thank God, has given you all the powers necessary; and, if she has not yet, I hope in God she will give you the will of exerting them.

I have lately read, with great pleasure, Voltaire's two little Histories of *les Croisades*, and *l'Esprit humain*; which I recommend to your perusal, if you have not already read them. They are bound up with a most poor performance, called *Micromégas*, which is said to be Voltaire's too, but I cannot believe it, it is so very unworthy of him; it consists only of thoughts stolen from Swift, but miserably mangled and disfigured. But his history of the Croisades shews, in a very short and strong light, the most immoral and wicked scheme, that was ever contrived by knaves, and executed by madmen and fools, against humanity. There is a strange, but never-failing relation between honest madmen and skilful knaves; and wherever one meets with collected numbers of the former, one may be very sure that they are secretly directed by the latter. The Popes, who have generally been both the ablest and the greatest knaves in Europe, wanted all the power and money of the East: for they had all that was in Europe already. The times and the minds favoured their design, for they were dark and uninformed; and Peter the Hermit, at once a knave and a madman, was a fine papal tool for so wild and wicked an undertaking. I wish we had good histories of every part of Europe, and indeed of the world, written upon the plan of Voltaire's *de l'Esprit humain*; for, I own, I am provoked at the contempt which most historians shew for humanity in general: one would think by them that the whole human species consisted but of about a hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeservedly too) by the titles of Emperors, Kings, Popes, Generals, and Ministers. I have never seen, in any of the newspapers, any mention of

the affairs of the Cevennes, or Grenoble, which you gave me an account of some time ago; and the Duke de Mirepoix pretends, at least, to know nothing of either. Were they false reports; or does the French Court choose to stifle them? I hope that they are both true, because I am very willing, that the cares of the French government should be employed and confined to themselves.

Your friend, the Electress Palatine, has sent me six wild boars heads, and other *pièces de sa chasse*, in return for the fans, which she approved of extremely. This present was signified to me by one Mr. Harold, who wrote me a letter in very indifferent English; I suppose he is a Dane, who has been in England.

Mr. Harte came to town yesterday, and dined with me to-day. We talked you over; and I can assure you, that though a Parson, and no member *du beau monde*, he thinks all the most shining accomplishments of it full as necessary for you, as I do. His expression was, *that is all that he wants; but if he wants that, considering his situation and destination, he might as well want every thing else.*

This is the day when people reciprocally offer and receive the kindest and the warmest wishes, though, in general, without meaning them on one side, or believing them on the other. They are formed by the head, in compliance with custom, though disavowed by the heart, in consequence of nature. His wishes upon this occasion are the best, that are the best turned; you do not, I am sure, doubt the truth of mine, and therefore I will express them with a Quaker-like simplicity. May this new year be a very new one indeed to you; may you put off the old, and put on the new man! but I mean the outward, not the inward man. With this alteration, I might justly sum up all my wishes for you in these words:

Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera fumes.

This minute, I receive your letter of the 26th past, which gives me a very disagreeable reason for your late silence. By

the symptoms which you mention of your illness, I both hope and believe, that it was wholly owing to your own want of care. You are rather inclined to be fat, you have naturally a good stomach, and you eat at the best tables; which must of course make you plethoric: and, upon my word, you will be subject to these accidents, if you will not from to time, when you find yourself full, heated, or your head aching, take some little, easy, preventive purge, that would not confine you; such as chewing a little rhubarb, when you go to bed at night, or some fenna-tea in the morning. You do very well to live extremely low, for some time; and I could wish, though I do not expect it, that you would take one gentle vomit: for those giddinesses, and swimings in the head, always proceed from some foulness of the stomach. However, upon the whole, I am very glad that your old complaint has not mixed itself with this: which, I am fully convinced, arises singly from your own negligence. Adieu.

I am sorry for Monsieur Kurzé, upon his sister's account.

LETTER CCXCVIII.

London, January 15, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER think my time so well employed, as when I think it employed to your advantage. You have long had the greatest share of it; you now engross it. The moment is now decisive; the piece is going to be exhibited to the public; the mere outlines, and the general colouring, are not sufficient to attract the eyes and to secure applause; but the last finishing, artful, and delicate strokes, are necessary. Skilful judges will discern, and acknowledge their merit, the ignorant will, without knowing why, feel their power. In that view, I have thrown together, for your use, the inclosed Maxims*; or, to speak more properly, observations on men and things; for I have no merit, as to the invention: I am no system-monger; and, instead of giving way

* Turn to the end of the volume.

to my imagination, I have only consulted my memory; and my conclusions are all drawn from facts, not from fancy. Most maxim-mongers have preferred the prettiness to the justness of a thought, and the turn to the truth; but I have refused myself to every thing that my own experience did not justify and confirm. I wish you would consider them seriously, and separately, and recur to them again *pro re nata* in similar cases. Young men are as apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. They look upon spirit to be a much better thing than experience; which they call coldness. They are but half mistaken; for though spirit, without experience, is dangerous, experience, without spirit, is languid and defective. Their union, which is very rare, is perfection: you may join them, if you please; for all my experience is at your service; and I do not desire one grain of your spirit in return. Use them both; and let them reciprocally animate and check each other. I mean here, by the spirit of youth, only the vivacity and presumption of youth; which hinder them from seeing the difficulties, or dangers of an undertaking; but I do not mean what the silly vulgar call spirit, by which they are captious, jealous of their rank, suspicious of being undervalued, and tart (as they call it) in their repartees, upon the slightest occasions. This is an evil, and a very silly spirit, which should be driven out, and transferred to an herd of swine. This is not the spirit of a man of fashion, who has kept good company. People of an ordinary, low education, when they happen to fall into good company, imagine themselves the only object of its attention; if the company whispers, it is, to be sure, concerning them; if they laugh, it is at them; and if any thing ambiguous, that by the most forced interpretation can be applied to them, happens to be said, they are convinced that it was meant at them; upon which they grow out of countenance first, and then angry. This mistake is very well ridiculed in the *Stratagem*, where Scrub says, *I am sure they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.* A well-bred man seldom thinks, but ne-

ver seems to think, himself slighted, undervalued, or laughed at in company, unless where it is so plainly marked out, that his honour obliges him to resent it in a proper manner; *mais les honnêtes gens ne se boudent jamais*. I will admit that it is very difficult to command one's self enough, to behave with ease, frankness, and good breeding towards those, who one knows dislike, slight, and injure one as far as they can without personal consequences; but I assert, that it is absolutely necessary to do it: you must embrace the man you hate, if you cannot be justified in knocking him down; for otherwise you avow the injury, which you cannot revenge. A prudent Cuckold (and there are many such at Paris) pockets his horns, when he cannot gore with them; and will not add to the triumph of his maker, by only butting with them ineffectually. A seeming ignorance is very often a most necessary part of worldly knowledge. It is, for instance, commonly adviseable to seem ignorant of what people offer to tell you; and, when they say, Have you not heard of such a thing? to answer, No, and to let them go on; though you know it already. Some have a pleasure in telling it, because they think that they tell it well, others have a pride in it, as being the sagacious discoverers; and many have a vanity in shewing that they have been, though very undeservedly, trusted: all these would be disappointed, and consequently displeased, if you said, Yes. Seem always ignorant (unless to one most intimate friend) of all matters of private scandal and defamation, though you should hear them a thousand times; for the parties affected always look upon the receiver to be almost as bad as the thief: and, whenever they become the topic of conversation, seem to be a sceptic, though you are really a serious believer; and always take the extenuating part. But all this seeming ignorance should be joined to thorough and extensive private informations: and, indeed, it is the best method of procuring them; for most people have such a vanity, in shewing a superiority over others, though but for a moment and in the merest trifles, that they will tell you what they should not, ra-

ther than not shew that they can tell what you did not know: besides that such seeming ignorance will make you pass for in-
 curious, and consequently undesigning. However, fish for facts,
 and take pains to be well informed of every thing that passes;
 but fish judiciously, and not always, nor indeed often, in the
 shape of direct questions; which always put people upon their
 guard, and, often repeated, grow tiresome. But sometimes take
 the things that you would know, for granted; upon which
 somebody will, kindly and officiously, set you right: sometimes
 say that you have heard so and so; and at other times seem to
 know more than you do, in order to know all that you want:
 but avoid direct questioning, as much as you can. All these ne-
 cessary arts of the world require constant attention, presence of
 mind and coolness.. Achilles, though invulnerable, never went
 to battle but completely armed. Courts are to be the theatres
 of your wars, where you should be always as completely armed,
 and even with the addition of a heel-piece. The least inatten-
 tion, the least *distraction*, may prove fatal. I would fain see
 what pedants call *omnis homo*, and what Pope much better calls
all-accomplished: you have the means in your power; add the
 will, and you may bring it about. The vulgar have a coarse
 saying, of *spoiling a hog for an halfpenny-worth of tar*: pre-
 vent the application, by providing the tar; it is very easily to
 be had, in comparison with what you have already got.

The fine Mrs. Pitt, who, it seems, saw you often at Paris,
 speaking of you the other day, said, in French, for she speaks
 little English

whether it is that you did not pay the homage due to her beau-
 ty, or that it did not strike you as it does others, I cannot deter-
 mine; but I hope she had some other reason than truth, for
 saying it. I will suppose that you did not care a pin for her;
 but, however, she surely deserved a degree of propitiatory ado-
 ration from you, which I am afraid you neglected. Had I been

in your case, I should have endeavoured, at least, to have supplanted Mr. Mackay in his office of nocturnal reader to her. I played at cards, two days ago, with your friend, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her most sublime mother, Mrs. Seagrave; they both inquired after you; and Mrs. Fitzgerald said, she hoped you went on with your dancing; I said, Yes, and that you assured me, you had made such considerable improvements in it, that you had now learned to stand still, and even upright. Your *virtuosa*, la Signora Vestri, sung here the other day, with great applause: I presume you are *intimately* acquainted with her merit. Good night to you, whoever you pass it with.

I have this moment received a packet, sealed with your seal, though not directed by your hand, for Lady Hervey. No letter from you! are you not well?

LETTER CCXCIX.

London, May 27, O. S. 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this day been tired, jaded, nay tormented, by the company of a most worthy, sensible, and learned man, a near relation of mine, who dined and passed the evening with me. This seems a paradox, but is a plain truth; he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no address: far from talking without book, as is commonly said of people who talk fillily, he only talks by book; which in general conversation is ten times worse. He has formed in his own closet, from books, certain systems of every thing, argues tenaciously upon those principles, and is both surpris'd and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, are all impracticable. Why? because he has only read, and not conversed. He is acquainted with books, and an absolute stranger to men. Labouring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs; he hesitates, stops in his utterance, and always expresses himself inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; so that with all his merit and knowledge, I would rather converse six hours with the most frivolous little-tattle woman, who knew something of the world, than

with him. The preposterous notions of a systematical man who does not know the world, tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endless to correct his mistakes, nor would he take it kindly; for he has considered every thing deliberately, and is very sure that he is in the right. Impropriety is a characteristic, and a never failing one, of these people. Regardless, because ignorant, of custom and manners, they violate them every moment. They often shock, though they never mean to offend; never attending either to the general character, or the particular distinguishing circumstances of the people to whom, or before whom they talk; whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one, that the very same things, which are exceedingly right and proper in one company, time and place, are exceedingly absurd in others. In short, a man who has great knowledge, from experience and observation, of the characters, customs, and manners of mankind, is a being as different from, and as superior to, a man of mere book and systematical knowledge, as a well-managed horse is to an ass. Study, therefore, cultivate, and frequent men and women; not only in their outward, and consequently guarded, but in their interior, domestic, and consequently less disguised, characters and manners. Take your notions of things, as by observation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or should be; for they never are quite what they should be. For this purpose, do not content yourself with general and common acquaintance; but wherever you can, establish yourself, with a kind of domestic familiarity, in good houses. For instance, go again to Orli, for two or three days, and so at two or three *reprises*. Go and stay two or three days at a time at Versailles, and improve and extend the acquaintance you have there. Be at home at St. Cloud; and, whenever any private person of fashion invites you to pass a few days at his country-house, accept of the invitation. This will necessarily give you a versatility of mind, and a facility to adopt various manners and customs; for every body desires to

please those in whose house they are; and people are only to be pleased in their own way. Nothing is more engaging than a cheerful and easy conformity to people's particular manners, habits, and even weaknesses; nothing (to use a vulgar expression) should come amiss to a young fellow. *He should be, for good purposes, what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones, a Proteus, assuming with ease, and wearing with cheerfulness, any shape. Heat, cold, luxury, abstinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, easiness, learning, trifling, business, and pleasure, are modes which he should be able to take, lay aside, or change occasionally, with as much ease as he would take or lay aside his hat. All this is only to be acquired by use and knowledge of the world, by keeping a great deal of company, analysing every character, and insinuating yourself into the familiarity of various acquaintance. A right, a generous ambition to make a figure in the world, necessarily gives the desire of pleasing; the desire of pleasing points out, to a great degree, the means of doing it; and the art of pleasing is, in truth, the art of rising, of distinguishing one's-self, of making a figure and a fortune in the world. But without pleasing, without the Graces, as I have told you a thousand times, *ogni fatica è vana*. You are now but nineteen, an age at which most of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk in Port, at the University. You have greatly got the start of them in learning; and, if you can equally get the start of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very sure of outrunning them in Court and Parliament, as you set out so much earlier than they. They generally begin but to see the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have seen all Europe. They set out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they seldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the English world, and the worst part of that too, and generally very little of any but the English language; and they come home, at three or four-and-twenty, refined and polished (as is said in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch skippers from a whale-fish-

ing. The care which has been taken of you, and (to do you justice) the care you have taken of yourself, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, addreſs, and thoſe exterior accompliſhments. But they are great and neceſſary acquiſitions, to thoſe who have ſenſe enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and ſhining ſcene of life, will give you ſuch an advantage over all your cotemporaries, that they cannot overtake you: they muſt be diſtanced. You may probably be placed about a young Prince, who will probably be a young King. There all the various arts of pleaſing, the engaging addreſs, the verſatility of manners, the *brillant*, the Graces, will outweigh and yet outrun all ſolid knowledge and unpoliſhed merit. Oil yourſelf therefore, and be both ſupple and ſhining, for that race, if you would be firſt, or early at the goal. Ladies will moſt probably too have ſomething to ſay there; and thoſe who are beſt with them will probably be beſt *somewhere elſe*. Labour this great point, my dear child, indefatigably; attend to the very ſmalleſt parts, the minuteſt graces, the moſt trifling circumſtances, that can poſſibly concur in forming the ſhining character of a complete Gentleman, *un galant homme, un homme de cour*, a man of buſineſs and pleaſure; *eſtimé des hommes, recherché des femmes, aimé de tout le monde*. In this view, obſerve the ſhining part of every man of faſhion, who is liked and eſteemed; attend to, and imitate that particular accompliſhment for which you hear him chiefly celebrated and diſtinguiſhed: then collect thoſe various parts, and make yourſelf a Moſaic of the whole. No one body poſſeſſes every thing, and almoſt every body poſſeſſes ſome one thing worthy of imitation: only chooſe your models well; and in order to do ſo, chooſe by your ear more than by your eye. The beſt model is always that which is moſt univerſally allowed to be the beſt, though in ſtrictneſs it may poſſibly not be ſo. We muſt take moſt things as they are, we cannot make them what we would, nor often

what they should be; and where moral duties are not concerned, it is more prudent to follow, than to attempt to lead. Adieu.

LETTER CCC.

Bath, October 3, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have set out well at the Hague; you are in love with Madame Munter, which I am very glad of: you are in the fine company there; and I hope one of it: for it is not enough at your age, to be merely in good company; but you should, by your address and attentions, make that good company think you one of them. There is a tribute due to beauty, even independently of farther views; which tribute I hope you paid with alacrity to Madame Munter and Madam Degenfeldt: depend upon it they expected it, and were offended in proportion as that tribute seemed either unwilling or scantily paid. I believe my friend Kreuninghen admits nobody now to his table, for fear of their communicating the plague to him, or at least the bite of a mad dog. Pray profit of the *entrées libres*, that the French Ambassador has given you; frequent him, and *speak* to him. I think you will not do amiss to call upon Mr. Burrish, at Aix-la-Chapelle, since it is so little out of your way; and you would do still better, if you would, which I know you will not, drink those waters, for five or six days only, to scour your stomach and bowels a little; I am sure it would do you a great deal of good. Mr. Burrish can, doubtless, give you the best letters to Munich; and he will naturally give you some to Comte Preysing, or Comte Sinheim, and such sort of grave people; but I could wish that you would ask him for some to young fellows of pleasure, or fashionable coquettes, that you may be *dans la bonne débouchée de Munich*. A propos of your future motions; I leave you in a great measure the master of them, so shall only suggest my thoughts to you upon that subject.

You have three Electoral Courts in view, Bonn, Munich, and Maubeim. I would advise you to see two of them rather cur-

forily, and fix your tabernacle at the third, whichever that may be, for a considerable time. For instance, should you choose (as I fancy you will) to make Manheim the place of your residence, stay only ten or twelve days at Bonn, and as long at Munich, and then go and fix at Manheim; and so, *vice versa*, if you should like Bonn or Munich better than you think you would Manheim: make that the place of your residence, and only visit the other two. It is certain that no man can be much pleased himself, or please others much, in any place where he is only a bird of passage for eight or ten days; neither party thinking it worth while to make an acquaintance, still less to form any connection, for so short a time: but when months are the case, a man may domesticate himself pretty well; and very soon not be looked upon as a stranger. This is the real utility of travelling, when, by contracting a familiarity at any place, you get into the inside of it, and see it in its undress. That is the only way of knowing the customs, the manners, and all the little characteristical peculiarities, that distinguish one place from another; but then this familiarity is not to be brought about by cold, formal visits of half an hour: no; you must shew a willingness, a desire, an impatience, of forming connections, *il faut s'y prêter, et y mettre du liant, du désir de plaire*. Whatever you do approve, you must be lavish in your praises of; and you must learn to commend what you do not approve of, if it is approved of there. You are not much given to praise, I know; but it is because you do not yet know how extremely people are engaged by a seeming sanction to their own opinions, prejudices, and weaknesses, even in the merest trifles. Our self-love is mortified, when we think our opinions, and even our tastes, customs, and dresses, either arraigned or condemned; as, on the contrary, it is tickled and flattered by approbation. I will give you a remarkable instance of this kind. The famous Earl of Shaftesbury, in the flagitious reign of Charles the Second, while he was Chancellor, had a mind to be a Favourite, as well as a Minister of the King: in order therefore to please his Majesty, whose

prevailing passion was women, my Lord kept a w——c, whom he had no occasion for, and made no manner of use of. The King soon heard of it, and asked him if it was true; he owned it was; but that, though he kept that one woman, he had several others besides, for he loved variety. A few days afterwards, the King, at his public levee, saw Lord Shaftesbury at some distance, and said in the circle, "One would not think that that little, weak man is the greatest whore-master in England; but I can assure you that he is." Upon Lord Shaftesbury's coming into the circle, there was a general smile; the King said, "This is concerning you, my Lord." "Me, Sir!" answered the Chancellor, with some surprize. "Yes, you," answered the King; "for I had just said, that you were the greatest whore-master in England: Is it not true?" "Of a subject, Sir," replied Lord Shaftesbury, "perhaps I am." It is the same in every thing; we think a difference of opinion, of conduct, of manners, a tacit reproach, at least, upon our own; we must therefore use ourselves to a ready conformity to whatever is neither criminal nor dishonourable. Whoever differs from any general custom, is supposed both to think, and proclaim himself wiser than the rest of the world; which the rest of the world cannot bear, especially in a young man. A young fellow is always forgiven, and often applauded, when he carries a fashion to an excess; but never if he stops short of it. The first is ascribed to youth and fire; but the latter is imputed to an affectation of singularity, or superiority. At your age, one is allowed to *outrer* fashion, dress, vivacity, gallantry, &c. but by no means to be behind hand in any one of them. And one may apply to youth in this case, *Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.* Adieu.

LETTER CCCI.

Bath, October 19, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Of all the various ingredients that compose the useful and necessary art of pleasing, no one is so effectual and engaging, as that gentleness, that *douceur* of countenance and manners, to which you are no stranger, though (God knows why) a sworn enemy. Other people take great pains to conceal, or disguise their natural imperfections; some, by the make of their clothes, and other arts, endeavour to conceal the defects of their shape; women, who unfortunately have natural bad complexions, lay on good ones; and both men and women, upon whom unkind nature has inflicted a furliness and ferocity of countenance, do at least all they can, though often without success, to soften and mitigate it; they affect *douceur*, and aim at smiles, though often in the attempt, like the Devil in *Milton*, they grin horribly a ghastly smile. But you are the only person I ever knew in the whole course of my life, who not only disdain, but absolutely reject and disguise a great advantage that nature has kindly granted. You easily guess I mean *countenance*; for she has given you a very pleasing one; but you beg to be excused, you will not accept it; on the contrary, take singular pains to put on the most *funeste*, forbidding, and unpleasing one, that can possibly be imagined. This one would think impossible; but you know it to be true. If you imagine that it gives you a manly, thoughtful, and decisive air, as some, though very few of your countrymen do; you are most exceedingly mistaken; for it is at best the air of a German corporal, part of whose exercise is to look fierce, and to *blasphemeer-op*. You will say, perhaps, What, am I always to be studying my countenance, in order to wear this *douceur*? I answer, No, do it but for a fortnight, and you will never have occasion to think of it more. Take but half the pains to recover the countenance that nature gave you, that

you must have taken to disguise and deform it as you have, and the business will be done. Accustom your eyes to a certain softness, of which they are very capable, and your face to smiles, which become it more than most faces I know. Give all your motions too an air of *douceur*, which is directly the reverse of their present celerity and rapidity. I wish you would adopt a little of *l'air du Couvent* (you very well know what I mean) to a certain degree; it has something extremely engaging; there is a mixture of benevolence, affection, and unction in it: it is frequently really sincere, but it is almost always thought so, and consequently pleasing. Will you call this trouble? It will not be half an hour's trouble to you in a week's time. But suppose it be, pray tell me, why did you give yourself the trouble of learning to dance so well as you do? It is neither a religious, moral, or civil duty. You must own, that you did it then singly to please, and you were in the right on't. Why do you wear fine clothes, and curl your hair? Both are troublesome; lank locks, and plain flimsy rags, are much easier. This then you also do in order to please, and you do very right. But then, for God's sake, reason and act consequentially; and endeavour to please in other things too, still more essential; and without which the trouble you have taken in those is wholly thrown away. You shew your dancing, perhaps, six times a year, at most; but you shew your countenance and your common motions every day, and all day. Which then, I appeal to yourself, ought you think of the most, and care to render easy, graceful, and engaging? *Douceur* of countenance, and gesture, can alone make them so. You are by no means ill-natured; and would you then most unjustly be reckoned so? Yet your common countenance intimates, and would make any body, who did not know you, believe it. *A propos* of this: I must tell you what was said the other day to a fine lady whom you know, who is very good-natured in truth, but whose common countenance implies ill-nature even to brutality. It was Miss H—n, Lady M——y's niece, whom you have seen both at

Blackheath and at Lady Hervey's. Lady M——y was saying to me, that you had a very engaging countenance when you had a mind to it, but that you had not always that mind; upon which Miss H——n said, that she liked your countenance best, when it was as glum as her own. Why then, replied the Lady M——y, you two should marry; for while you both wear your worst countenances, nobody else will venture upon either of you; and they call her now Mrs. Stanhope. To complete this *douceur* of countenance and motions, which I so earnestly recommend to you, you should carry it also to your expressions, and manner of thinking, *mettez y toujours de l'affectueux, de l'onction*; take the gentle, the favourable, the indulgent side of most questions. I own that the manly and sublime John Trott, your countryman, seldom does; but, to shew his spirit and decision, takes the rough and harsh side, which he generally adorns with an oath, to seem more formidable. This he only thinks fine; for to do John justice, he is commonly as good-natured as any body. These are among the many little things which you have not, and I have lived long enough in the world to know of what infinite consequence they are, in the course of life. Reason then, I repeat it again, within yourself *consequentially*; and let not the pains you have taken, and still take, to please in some things, be a *pure perte*, by your negligence of, and inattention to others, of much less trouble, and much more consequence.

I have been of late much engaged, or rather bewildered in Oriental history, particularly that of the Jews, since the destruction of their temple, and their dispersion by Titus; but the confusion and uncertainty of the whole, and the monstrous extravagances and falsehoods of the greatest part of it, disgusted me extremely. Their Thalmud, their Mischna, their Targums, and other traditions and writings of their Rabbins and Doctors, who were most of them Cabalists, are really more extravagant and absurd, if possible, than all that you have read in Comte de Gabalis; and indeed most of his stuff is taken from them. Take this sample of their nonsense, which is transmitted in the

writings of one of their most considerable Rabbins. "One Abbas Saul, a man of ten feet high, was digging a grave, and happened to find the eye of Goliath, in which he thought proper to bury himself, and so he did, all but his head, which the Giant's eye was unfortunately not quite deep enough to receive." This, I assure you, is the most modest lie of ten thousand. I have also read the Turkish History, which, excepting the religious part, is not fabulous, though very possibly not true. For the Turks, having no notion of letters, and being, even by their religion, forbid the use of them, except for reading and transcribing the Koran; they have no historians of their own, nor any authentic records or memorials for other historians to work upon; so that what histories we have of that country, are written by foreigners; as Platina, Sir Paul Rycart, Prince Cantimer, &c. or else snatches only of particular and short periods, by some who happened to reside there at those times: such as Busbequius, whom I have just finished. I like him, as far as he goes, much the best of any of them: but then his account is, properly, only an account of his own Embassy, from the Emperor Charles the Fifth to Solymán the Magnificent. However, there he gives, episodically, the best account I know of the customs and manners of the Turks, and of the nature of that government, which is a most extraordinary one. For, despotic as it always seems, and sometimes is, it is in truth a military republic; and the real power resides in the Janissaries; who sometimes order their Sultan to strangle his Vizir, and sometimes the Vizir to depose or strangle his Sultan, according as they happen to be angry at the one or the other. I own I am glad, that the capital strangler should, in his turn, be *strangle-able*, and now and then strangled; for I know of no brute so fierce, nor criminal so guilty, as the creature called a Sovereign, whether King, Sultan, or Sophy, who thinks himself, either by divine or human right, vested with an absolute power of destroying his fellow creatures; or who, without inquiring into his right, lawlessly exerts that power. The most excusable of all those human monsters are the Turks, whose

religion teaches them inevitable fatalism. *A propos* of the Turks; my Loyola, I pretend, is superior to your Sultan. Perhaps you think this impossible, and wonder who this Loyola is. Know then, that I have had a Barbet brought me from France, so exactly like Sultan, that he has been mistaken for him several times; only his snout is shorter, and his ears longer than Sultan's. He has also the acquired knowledge of Sultan; and I am apt to think that he studied under the same master at Paris. His habit and his white band, shew him to be an Ecclesiastic; and his begging, which he does very earnestly, proves him to be of a Mendicant order; which, added to his flattery and insinuation, make him supposed to be a Jesuit, and have acquired him the Name of Loyola. I must not omit too, that when he breaks wind he smells exactly like Sultan.

I do not yet hear one jot the better for all my bathings and pumpings, though I have been here already full half my time; I consequently go very little into company, being very little fit for any. I hope you keep company enough for us both; you will get more by that, than I shall by all my reading. I read singly to amuse myself, and fill up my time, of which I have too much; but you have too much better reasons for going into company, Pleasure and Profit. May you find a great deal of both, in a great deal of company! Adieu.

LETTER CCCII.

London, November 20, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO mails are now due from Holland, so that I have no letter from you to acknowledge: but that you know, by long experience, does not hinder my writing to you: I always receive your letters with pleasure; but I mean, and endeavour, that you should receive mine with some profit; preferring always your advantage to my own pleasure.

If you find yourself well settled and naturalized at Mannheim, stay there some time, and do not leave a certain for an uncertain good: but if you think you shall be as well, or better establi-

ed at Munich, go there as soon as you please; and if disappointed, you can always return to Manheim. I mentioned, in a former letter, your passing the Carnival at Berlin, which I think may be both useful and pleasing to you; however, do as you will; but let me know what you resolve. That King and that country have, and will have, so great a share in the affairs of Europe, that they are well worth being thoroughly known.

Whether, where you are now, or ever may be hereafter, you speak French, German, or English most, I earnestly recommend to you a particular attention to the propriety and elegance of your style: employ the best words you can find in the language, avoid *cacophony*, and make your periods as harmonious as you can. I need not, I am sure, tell you, what you must often have felt, how much the elegance of diction adorns the best thoughts and palliates the worst. In the House of Commons, it is almost every thing; and indeed, in every assembly, whether public or private. Words, which are the dress of thoughts, deserve surely more care than clothes, which are only the dress of the person, and which, however, ought to have their share of attention. If you attend to your style, in any one language, it will give you an habit of attending to it in every other; and if once you speak either French or German very elegantly, you will afterwards speak much the better English for it. I repeat it to you again, for at least the thousandth time; exert your whole attention now in acquiring the ornamental parts of character. People know very little of the world, and talk nonsense, when they talk of plainness and solidity unadorned; they will do in nothing: mankind has been long out of a state of nature, and the golden age of native simplicity will never return. Whether for the better or the worse, no matter; but we are refined; and plain manners, plain dress, and plain diction, would as little do in life, as acorns, herbage, and the water of the neighbouring spring, would do at table. Some people are just come, who interrupt me in the middle of my sermon; so good night.

LETTER CCCIII.

London, November 26, 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FINE doings at Manheim! If one may give credit to the weekly histories of Monsieur Roderigue, the finest writer among the moderns; not only *des chasses brillantes et nombreuses, des opéras ou les acteurs se surpassent, les jours des Saints de L L. A A. E E. sérénissimes célébrés en grand gala*; but to crown the whole, Monsieur Zutchmantel is happily arrived, and Monsieur Wartenleben hourly expected. I hope that you are *pars magna* of all these delights; though, as Noll Bluff says, in the Old Bachelor, *that rascally Gazetteer takes no more notice of you, than if you were not in the land of the living*. I should think, that he might at least have taken notice, that in those rejoicings you appeared with a rejoicing, and not a gloomy countenance; and you distinguished yourself in that numerous and shining company, by your air, dress, address, and attentions. If this was the case, as I will both hope and suppose that it was, I will, if you require it, have him written to, to do you justice in his next *supplement*. Seriously, I am very glad that you are whirled in that *tourbillon* of pleasures; they smooth, polish, and rub off rough corners: perhaps too, you have some particular *collision*, which is still more effectual.

Schannat's History of the Palatinate was, I find, written originally in German, in which language, I suppose, it is that you have read it; but, as I must humbly content myself with the French translation, Vaillant has sent for it for me, from Holland, so that I have not yet read it. While you are in the Palatinate, you do very well to read every thing relative to it; you will do still better if you make that reading the foundation of your inquiries into the more minute circumstances and anecdotes of that country, whenever you are in company with informed and knowing people.

The Ministers here, intimidated by the absurd and groundless

clamours of the mob, have, very weakly in my mind, repealed, this session, the bill which they had passed in the last, for rendering Jews capable of being naturalized, by subsequent acts of parliament. The clamourers triumph, and will doubtless make farther demands; which, if not granted, this piece of complaisance will soon be forgotten. Nothing is truer in politics, than this reflection of the Cardinal de Retz, *Que le peuple craint toujours quand on ne le craint pas*; and consequently they grow unreasonable and insolent, when they find that they are feared. Wise and honest governors will never, if they can help it, give the people just cause to complain; but then, on the other hand, they will firmly withstand groundless clamour. Besides that this noise against the Jew bill proceeds from that narrow mob-spirit of *intoleration* in religious, and inhospitality in civil matters; both which all wise governments should oppose.

The confusion in France increases daily, as no doubt you are informed, where you are. There is an answer of the Clergy's to the remonstrances of the Parliament, late published, which was sent me by the last post from France, and which I would have sent you, inclosed in this, were it not too bulky. Very probably you may see it at Manheim, from the French Minister: it is very well worth your reading, being most artfully and plausibly written, though founded upon false principles; the *ius divinum* of the clergy, and consequently their supremacy in all matters of faith and doctrine, are asserted; both which I absolutely deny. Were those two points allowed the Clergy of any country whatsoever, they must necessarily govern that country absolutely; every thing being, directly or indirectly, relative to faith or doctrine; and whoever is supposed to have the power of saving and damning souls, to all eternity (which power the Clergy pretend to), will be much more considered, and better obeyed, than any civil power, that forms no pretensions beyond this world. Whereas, in truth, the Clergy in every country are, like all other subjects, dependent upon the supreme legislative power; and are appointed by that power, under whatever re-

strictions and limitations it pleases, to keep up decency and decorum in the church, just as constables are to keep peace in the parish. This Fra. Paolo has clearly proved, even upon their own principles of the Old and New Testament, in his book *de Beneficiis*, which I recommend to you to read with attention; it is short. Adieu!

LETTER CCCIV.

London, December 25, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY again I received two letters at once from you, the one of the 7th, the other of the 15th, from Manheim.

You never had in your life so good a reason for not writing, either to me or to any body else, as your fore finger lately furnished you. I believe it was painful, and I am glad it is cured; but a fore finger, however painful, is a much less evil than laziness, of either body or mind, and attended by fewer ill consequences.

I am very glad to hear that you were distinguished at the Court of Manheim, from the rest of your countrymen and fellow-travellers: it is a sign that you had better manners and address than they; for take it for granted, the best-bred people will always be the best received, wherever they go. Good manners are the settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial life; returns are equally expected for both; and people will no more advance their civility to a Bear, than their money to a Bankrupt. I really both hope and believe, that the German Courts will do you a great deal of good; their ceremony and restraint being the proper correctives and antidotes for your negligence and inattention. I believe they would not greatly relish your weltering in your own laziness, and an easy chair; nor take it very kindly, if, when they spoke to you, or you to them, you looked another way; as much as to say, kiss by b—h. As they give, so they require attention; and, by the way, take this maxim for an undoubted truth, That no young man can

possibly improve in any company, for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

I dare not trust to Meyssonnier's report of his Rhenish, his Burgundy not having answered either his account or my expectations. I doubt, as a wine-merchant, he is the *perfidus caupo*, whatever he may be as a banker. I shall therefore venture upon none of his wine; but delay making my provision of Old Hock, till I go abroad myself next spring; as I told you in the utmost secrecy, in my last, that I intend to do; and then probably I may taste some that I like, and go upon sure ground. There is commonly very good, both at Aix-la-Chapelle and Liege; where I formerly got some excellent, which I carried with me to Spa, where I drank no other wine.

As my letters to you frequently miscarry, I will repeat in this that part of my last, which related to your future motions. Whenever you shall be tired of Berlin, go to Dresden; where Sir Charles Williams will be, who will receive you with open arms. He dined with me to-day; and sets out for Dresden in about six weeks. He spoke of you with great kindness and impatience to see you again. He will trust and employ you in business (and he is now in the whole secret of importance) till we fix our place to meet in; which probably will be Spa. Wherever you are, inform yourself minutely of, and attend particularly to the affairs of France; they grow serious, and in my opinion will grow more and more so every day. The King is despised, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about, to be hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. His ministers are known to be as disunited as incapable; he hesitates between the Church and the Parliaments, like the Ass in the Fable, that starved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his mistress to part with, and too much afraid for his soul, to enjoy her; jealous of the Parliaments, who would support his authority; and a devoted bigot to the Church, that would destroy it. The people are poor, consequently discontented: these who have religion, are divided in

their notions of it: which is saying, that they hate one another. The Clergy never do forgive; much less will they forgive the Parliament: the Parliament never will forgive them. The army must without doubt take, in their own minds at least, different parts in all these disputes, which upon occasion would break out. Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power for the time being, are always the destroyers of it too; by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it. This was the case of the Prætorian bands, who deposed and murdered the monsters they had raised to oppress mankind. The Janissaries in Turkey, and the regiments of guards in Russia, do the same now. The French nation reasons freely, which they never did before, upon matters of religion and government, and begin to be *spregiudicati*; the officers do so too; in short, all the symptoms, which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in Government, now exist, and daily increase in France. I am glad of it; the rest of Europe will be the quieter, and have time to recover. England, I am sure, wants rest; for it wants men and money; the Republic of the United Provinces wants both, still more: the other Powers cannot well dance, when neither France, nor the maritime Powers, can, as they used to do, pay the piper. The first squabble in Europe, that I foresee, will be about the Crown of Poland, should the present King die; and therefore I wish his Majesty a long life and a merry Christmas. So much for foreign politics: but, *a propos* of them, pray take care, while you are in those parts of Germany, to inform yourself correctly of all the details, discussions, and agreements, which the several wars, confiscations, bans, and treaties, occasioned between the Bavarian and Palatine Electorates: they are interesting and curious.

I shall not, upon the occasion of the approaching new year, repeat to you the wishes which I continue to form for you; you know them all already; and you know that it is absolutely in your own power to satisfy most of them. Among many other

wishes, this is my most earnest one, That you would open the new year with a most solemn and devout sacrifice to the Graces; who never reject those that supplicate them with fervour; without them, let me tell you, that your friend Dame Fortune will stand you in little stead: may they all be your friends!

Adieu.

LETTER CCCV.

London, Jan. 15, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 26th past from Munich. Since you are got so well out of the distresses and dangers of your journey from Manheim, I am glad that you were in them,

*Condifce i diletli
Memoria di pene,
Ne fà che fia bene
Chi mal non soffrì.*

They were but little samples of the much greater distresses and dangers which you must expect to meet with in your great, and, I hope, long journey through life. In some parts of it, flowers are scattered with profusion, the road is smooth, and the prospect pleasant; but in others (and I fear the greater number) the road is rugged, beset with thorns and briars, and cut by torrents. Gather the flowers in your way; but, at the same time, guard against the briars that are either mixed with them, or that most certainly succeed them.

I thank you for your wild boar, who, now he is dead, I assure him, *se laissera bien manger malgré qu'il en ait*; though I am not sure that I should have had that personal valour which so successfully distinguished you in single combat with him, which made him bite the dust like Homer's heroes, and, to conclude my period sublimely, put him into that *pickle*, from which I propose eating him. At the same time that I applaud your valour, I must do justice to your modesty; which candidly admits

that you were not over-matched, and that your adversary was of about your own age and size. A *Marcaffin*, being under a year old, would have been below your indignation. *Bete de compagnie*, being under two years old, was still in my opinion below your glory; but I guess that your enemy was *un Ragot*, that is from two to three years old; an age and size which, between man and boar, answer pretty well to yours.

If accidents of bad roads or waters do not detain you at Munich, I do not fancy that pleasures will; and I rather believe you will seek for, and find them at the Carnival at Berlin; in which supposition, I eventually direct this letter to your banker there. While you are at Berlin (I earnestly recommend it to you again and again) pray *care* to see, hear, know, and mind, every thing there. *The ablest Prince in Europe* is surely an object that deserves attention; and the least thing that he does, like the smallest sketches of the greatest painters, has its value, and a considerable one too.

Read with care the *Code Frederic*, and inform yourself of the good effects of it, in those parts of his dominions where it has taken place, and where it has banished the former chicanes, quirks, and quibbles of the old law. Do not think any detail too minute or trifling for your inquiry and observation. I wish that you could find one hour's leisure every day, to read some good Italian author, and to converse in that language with our worthy friend Signor Angelo Cori; it would both refresh and improve your Italian, which, of the many languages you know, I take to be that in which you are the least perfect; but of which too, you already know enough to make yourself master of, with very little trouble, whenever you please.

Live, dwell, and grow at the several Courts there; use them so much to your face, that they may not look upon you as a stranger. Observe, and take their *ton*, even to their affectations and follies; for such there are, and perhaps should be, at all Courts. Stay, in all events, at Berlin, till I inform you of Sir Charles Williams's arrival at Dresden; where I suppose you

would not care to be before him, and where you may go as soon after him as ever you please. Your time there will neither be unprofitably nor disagreeably spent; he will introduce you into all the best company, though he can introduce you to none so good as his own. He has of late applied himself very seriously to foreign affairs, especially those of Saxony and Poland; he knows them perfectly well, and will tell you what he knows. He always expresses, and I have good reason to believe very sincerely, great kindness and affection for you.

The works of the late Lord Bolingbroke are just published, and have plunged me into philosophical studies; which hitherto I have not been much used to, or delighted with; convinced of the futility of those researches: but I have read his Philosophical Essay upon the extent of human knowledge, which, by the way, makes two large quartos and an half. He there shews very clearly, and with the most splendid eloquence, what the human mind can, and cannot do; that our understandings are wisely calculated for our place in this planet, and for the link which we form in the universal chain of things; but that they are by no means capable of that degree of knowledge, which our curiosity makes us search after, and which our vanity makes us often believe we arrive at. I shall not recommend to you the reading of that work, but when you return hither I shall recommend to your frequent and diligent perusal all his tracts that are relative to our history and constitution; upon which he throws lights and scatters graces, which no other writer has ever done.

Reading, which was always a pleasure to me, in the time even of my greatest dissipation, is now become my only refuge; and, I fear, I indulge it too much, at the expence of my eyes. But what can I do? I must do something; I cannot bear absolute idleness: my ears grow every day more useless to me, my eyes consequently more necessary: I will not hoard them like a miser, but will rather risk the loss, than not to enjoy the use of them.

Pray let me know all the particulars not only of your reception at Munich, but also at Berlin; at the latter, I believe, it will be a good one; for his Prussian Majesty knows, that I have long been *an admirer and respecter of his great and various talents.* Adieu.

LETTER CCCVI.

London, February 1, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, yours of the 12th from Munich; in consequence of which, I direct this to you there, though I directed my three last to Berlin, where I suppose you will find them at your arrival. Since you are not only domesticated, but *niche* at Munich, you are much in the right to stay there. It is not by seeing places, that one knows them, but by familiar and daily conversations with the people of fashion. I would not care to be in the place of that prodigy of beauty, whom you are to drive *dans la course de Traineaux*; and I am apt to think you are much more likely to break her bones, than she is, though ever so cruel, to break your heart. Nay, I am not sure, but that, according to all the rules of gallantry, you are obliged to overturn her on purpose: in the first place, for the chance of seeing her backside; in the next, for the sake of the contrition and concern which it would give you an opportunity of shewing; and lastly, upon account of all the *gentilleses et epigrammes*, which it would naturally suggest. Voiture has made several stanzas, upon an accident of that kind, which happened to a lady of his acquaintance. There is a great deal of wit in them, rather too much; for according to the taste of those times, they are full of what the Italians call *concetti spiritosissimi*; the Spaniards, *agudezas*; and we, affectation and quaintness. I hope you have endeavoured to suit your *Traineau* to the character of the Fair-one whom it is to contain. If she is of an irascible, impetuous disposition (as fine women can sometimes be) you will doubtless place her in the body of a lion, a tiger, a dragon, or

some tremendous beast of prey and fury ; if she is a sublime and stately beauty, which I think most probable (for unquestionably she is *hogh gobokrne*) you will, I suppose, provide a magnificent swan or proud peacock for her reception ; but if she is all tenderness and softness, you have, to be sure, taken care, amorous doves and wanton sparrows should seem to flutter round her. Proper mottos, I take it for granted, that you have eventually prepared ; but if not, you may find a great many ready-made ones in *Les entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugene, sur les devises*, written by Pere Bouhours, and worth your reading at any time. I will not say to you, upon this occasion, like the Father in Ovid,

Parce, puer, stimulis ; et fortius utere loris.

On the contrary, drive on briskly ; it is not the chariot of the sun that you drive, but you carry the sun in your chariot ; consequently, the faster it goes, the less it will be likely either to scorch or consume. This is Spanish enough, I am sure.

If this finds you still at Munich, pray make many compliments from me to Mr. Burrish, to whom I am very much obliged for all his kindness to you ; it is true, that while I had power I endeavoured to serve him ; but it is as true too, that I have served many others more, who have neither returned nor remembered those services.

I have been very ill this last fortnight, of your old Carniolan complaint, the *arthritis vaga* ; luckily, it did not fall upon my breast, but seized on my right arm ; there it fixed its seat of empire ; but, as in all tyrannical governments, the remotest parts felt their share of its severity. Last post I was not able to hold a pen long enough to write to you, and therefore desired Mr Grevenkop to do it for me ; but that letter was directed to Berlin. My pain is now much abated, though I have still some fine remains of it in my shoulder, where I fear it will tease me a great while. I must be careful to take Horace's advice, and consider well, *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent.*

Lady Cleftfield bids me make you her compliments, and

assure you, that the music will be much more welcome to her with you than without you.

In some of my last letters, which are directed to, and will I suppose wait for you at Berlin, I complimented you, and with justice, upon your great improvement of late in the epistolary way, both with regard to the style and the turn of your letters; your four or five last to me have been very good ones, and one that you wrote to Mr Harte, upon the New Year, was so pretty a one, and he was so much and so justly pleased with it, that he sent it me from Windsor the instant he had read it. This talent (and a most necessary one it is in the course of life) is to be acquired by resolving, and taking pains to acquire it; and, indeed, so is every talent except poetry, which is undoubtedly a gift. Think therefore, night and day, of the turn, the purity, the correctness, the perspicuity, and the elegance of whatever you speak or write; take my word for it your labour will not be in vain, but greatly rewarded by the harvest of praise and success which it will bring you. Delicacy of turn, and elegance of style, are ornaments as necessary to common sense, as attentions, address, and fashionable manners, are to common civility; both may subsist without them, but then, without being of the least use to the owner. The figure of a man is exactly the same, in dirty rags, or in the finest and best-chosen clothes; but in which of the two he is the most likely to please, and to be received in good company, I leave to you to determine.

Both my arm and my paper hint to me, to bid you good night.

LETTER. CCCVII.

London, February 21, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TAKE my aim, and let off this letter at you at Berlin; I should be sorry it missed you, because I believe you will read it with as much pleasure as I write it. It is to inform you, that, after some difficulties and dangers, your seat in the new Parliament is at last absolutely secured, and that without opposition,

or the least necessity of your personal trouble or appearance. This success, I must farther inform you, is in a great degree owing to Mr. Eliot's friendship to us both; for he brings you in with himself, at his surest borough. As it was impossible to act with more zeal and friendship than Mr. Eliot has acted in this whole affair, I desire that you will, by the very next post, write him a letter of thanks; warm and young thanks, not old and cold ones. You may enclose it in yours to me, and I will send it to him, for he is now in Cornwall.

Thus, sure of being a Senator, I dare say you do not propose to be one of the *pedarii senatores, et pedibus ire in sententiam*; for, as the House of Commons is the theatre where you must make your fortune and figure in the world, you must resolve to be an actor and not a *persona muta*, which is just equivalent to a candle-snuffer upon other theatres. Whoever does not shine there is obscure, insignificant, and contemptible; and you cannot conceive how easy it is, for a man of half your sense and knowledge to shine there if he pleases. The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one too, is short and easy—Take of common sense *quantum sufficit*, add a little application to the rules and orders of the House, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness, and elegance of style.—Take it for granted, that by far the greatest part of mankind do neither analyse nor search to the bottom; they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the surface. All have senses to be gratified, very few have reason to be applied to. Graceful utterance and action please their eyes, elegant diction tickles their ears; but strong reason would be thrown away upon them. I am not only persuaded by theory, but convinced by my experience, that (supposing a certain degree of common sense) what is called a good speaker is as much a mechanic as a good shoemaker; and that the two trades are equally to be learned by the same degree of application. Therefore, for God's sake, let this trade be the principal object of your thoughts; never lose sight of it. Attend minutely to

your style, whatever language you speak or write in ; seek for the best words, and think for the best turns. Whenever you doubt of the propriety or elegance of any word, search the dictionary or some good author for it, or enquire of somebody, who is master of that language ; and in a little time, propriety and elegance of diction will become so habitual to you, that they will cost you no more trouble. As I have laid this down to be mechanical, and attainable by whoever will take the necessary pains, there will be no great vanity in my saying, that I saw the importance of the object so early, and attended to it so young, that it would now cost me more trouble to speak or write ungrammatically, vulgarly, and inelegantly, than ever it did to avoid doing so. The late Lord Bolingbroke, without the least trouble, talked all day long, full as elegantly as he wrote. Why ? Not by a peculiar gift from heaven ; but, as he has often told me himself, by an early and constant attention to his style. The present Solicitor General Murray*, has less law than many lawyers, but has more practice than any ; merely upon account of his eloquence, of which he has a never failing stream. I remember so long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my chief study) whether ancient or modern, I used to write down the shining passages, and then translate them, as well and as elegantly as ever I could ; if Latin or French, into English ; if English into French. This, which I practised for some years, not only improved and formed my style, but imprinted in my mind and memory the best thoughts of the best authors. The trouble was little, but the advantage I have experienced was great. While you are abroad, you can neither have time nor opportunity to read pieces of English, or Parliamentary eloquence, as I hope you will carefully do when you return ; but in the mean time, whenever pieces of French eloquence come in your way, such as the speeches of persons received into the academy, *oraisons funébres*, representations of the several Parliaments to the

* Created Lord Mansfield in the year 1756.

King, &c. read them in that view, in that spirit; observe the harmony, the turn and elegance of the style; examine in what you think it might have been better; and consider in what, had you written it yourself, you might have done worse. Compare the different manners of expressing the same thoughts, in different authors; and observe how differently the same things appear in different dresses. Vulgar, coarse, and ill-chosen words, will deform and degrade the best thoughts, as much as rags and dirt will the best figure. In short, you now know your object; pursue it steadily, and have no digressions that are not relative to, and connected with the main action. Your success in Parliament will effectually remove all *other objections*; either a foreign or domestic destination will no longer be refused you, if you make your way to it through Westminster.

I think I may now say, that I am quite recovered of my late illness, strength and spirits excepted, which are not yet restored. Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa will, I believe answer all my purposes.

I long to hear an account of your reception at Berlin, which I fancy will be a most gracious one. Adieu.

LETTER CCCVIII.

London, Feb. 15, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN now with great truth apply your own motto to you, *Nullem numen abest, si sit prudentia*. You are sure of being, as early as your age will permit, a Member of that House; which is the only road to figure and fortune in this country. Those, indeed, that are bred up to, and distinguish themselves in particular professions, as the army, the navy, and the law, may by their own merit, raise themselves to a certain degree; but you may observe too, that they never get to the top, without the assistance of Parliamentary talents and influence. The means of distinguishing yourself in Parliament are, as I told you in my last, much more easily attained than I believe you imagine. Close attendance to the business of the House will soon give you the Parliamentary routine; and strict attention to your sty-

will soon make you, not only a speaker, but a good one. The vulgar look upon a man, who is reckoned a fine speaker as a phænomenon, a supernatural being, and endowed with some peculiar gift of Heaven: they stare at him if he walks in the Park, and cry, *that is he*. You will, I am sure, view him in a juster light, and *nulla formidine*. You will consider him only as a man of good sense, who adorns common thoughts with the graces of elocution, and the elegancy of style. The miracle will then cease; and you will be convinced, that with the same application, and attention to the same objects, you may most certainly equal, and perhaps surpass this prodigy. Sir W—Y—, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thousandth part of your knowledge, has by a glibness of tongue singly, raised himself successively to the best employments of the kingdom: he has been Lord of the Admiralty, Lord of the Treasury, Secretary at War, and is now Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; and all this, with a most sullied, not to say blasted, character. Represent the thing to yourself, as it really is, easily attainable, and you will find it so. Have but ambition enough passionately to desire the object, and spirit enough to use the means, and I will be answerable for your success. When I was younger than you are, I resolved within myself that I would at all events be a speaker in Parliament, and a good one too, if I could. I consequently never lost sight of that object, and never neglected any of the means, that I thought led to it. I succeeded to a certain degree; and, I assure you, with great ease, and without superior talents. Young people are very apt to over-rate both men and things, from not being enough acquainted with them. In proportion as you come to know them better, you will value them less. You will find that reason, which always ought to direct mankind, seldom does: but that passions and weaknesses commonly usurp its seat, and rule in its stead. You will find, that the ablest have their weak sides too, and are only comparatively able, with regard to the still weaker herd: having fewer weaknesses themselves, they are able to avail themselves of the innumerable

ones of the generality of mankind: being more masters of themselves, they become more easily masters of others. They address themselves to their weaknesſes, their ſenſes, their paſſions; never to their reaſon; and conſequently ſeldom fail of ſucceſs. But then analyſe thoſe great, thoſe governing, and as the vulgar imagine, thoſe perfect Characters: and you will find the great Brutus a thief in Macedonia, the great Cardinal de Richelieu a jealous poet-aſter, and the great Duke of Marlborough a miſer. Till you come to know mankind by your own experience, I know nothing, nor no man, that can in the mean time bring you ſo well acquainted with them as le Duc de la Rochefoucault: his little book of Maxims, which I would adviſe you to look in to, for ſome moments at leaſt, every day of your life, is, I fear, too like, and too exact a picture of human nature: I own, it ſeems to degrade it; but yet my experience does not convince me that it degrades it unjuſtly.

Now to bring all this home to my firſt point. All theſe conſiderations ſhould not only invite you to attempt to make a figure in Parliament; but encourage you to hope that you ſhall ſucceed. To govern mankind, one muſt not over-rate them; and to pleaſe an audience, as a ſpeaker, one muſt not over-value it. When I firſt came to the Houſe of Commons, I reſpected that aſſembly as a venerable one; and felt a certain awe upon me: but, upon better acquaintance, that awe ſoon vaniſhed; and I diſcovered, that, of the five hundred and fixty, not above thirty could underſtand reaſon, and that all the reſt were *people*; that thoſe thirty only required plain common ſenſe, dreſſed up in good language; and that all the others only required flowing and harmonious periods, whether they conveyed any meaning or not; having ears to hear, but not ſenſe enough to judge. Theſe conſiderations made me ſpeak with little concern the firſt time, with leſs the ſecond, and with none at all the third. I gave myſelf no farther trouble about any thing, except my elocution, and my ſtyle; preſuming, without much vanity, that I had common ſenſe ſufficient not to talk nonſenſe. Fix theſe three truths

strongly in your mind; First, that it is absolutely necessary for you to speak in Parliament; secondly, That it only requires a little human attention, and no supernatural gifts; and thirdly, That you have all the reason in the world to think that you shall speak well. When we meet, this shall be the principal subject of our conversation; and if you will follow my advice, I will answer for your success.

Now from great things to little ones; the transition is to me easy, because nothing seems little to me, that can be of any use to you. I hope you take great care of your mouth and teeth, and that you clean them well every morning with a sponge and tepid water, with a few drops of arquebuse water dropped into it; besides washing your mouth carefully after every meal, I do insist upon your never using those sticks, or any hard substance whatsoever, which always rub away the gums, and destroy the varnish of the teeth. I speak this from woeful experience; for my negligence of my teeth, when I was younger than you are, made them bad; and afterwards, my desire to have them look better, made me use sticks, irons, &c. which totally destroyed them; so that I have not now above six or seven left. I lost one this morning, which suggested this advice to you.

I have received the tremendous wild boar, which your still more tremendous arm flew in the immense deserts of the Palatinate; but have not yet tasted of it, as it is hitherto above my low regimen. The late King of Prussia, whenever he killed any number of wild boars, used to oblige the Jews to buy them, at an high price, though they could eat none of them; so they defrayed the expence of his hunting. His son has juster rules of government, as the *Code Frederique* plainly shews.

I hope that by this time, you are as well *ancré* at Berlin as you were at Munich; but, if not, you are sure of being so at Dresden. Adieu.

LETTER CCCIX.

London, February 26, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letters of the 4th, from Munich, and of the 11th from Ratibon; but I have not received that of the 31st January, to which you refer in the former. It is to this negligence and uncertainty of the post, that you owe your accidents between Munich and Ratibon; for had you received my letters regularly, you would have received one from me, before you left Munich, in which I advised you to stay, since you were so well there. But at all events, you were in the wrong to set out from Munich in such weather and such roads; since you could never imagine that I had set my heart so much upon your going to Berlin, as to venture your being buried in the snow for it. Upon the whole, considering all, you are very well off. You do quite right, in my mind, to return to Munich, or at least to keep within the circle of Munich, Ratibon, and Manheim, till the weather and the roads are good: stay at each or any of those places as long as ever you please; for I am extremely indifferent about your going to Berlin.

As to our meeting, I will tell you my plan, and you may form your own accordingly. I propose setting out from hence the last week in April, then drinking the Aix-la-Chapelle waters for a week, and from thence being at Spa about the 15th of May, where I shall stay two months at most, and then returning straight to England. As I both hope and believe that there will be no mortal at Spa during my residence there, the fashionable season not beginning till the middle of July, I would by no means have you come there at first, to be locked up with me and some few *Capuchins*, for two months, in that miserable hole; but I would advise you to stay where you like best, till about the first week in July, and then to come and pick me up at Spa, or meet me upon the road at Liege or Brussels. As for the intermediate time, should you be weary of Manheim and Munich,

you may, if you please, go to Dresden to Sir Charles Williams, who will be there before that time; or you may come for a month or six weeks to the Hague; or, in short, go or stay wherever you like best. So much for your motions.

As you have sent for all the letters directed to you at Berlin, you will receive from thence volumes of mine, among which you will easily perceive that some were calculated for a supposed perusal previous to your opening them. I will not repeat any thing contained in them, excepting that I desire you will send me a warm and cordial letter of thanks for Mr. Eliot; who has, in the most friendly manner imaginable, fixed you at his own borough of Liskeard, where you will be elected jointly with him, without the least opposition or difficulty. I will forward that letter to him into Cornwall, where he now is.

Now that you are to be soon a man of business, I heartily wish you would immediately begin to be a man of method; nothing contributing more to facilitate and dispatch business, than method and order. Have order and method in your accounts, in your reading, in the allotment of your time; in short, in every thing. You cannot conceive how much time you will save by it, nor how much better every thing you do will be done. The Duke of Marlborough did by no means spend, but he flattered himself into the immense debt, which is not yet near paid off. The hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business, but from his want of method in it. Sir Robert Walpole, who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry, because he always did it with method. The head of a man who has business, and no method nor order, is properly that *rudis indigestaque moles quam dixere chaos*. As you must be conscious that you are extremely negligent and flatteringly, I hope you will resolve not to be so for the future. Prevail with yourself, only to observe good method and order for one fortnight; and I will venture to assure you, that you will never neglect them afterwards, you will find such conveniency and advantage arising from them. Method is the great advantage that

lawyers have over other people, in speaking in Parliament; for, as they must necessarily observe it in their pleadings in the Courts of Justice, it becomes habitual to them every where else. Without making you a compliment, I can tell you with pleasure, that order, method, and more activity of mind, are all that you want, to make some day or other, a considerable figure in business. You have more useful knowledge, more discernment of characters, and much more discretion, than is common at your age; much more, I am sure, than I had at that age. Experience you cannot yet have, and therefore trust in the mean time to mine. I am an old traveller; am well acquainted with all the bye as well as the great roads; I cannot misguide you from ignorance, and you are very sure I shall not from design.

I can assure you, that you will have no opportunity of subscribing yourself, my Excellency's, &c. Retirement and quiet were my choice some years ago, while I had all my senses, and health and spirits enough to carry on business; but now I have lost my hearing, and find my constitution declining daily, they are become my necessary and only refuge. I know myself, (no common piece of knowledge let me tell you) I know what I can, what I cannot, and consequently what I ought to do. I ought not, and therefore will not, return to business, when I am much less fit for it than I was when I quitted it. Still less will I go to Ireland, where, from my deafness and infirmities, I must necessarily make a different figure from that which I once made there. My pride would be too much mortified by that difference. The two important senses of seeing and hearing should not only be good, but quick in business; and the business of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (if he will do it himself) requires both those senses in the highest perfection. It was the Duke of Dorset's not doing the business himself, but giving it up to favourites, that has occasioned all this confusion in Ireland; and it was my doing the whole myself, without either Favourite, Minister, or Mistress, that made my administration so smooth and quiet. I remember, when I named the late Mr. Liddel for my Secretary.

every body was much surpris'd at it; and some of my friends represented to me, that he was no man of business, but only a very genteel, pretty young fellow; I assured them, and with truth, that that was the very reason why I chose him; for that I was resolv'd to do all the business myself, and without even the suspicion of having a Minister; which the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary, if he is a man of business, is always suppos'd, and commonly with reason, to be. Moreover, I look upon myself now to be *emeritus* in business, in which I have been near forty years together; I give it up to you: apply yourself to it, as I have done for forty years, and then I consent to your leaving it for a philosophical retirement, among your friends and your books. Statesmen and beauties are very rarely sensible of the gradations of their decay; and, too sanguinely hoping to shine on in their meridian, often sit with contempt and ridicule. I retired in time, *uti conviva satur*; or, as Pope says still better, *Ere tittering youth, shall shove you from the stage*. My only remaining ambition is to be the Counsellor and Minister of your rising Ambition. Let me see my own youth revived in you; let me be your Mentor, and with your parts and knowledge, I promise you, you shall go far. You must bring, on your part, activity and attention, and I will point out to you the proper objects for them. I own, I fear but one thing for you, and that is what one has generally the least reason to fear from one of your age; I mean your laziness; which, if you indulge, will make you stagnate in a contemptible obscurity all your life. It will hinder you from doing any thing that will deserve to be written, or from writing any thing that may deserve to be read; and yet one or other of these two objects should be at least aimed at by every rational being.

I look upon indolence as a sort of *suicide*; for the Man is effectually destroyed, though the appetites of the brute may survive. Business by no means forbids pleasures; on the contrary, they reciprocally season each other; and I will venture to affirm, that no man enjoys either in perfection, that does not join both.

They whet the desire for each other. Use yourself therefore, in time, to be alert and diligent in your little concerns: never procrastinate, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day; and never do two things at a time: pursue your object be it what it will, steadily and indefatigably; and let any difficulties (if surmountable) rather animate than slacken your endeavours. Perseverance has surprising effects.

I wish you would use yourself to translate, every day, only three or four lines, from any book, in any language, into the correctest and most elegant English that you can think of; you cannot imagine how it will insensibly form your style, and give you an habitual elegance: it would not take you up a quarter of an hour in a day. This letter is so long, that it will hardly leave you that quarter of an hour, the day you receive it.

LETTER CCCX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, March 8, 1754.

A GREAT and unexpected event has lately happened in our ministerial world—Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meant well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprising Minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining Ministers, like the Sun, are apt to scorch when they shine the brightest; in our constitution, I prefer the milder light of a less glaring Minister. His successor is not yet, at least publicly, *designatus*. You will easily suppose that many are very willing, and very few able to fill that post. Various persons are talked of, by different people, for it, according as their interest prompts them to wish, or their ignorance to conjecture. Mr. Fox is the most talked of; he is strongly supported by the Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Legge, the

Solicitor General, and Dr. Lee, are likewise all spoken of, upon the foot of the Duke of Newcastle's, and the Chancellor's interest. Should it be any one of the three last, I think no great alterations will ensue; but should Mr. Fox prevail, it would, in my opinion, soon produce changes, by no means favourable to the Duke of Newcastle. In the mean time, the wild conjectures of volunteer politicians, and the ridiculous importance which, upon these occasions, blockheads always endeavour to give themselves, by grave looks, significant shrugs, and insignificant whispers, are very entertaining to a by-stander, as, thank God, I now am. One *knows something*, but is not yet at liberty to tell it; another has heard something from a very good hand; a third congratulates himself upon a certain degree of intimacy, which he has long had with every one of the candidates, though perhaps he has never spoken twice to any one of them. In short, in these sort of intervals, vanity, interest, and absurdity, always display themselves in the most ridiculous light. One who has been so long behind the scenes as I have, is much more diverted with the entertainment, than those can be who only see it from the pit and boxes. I know the whole machinery of the interior, and can laugh the better at the silly wonder and wild conjectures of the uninformed spectators. This accident, I think, cannot in the least affect your election, which is finally settled with your friend Mr. Eliot. For, let who will prevail, I presume, he will consider me enough, not to overturn an arrangement of that sort in which he cannot possibly be personally interested. So pray go on with your parliamentary preparations. Have that object always in your view, and pursue it with attention.

I take it for granted that your late residence in Germany has made you as perfect and correct in German, as you were before in French, at least it is worth your while to be so; because it is worth every man's while to be perfectly master of whatever language he may ever have occasion to speak. A man is not himself, in a language which he does not thoroughly possess; his thoughts are deranged, when inelegantly or imperfectly expres-

fed: he is cramped and confined, and consequently can never appear to advantage. Examine and analyse those thoughts that strike you the most, either in conversation or in books; and you will find, that they owe at least half their merit to the turn and expression of them. There is nothing truer than that old saying, *Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum*. It is only the manner of saying or writing it, that makes it appear new. Convince yourself, that Manner is almost every thing, in every thing; and study it accordingly.

I am this moment informed, and I believe truly, that Mr. Fox* is to succeed Mr. Pelham, as First Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and your friend, Mr. Yorke, of the Hague, to succeed Mr. Fox, as Secretary at War. I am not sorry for this promotion of Mr. Fox, as I have always been upon civil terms with him, and found him ready to do me any little services. He is frank and gentleman-like in his manner: and, to a certain degree, I really believe will be your friend upon my account; if you can afterwards make him yours, upon your own, *tant mieux*. I have nothing more to say now, but Adieu.

LETTER CCCXI.

London, March 15, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE are herein the midst of a second winter, the cold is more severe, and the snow deeper than they were in the first. I presume your weather in Germany is not much more gentle; and therefore, I hope that you are quietly and warmly fixed at some good town: and will not risk a second burial in the snow after your late fortunate resurrection out of it. Your letters, I suppose, have not been able to make their way through the ice; for I have received none from you since that of the 12th of February, from Ratibon. I am the more uneasy at this state of ignorance, because I fear that you may have found some subse-

* Henry Fox, created Lord Holland, Baron of Foxley, in the year 1763.

quent inconveniencies from your overturn, which you might not be aware of at first.

The curtain of the political theatre was partly drawn up the day before yesterday, and exhibited a scene which the public in general did not expect: the Duke of Newcastle was declared First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, Mr. Fox Secretary of State in his room, and Mr. Henry Legge Chancellor of the Exchequer. The employments of Treasurer of the Navy, and Secretary at War, supposed to be vacant by the promotion of Mr. Fox and Mr. Legge, were to be kept *in petto* till the dissolution of this Parliament, which will probably be next week, to avoid the expence and trouble of unnecessary re-elections; but it was generally supposed that Colonel Yorke, of the Hague, was to succeed Mr. Fox; and George Grenville, Mr. Legge. This scheme, had it taken place, you are, I believe, aware, was more a temporary expedient, for securing the elections of the new Parliament, and forming it, at its first meeting, to the interests and the inclinations of the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor, than a plan of Administration either intended or wished to be permanent. The scheme was disturbed yesterday: Mr. Fox, who had suddenly accepted the seals the day before, more suddenly refused them yesterday. His object was to be First Commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and consequently to have a share in the election of the new Parliament, and a much greater in the management of it when chosen. This necessary consequence of his view, defeated it; and the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor chose to kick him upstairs into the Secretaryship of State, rather than trust him with either the election or the management of the new Parliament. In this, considering their respective situations, they certainly acted wisely; but whether Mr. Fox has done so, or not, in refusing the seals, is a point which I cannot determine. If he is, as I presume he is, animated with revenge, and I believe would not be over scrupulous in the means of gratifying it, I should have thought he could have done it better, as a Secretary of State, with con-

stant admission into the closet, than as a private man at the head of an opposition. But I see all these things at too great a distance to be able to judge soundly of them. The true springs and motives of political measures are confined within a very narrow circle, and known to very few; the good reasons alledged are seldom the true ones. The Public commonly judges, or rather guesses, wrong, and I am now one of that Public. I therefore recommend to you a prudent Pyrrhonism in all matters of state, until you become one of the wheels of them yourself, and consequently acquainted with the general motion, at least, of the others; for as to all the minute and secret springs, that contribute more or less to the whole machine, no man living ever knows them all, not even he who has the principal direction of it. As in the human body, there are innumerable little vessels and glands, that have a good deal to do, and yet escape the knowledge of the most skillful anatomist; he will know more indeed, than those who only see the exterior of our bodies, but he will never know all. This bustle, and these changes at Court, far from having disturbed the quiet and security of your election, have, if possible, rather confirmed them; for the Duke of Newcastle (I must do him justice) has, in the kindest manner imaginable to you, wrote a letter to Mr. Eliot, to recommend to him the utmost care of your election.

Though the plan of administration is thus unsettled, mine, for my travels this summer, is finally settled; and I now communicate it to you, that you may form your own upon it. I propose being at Spa on the 10th or 12th of May, and staying there till the 10th of July. As there will be no mortal there during my stay, it will be both unpleasant and unprofitable to you to be shut up *tête à tête* with me the whole time; I should therefore think it best for you not to come to me there till the last week in June. In the mean time, I suppose, that by the middle of April you will think that you have had enough of Manheim, Munich, or Ratisbon, and that district. Where would you choose to go then? for I leave you absolutely your choice

Would you go to Dresden for a month or six weeks? That is a good deal out of your way; and I am not sure that Sir Charles will be there by that time. Or would you rather take Bonn in your way, and pass the time till we meet at the Hague? From Manheim you may have a great many good letters of recommendation to the Court of Bonn; which Court, and its Elector, in one light or another, are worth your seeing. From thence your journey to the Hague will be but a short one; and you would arrive there at that season of the year when the Hague is, in my mind, the most agreeable, smiling scene in Europe; and from the Hague, you would have but three very easy days' journies to me at Spa. Do as you like; for, as I told you before, *Ella é assolutamente padrone*. But lest you should answer, that you desire to be determined by me, I will eventually tell you my opinion. I am rather inclined to the latter plan; I mean that of your coming to Bonn, staying there according as you like it, and then passing the remainder of your time, that is, May and June at the Hague. Our connection and transactions with the Republic of the United Provinces are such, that you cannot be too well acquainted with that constitution, and with those people. You have established good acquaintances there, and you have been *fêtoïé* round by the foreign Ministers; so that you will be there *en país connu*. Moreover you have not seen the Stadtholder, the *Gouvernante*, nor the Court there, which *à bon compte* should be seen. Upon the whole, then, you cannot, in my opinion, pass the months of May and June more agreeably, or more usefully, than at the Hague. However, if you have any other plan that you like better, pursue it: only let me know what you intend to do, and I shall most cheerfully agree to it.

The Parliament will be dissolved in about ten days, and the writs for the election of the new one issued out immediately afterwards; so that, by the end of next month, you may depend upon being *Membre de la chambre basse*; a title that sounds high in foreign countries, and perhaps higher than it deserves.

I hope you will add a better title to it in your own, I mean that of a good Speaker in Parliament: you have, I am sure, all the materials necessary for it, if you will but put them together and adorn them. I spoke in Parliament the first month I was in it, and a month before I was of age; and from the day I was elected, till the day that I spoke, I am sure I thought nor dreamed of nothing but speaking. The first time, to say the truth, I spoke very indifferently as to the matter; but it passed tolerably in favour of the spirit with which I uttered it, and the words in which I dressed it. I improved by degrees, till at last it did tolerably well. The House, it must be owned, is always extremely indulgent to the two or three first attempts of a young speaker; and if they find any degree of common sense in what he says, they make great allowances for his inexperience, and for the concern which they supposed him to be under. I experienced that indulgence: for had I not been a young Member, I should certainly have been, as I own I deserved, reprimanded by the House for some strong and indiscreet things that I said. Adieu! it is indeed high time.

LETTER CCCXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

London, March 26, 1754.

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 15th from Mannheim, where I find you have been received in the usual gracious manner; which I hope you return in a graceful one. As this is a season of great devotion and solemnity in all Catholic countries, pray inform yourself of, and constantly attend to all their silly and pompous Church ceremonies; one ought to know them. I am very glad that you wrote the letter to Lord —, which, in every different case that can possibly be supposed, was, I am sure, both a decent and a prudent step. You will find it very difficult, whenever we meet, to convince me that you could have any good reasons for not doing it; for I will, for argument's sake, suppose, what I cannot in reality believe, that he has both said and done the worst he could, of and by you;

What then? How will you help yourself? Are you in a situation to hurt him? Certainly not; but he certainly is in a situation to hurt you. Would you shew a sullen, pouting, impotent resentment? I hope not: leave that silly, unavailing sort of resentment to women, and men like them, who are always guided by humour, never by reason and prudence. That pettish, pouting conduct, is a great deal too young, and implies too little knowledge of the world, for one who has seen so much of it as you have. Let this be one invariable rule of your conduct — Never to shew the least symptom of resentment, which you cannot to a certain degree gratify; but always to smile, where you cannot strike. There would be no living in Courts, nor indeed in the world, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble the just causes of resentment, which one meets with every day in active and busy life. Whoever cannot master his humour enough, *pour faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, should leave the world, and retire to some hermitage, in an unfrequented desert. By shewing an unavailing and sullen resentment, you authorise the resentment of those who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very pretence, which perhaps they wished for, of breaking with, and injuring you; whereas the contrary behaviour would lay them under the restraints of decency at least; and either shackle or expose their malice. Besides, captiousness, sullenness, and pouting, are most exceedingly illiberal and vulgar. *Un honnête homme ne les connoit point.*

I am extremely glad to hear that you are soon to have Voltaire at Mannheim: immediately upon his arrival, pray make him a thousand compliments from me. I admire him most exceedingly; and whether as an Epic, Dramatic, or Lyric Poet, or Prose-writer, I think I justly apply to him the *Nil molitur ineptè*. I long to read his own correct edition of *Les Annales de l'Empire*, of which the *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire Universelle*, which I have read, is, I suppose, a stolen and imperfect part; however, imperfect as it is, it has explained to me that

chaos of history of seven hundred years, more clearly, than any other book had done before. You judge very rightly, that I love *le style leger et fleuri*. I do, and so does every body who has any parts and taste. It should, I confess, be more or less *fleuri*, according to the subject; but at the same time I assert, that there is no subject that may not properly, and which ought not to be adorned, by a certain elegancy and beauty of style. What can be more adorned than Cicero's Philosophical Works? What more than Plato's? It is their eloquence only, that has preserved and transmitted them down to us, through so many centuries; for the philosophy of them is wretched, and the reasoning part miserable. But eloquence will always please, and has always pleased. Study it therefore; make it the object of your thoughts and attention. Use yourself to relate elegantly; that is a good step towards speaking well in Parliament. Take some political subject, turn it in your thoughts, consider what may be said, both for and against it, then put some arguments into writing, in the most correct and elegant English you can. For instance, a standing army, a peace bill, &c.; as to the former, consider on one side, the dangers arising to a free country from a great standing military force; on the other side, consider the necessity of a force to repel force with. Examine whether a standing army, though in itself an evil, may not, from circumstances, become a necessary evil, and preventive of greater dangers. As to the latter, consider how far places may bias and warp the conduct of men, from the service of their country, into an unwarrantable complaisance to the court; and, on the other hand, consider whether they can be supposed to have that effect upon the conduct of people of property, who are more solidly interested in the permanent good of their country, than they can be in an uncertain and precarious employment. Seek for, and answer in your own mind, all the arguments that can be urged on either side, and write them down in an elegant style. This will prepare you for debating, and give you an habitual eloquence; for I would not give a farthing for a mere holiday elo-

quence, displayed once or twice in a session, in a set declamation; but I want an every day, ready, and habitual eloquence, to adorn *extempore*, and debating speeches; to make business not only clear but agreeable, and to please, even those whom you cannot inform, and who do not desire to be informed. All this you may acquire, and make habitual to you, with as little trouble as it cost you to dance a minuet as well as you do. You now dance it mechanically, and well, without thinking of it.

I am surprised that you found but one letter from me at Mannheim, for you ought to have found four or five; there are as many lying for you at your banker's at Berlin, which I wish you had, because I always endeavoured to put something into them, which, I hope, may be of use to you.

When we meet at Spa, next July, we must have a great many serious conversations; in which I will pour out all my experience of the world, and which, I hope, you will trust to, more than to your own young notions of men and things. You will, in time, discover most of them to have been erroneous; and, if you follow them long, you will perceive your error too late; but if you will be led by a guide, who, you are sure, does not mean to mislead you, you will unite two things, seldom united, in the same person; the vivacity and spirit of youth, with the caution and experience of age.

Last Saturday, Sir Thomas Robinson*, who had been the King's Minister at Vienna, was declared Secretary of State for the southern department, Lord Holdernesse having taken the northern. Sir Thomas accepted it unwillingly, and, as I hear, with a promise that he shall not keep it long. Both his health and spirits are bad, two very disqualifying circumstances for that employment; yours, I hope, will enable you, some time or other, to go through with it. In all events, aim at it, and if you fail or fall, let it at least be said of you, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*. Adieu!

* Created Lord Grantham in the Year 1761, and since Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain.

LETTER CCCXIII.

London, April 5, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday, your letter of the 20th March, from Manheim, with the inclosed for Mr. Eliot; it was a very proper one, and I have forwarded it to him by Mr. Harte, who sets out for Cornwall to-morrow morning.

I am very glad that you use yourself to translations; and I do not care of what, provided you study the correctness and elegance of your style. The life of Sextus Quintus is the best book, of the innumerable books written by Gregorio Leti, whom the Italians, very justly, call *Leti caca libri*. But I would rather that you chose some pieces of oratory for your translations, whether ancient or modern, Latin or French; which would give you a more oratorical train of thoughts, and turn of expression. In your letter to me, you make use of two words, which, though true and correct English, are, however, from long disuse, become inelegant, and seem now to be stiff, formal, and in some degree scriptural: the first is the word *namely*, which you introduce thus, *You inform me of a very agreeable piece of news, namely, that my election is secured*. Instead of *namely*, I would always use, *which is*, or *that is*, that my election is secured. The other word is, *Mine own inclinations*: this is certainly correct, before a subsequent word that begins with a vowel; but it is too correct, and is now disused as too formal, notwithstanding the *hiatus* occasioned by *my own*. Every language has its peculiarities; they are established by usage, and whether right or wrong, they must be complied with. I could instance many very absurd ones in different languages; but so authorised by the *jus et norma loquendi*, that they must be submitted to. *Namely*, and *to wit*, are very good words in themselves, and contribute to clearness, more than the relatives which we now substitute in their room; but, however, they cannot be used, except in a sermon, or some very grave and formal compositions.

It is with language as with manners: they are both established by the usage of people of fashion; it must be imitated, it must be complied with. Singularity is only pardonable in old age and retirement; I may now be as singular as I please, but you may not. We will, when we meet, discuss these and many other points, provided you will give me attention and credit; without both which it is to no purpose to advise either you or any body else.

I want to know your determination, where you intend to (if I may use that expression) *while* away your time, till the last week in June, when we are to meet at Spa; I continue rather in the opinion which I mentioned to you formerly, in favour of the Hague; but, however, I have not the least objection to Dresden, or to any other place that you may like better. If you prefer the Dutch scheme, you take Treves and Coblentz in your way, as also Dusseldorp: all which places I think you have not yet seen. At Manheim you may certainly get good letters of recommendation to the Courts of the two Electors of Treves and Cologne, whom you are yet unacquainted with; and I should wish for you to know them all. For, as I have often told you *olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. There is an utility in having seen what other people have seen, and there is a justifiable pride in having seen what others have not seen. In the former case, you are equal to others; in the latter, superior. As your stay abroad will not now be very long, pray, while it lasts, see every thing, and every body you can; and see them well, with care and attention. It is not to be conceived of what advantage it is to any body to have seen more things, people, and countries, than other people in general have: it gives them a credit, makes them referred to, and they become the objects of the attention of the company. They are not out in any part of polite conversation; they are acquainted with all the places, customs, courts, and families that are likely to be mentioned; they are, as Monsieur de Maupertuis justly observes, *de tous les pais, comme les sçavans sont de tous les tems*. You have, fortunately, both those advan-

tages; the only remaining point is *de sçavoir les faire valoir*; for without that, one may as well not have them. Remember that very true maxim of La Bruyere's, *Qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*. The knowledge of the world will teach you to what degree you ought to shew *ce que vous valez*. One must by no means, on one hand, be indifferent about it; as, on the other, one must not display it with affectation, and in an overbearing manner: but, of the two, it is better to shew too much than too little. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXIV.

Bath, November 27, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon the loss of your political maidenhead, of which I have received from others a very good account. I hear that you were stopped for some time in your career; but recovered breath, and finished it very well. I am not surpris'd, nor indeed concerned at your accident; for I remember the dreadful feeling of that situation in myself; and as it must require a most uncommon share of impudence to be unconcern'd upon such an occasion, I am not sure that I am not rather glad you stopped. You must therefore now think of hardening yourself by degrees, by using yourself insensibly to the sound of your own voice, and to the act (trifling as it seems) of rising up and sitting down again. Nothing will contribute so much to this as committee work of elections at night, and of private bills in the morning. There, asking short questions, moving for witnesses to be called in, and all that kind of small ware, will soon fit you to set up for yourself. I am told that you are much mortified at your accident; but without reason; pray let it rather be a spur than a curb to you. Persevere, and depend upon it, it will do well at last. When I say persevere, I do not mean that you should speak every day, nor in every debate.

Moreover, I would not advise you to speak again upon public matters for some time, perhaps a month or two; but I mean, never lose view of that great object; pursue it with discretion, but pursue it always. *Pelotez en attendant partie.* You know I have always told you, that speaking in public was but a knack, which those who apply to most, will succeed in best. Two old Members, very good judges, have sent me compliments upon this occasion; and have assured me, that they plainly find *it will do*: though they perceived, from that natural confusion you were in, that you neither said all, nor perhaps what you intended. Upon the whole, you have set out very well, and have sufficient encouragement to go on. Attend therefore, assiduously, and observe carefully all that passes in the House; for it is only knowledge and experience that can make a debater. But if you still want comfort, Mrs. —, I hope, will administer it to you; for, in my opinion she may, if she will, be very comfortable: and with women, as with speaking in Parliament, perseverance will most certainly prevail, sooner or later.

What little I have played for here, I have won; but that is very far from the considerable sum which you heard of. I play every evening from seven till ten, at a crown whist party, merely to save my eyes from reading or writing for three hours by candlelight. I propose being in town the week after next, and hope to carry back with me much more health than I brought down here. Good night.

Mr. Stanhope being returned to England, and seeing his Father almost every day, is the occasion of an interruption of two years in their correspondence.

LETTER CCCXV.

Bath, November, 15, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours yesterday morning, together with the Prussian Papers, which I have read with great attention. If Courts could blush, those of Vienna and Dresden ought to have their falsehoods so publicly and so undeniably exposed. The former will, I presume, next year, employ an hundred thousand men, to answer the accusation; and if the Empress of the two Russias is pleased to argue in the same cogent manner, their logic will be too strong for all the King of Prussia's rhetoric. I well remember the treaty so often referred to in those pieces, between the two Empresses, in 1746. The King was strongly pressed by the Empress Queen to accede to it. Wassenauer communicated it to me for that purpose. I asked him if there were no secret articles; suspecting that there were some, because the ostensible treaty was a mere harmless, defensive one. He assured me there were none. Upon which I told him, that as the King had already defensive alliances with those two Empresses, I did not see of what use his accession to this treaty, *if merely a defensive one*, could be, either to himself or the other contracting parties; but that, however, if it was only desired as an indication of the King's good will, I would give him an act, by which his majesty should accede to that treaty, as far, but no farther, as at present he stood engaged to the respective Empresses, by the defensive alliances subsisting with each. This offer by no means satisfied him; which was a plain proof of the secret articles now brought to light, and into which the Court of Vienna hoped to draw us. I told Wassenauer so, and after that I heard no more of his invitation.

I am still bewildered in the changes at Court, of which I find that all the particulars are not yet fixed. Who would have thought, a year ago, that Mr. Fox, the Chancellor, and the Duke

of Newcastle, should all three have quitted together; nor can I yet account for it; explain it to me, if you can. I cannot see, neither, what the Duke of Devonshire and Fox, whom I looked upon as intimately united, can have quarrelled about, with relation to the Treasury; inform me, if you know. I never doubted of the prudent versatility of your Vicar of Bray; but I am surpris'd at O'Brien Windham's going out of the Treasury, where I should have thought that the interest of his brother-in-law, George Grenville, would have kept him.

Having found myself rather worse, these two or three last days, I was obliged to take some *ipecacuana* last night; and, what you will think odd, for a vomit, I brought it all up again in about an hour, to my great satisfaction and emolument, which is seldom the case in restitutions.

You did well to go to the Duke of Newcastle, who, I suppose, will have no more levees; however, go from time to time, and leave your name at his door, for you have obligations to him. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXVI.

Bath, December 14, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT can I say to you from this place, where *every day is still but as the first*, though by no means so agreeably pass'd, as Anthony describes his to have been? The same nothings succeed one another every day with me, as regularly and uniformly as the hours of the day. You will think this tiresome, and so it is; but how can I help it? Cut off from society by my deafness, and dispirited by my ill health, where could I be better? You will say, perhaps, where could you be worse? Only in prison, or the galleys, I confess. However, I see a period to my stay here; and I have fixed, in my own mind, a time for my return to London; not invited there by either politics or pleasures (to both which I am equally a stranger) but

merely to be at home ; which, after all, according to the vulgar saying, is home, be it never so homely.

The political settlement, as it is called, is, I find, by no means settled : Mr. Fox, who took this place in his way to his brother's, where he intended to pass a month, was stopped short by an express, which he received from his connection, to come to town immediately ; and accordingly he set out from hence very early, two days ago. I had a very long conversation with him, in which he was, seemingly at least, very frank and communicative : but still I own myself in the dark. In those matters, as in most others, half knowledge (and mine is at most that) is more apt to lead one into error, than to carry one to truth ; and our own vanity contributes to the seduction. Our conjectures pass upon us for truths ; we will know what we do not know, and often, what we cannot know : so mortifying to our pride is the bare suspicion of ignorance !

It has been reported here, that the Empress of Russia is dying ; this would be a fortunate event indeed for the King of Prussia, and necessarily produce the neutrality and inaction, at least, of that great Power ; which would be a heavy weight taken out of the opposite scale to the King of Prussia. The *Augustissima* must, in that case, do all herself ; for, though France will no doubt promise largely, it will, I believe, perform but scantily ; as it desires no better, than that the different powers of Germany should tear one another to pieces.

I hope you frequent all the Courts : a man should make his face familiar there. Long habit produces favour insensibly ; and acquaintance often does more than friendship, in that climate, *les beaux sentimens* are not the natural growth.

Adieu ! I am going to the ball, to save my eyes from reading, and my mind from thinking.

LETTER CCCXVII.

Bath, January 12, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

I WAITED quietly, to see when either your leisure, or your inclinations, would allow you to honour me with a letter; and at last I received one this morning, very near a fortnight after you went from hence. You will say, that you had no news to write me: and that probably may be true; but, without news, one has always something to say to those with whom one desires to have any thing to do.

Your observation is very just with regard to the King of Prussia, whom the most august House of Austria would most unquestionably have poisoned a century or two ago. But now that *Terras Astræa reliquit*, Kings and Princes die of natural deaths; even war is pusillanimously carried on in this degenerate age; quarter is given; towns are taken, and the people spared: even in a storm, a woman can hardly hope for the benefit of a rape. Whereas (such was the humanity of former days) prisoners were killed by thousands in cold blood, and the generous victors spared neither man, woman, nor child. Heroic actions of this kind were performed at the taking of Magdebourg. The King of Prussia is certainly now in a situation that must soon decide his fate, and make him Cæsar or nothing. Notwithstanding the march of the Russians, his greatest danger, in my mind, lies westward. I have no great notion of Apraxin's abilities, and I believe many a Prussian Colonel would out-general him. But Brown, Piccolomini, Lucchese, and many other veteran officers in the Austrian troops, are respectable enemies.

Mr. Pitt seems to me to have almost as many enemies to encounter as his Prussian Majesty. The late Ministry, and the Duke's party, will, I presume unite against him and his tory friends: and then quarrel among themselves again. His best, if not his only chance of supporting himself would be, if he had

credit enough in the city, to hinder the advancing of the money to any Administration but his own; and I have met with some people here who think that he has.

I have put off my journey from hence for a week, but no longer. I find I still gain some strength and some flesh here, and therefore I will not cut, while the run is for me.

By a letter which I received this morning from Lady Allen, I observe that you are extremely well with her; and it is well for you to be so, for she is an excellent and warm puff.

A propos (an expression which is commonly used to introduce whatever is unrelative to it) you should apply to some of Lord Holderneffe's people, for the perusal of Mr. Cope's letters. It will not be refused you; and the sooner you have them the better. I do not mean them as models for your manner of writing, but as outlines of the matter you are to write upon.

If you have not read Hume's Essays, read them; they are four very small volumes; I have just finished, and am extremely pleased with them. He thinks impartially, deep, often new: and, in my mind, commonly just. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXVIII.

Blackheath, September 17, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LORD Holderneffe has been so kind as to communicate to me all the letters which he has received from you hitherto, dated the 15th, 19th, 23d, and 26th August; and also a draught of that which he wrote to you the 9th instant. I am very well pleased with all your letters; and, what is better, I can tell you that the King is so too; and he said, but three days ago, to Monsieur Münchausen, *He (meaning you) sets out very well, and I like his letters; provided that, like most of my English Ministers abroad, he does not grow idle hereafter.* So that here is both praise to flatter, and a hint to warn you. What Lord Holderneffe recommends to you, being by the King's order, inti-

mates also a degree of approbation; for the *blacker ink*, and the *larger character*, shew, that his Majesty, whose eyes are grown weaker, intends to read all your letters himself. Therefore, pray do not neglect to get the blackest ink you can; and to make your secretary enlarge his hand, though *d'ailleurs* it is a very good one.

Had I been to wish an advantageous situation for you, and a good *début* in it, I could not have wished you either better than both have hitherto proved. The rest will depend entirely upon yourself; and I own, I begin to have much better hopes than I had: for I know, by my own experience, that the more one works, the more willing one is to work. We are all, more or less, *des animaux d'habitude*. I remember very well, that when I was in business, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I should now half an hour; and this is most certain, that when a man has applied himself to business half the day, the other half goes off the more cheerfully and agreeably. This I found so forcibly, when I was at the Hague, that I never tasted company so well, nor was so good company myself, as at the suppers of my post days. I take Hamburgh now to be *le centre du refuge Allemand*. If you have any Hanover *refugiés* among them, pray take care to be particularly attentive to them. How do you like your house? Is it a convenient one? Have the *Casserolles* been employed in it yet? You will find *les petits soupers fins* less expensive, and turn to better account, than large dinners for great companies.

I hope you have written to the Duke of Newcastle; I take it for granted, that you have to all your brother Ministers of the northern department. For God's sake be diligent, alert, active, and indefatigable in your business. You want nothing but labour and industry, to be, one day, whatever you please, in your own way.

We think and talk of nothing here but Brest, which is universally supposed to be the object of our great expedition. A great and important object it is. I suppose the affair must be *brusqué*,

or it will not do, If we succeed, it will make France put some water to its wine. As for my own private opinion, I own I rather wish than hope success. However, should our expedition fail, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis*, and that will be better than our late languid manner of making war.

To mention a person to you whom I am very indifferent about, I mean myself, I vegetate still just as I did when we parted; but I think I begin to be sensible of the autumn of the year; as well as of the autumn of my own life. I feel an internal awkwardness, which, in about three weeks, I shall carry with me to the Bath, where I hope to get rid of it, as I did last year. The best cordial I could take, would be to hear, from time to time, of your industry and diligence; for in that case I should consequently hear of your success. Remember your own motto, *Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia*. Nothing is truer. Yours.

LETTER CCCXIX.

Blackheath, September 23, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED but the day before yesterday your letter of the 3d, from the head-quarters at Selfingen; and, by the way, it is but the second that I have received from you since your arrival at Hamburgh. Whatever was the cause of your going to the army, I approve of the effect; for I would have you as much as possible, see every thing that is to be seen. That is, the true useful knowledge, which informs and improves us when we are young, and amuses us and others, when we are old: *Olim hæc meminisse, juvabit*. I could wish that you would (but I know you will not) enter into a book, a short note only, of whatever you see or hear, that is very remarkable: I do not mean a German *album*, stuffed with people's names, and Latin sentences; but I mean such a book as, if you do not keep now, thirty years hence you would give a great deal of money to have kept. *A propos de bottes*, for I am told he always wears his; was his Royal Highness very gracious to you, or not? I have my

doubts about it. The neutrality, which he has concluded with Maréchal de Richelieu, will prevent that bloody battle which you expected; but what the King of Prussia will say to it, is another point. He was our only ally; at present, probably we have not one in the world. If the King of Prussia can get at Monsieur de Soubize's, and the Imperial army, before other troops have joined them, I think he will beat them: but what then? He has three hundred thousand men to encounter afterwards. He must submit; but he may say with truth, *Si Pergama dextrâ defendi possent*—The late action between the Prussians and Russians has only thinned the human species, without giving either party a victory; which is plain by each party's claiming it. Upon my word, our species will pay very dear for the quarrels and ambition of a few, and those by no means the most valuable part of it. If the many were wiser than they are, the few must be quieter, and would perhaps be juster and better than they are.

Hamburgh, I find, swarms with *Grass*, *Graffins*, *Fürsts*, and *Fürstins*, *Hochheits*, and *Durchlaughticheits*. I am glad of it, for you must necessarily be in the midst of them; and I am still more glad, that, being in the midst of them, you must necessarily be under some constraint of ceremony; a thing which you do not love, but which is, however, very useful,

I desired you in my last, and I repeat it again in this, to give me an account of your private and domestic life. How do you pass your evenings? Have they, at Hamburgh, what are called at Paris *des Maisons*, where one goes without ceremony, sups or not, as one pleases? Are you adopted in any society? Have you any rational brother Ministers, and which? What sort of things are your operas? In the tender, I doubt they do not excel; for *mein lieber schatz*, and the other tendernesses of the Teutonic language, would, in my mind, sound but indifferently, set to soft music; for the *bravura* parts, I have a very great opinion of them; and *das, der donner dich erschläge*, must, no doubt, make a tremendously fine piece of *recitativo*, when uttered by

an angry hero, to the rumble of a whole orchestra, including drums, trumpets, and French-horns. Tell me your whole allotment of the day, in which I hope four hours, at least, are sacred to writing; the others cannot be better employed than in *liberal* pleasures. In short, give me a full account of yourself, in your un-ministerial character, your *incognito*, without your *fiocchi*. I love to see those, in whom I interest myself, in their undress, rather than in *gala*; I know them better so. I recommend to you, *etiam atque etiam*, method and order in every thing you undertake. Do you observe it in your accounts? If you do not, you will be a beggar, though you were to receive the appointments of a Spanish Ambassador extraordinary, which are a thousand pistoles a month; and in your Ministerial business, if you have not regular and stated hours for such and such parts of it, you will be in the hurry and confusion of the Duke of N— doing every thing by halves, and nothing well, nor soon. I suppose you have been feasted through the *Corps diplomatique* at Hamburgh, excepting Monsieur Champeaux; with whom, however, I hope you live *poliment et galamment*, at all third places.

Lord Loudon is much blamed here for his *retraite des dix milles*, for it is said that he had above that number, and might consequently have acted offensively, instead of retreating; especially as his retreat was contrary to the unanimous opinion (as it is now said) of the council of war. In our Ministry, I suppose, things go pretty quietly, for the D. of N. has not plagued me this two months. When his Royal Highness comes over, which I take it for granted he will do very soon, the great push will, I presume, be made at his Grace and Mr. Pitt; but without effect if they agree, as it is visibly their interest to do; and in that case, their Parliamentary strength will support them against all attacks. You may remember, I said at first, that the popularity would soon be on the side of those who opposed the popular Militia Bill; and now it appears so with a vengeance, in almost every county in England, by the tumults and insur-

rections of the people, who swear that they will not be inlisted. That silly scheme must therefore be dropped, as quietly as may be. Now I have told you all that I know, and almost all that I think, I wish you a good supper and a good night.

LETTER CCCXX.

Blackheath, September 30, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE so little to do, that I am surpris'd how I can find time to write to you so often. Do not stare at the seeming paradox; for it is an undoubted truth, that the less one has to do, the less time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates; one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all; whereas those who have a great deal of business, must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in. I hope your own experience has, by this time, convinced you of this truth.

I received your last, of the 8th. It is now quite over with a very great man, who will still be a very great man, though a very unfortunate one. He has qualities of the mind that put him above the reach of these misfortunes; and if reduced, as perhaps he may, to the *marche* of Brandenburgh, he will always find in himself the comfort, and with all the world the credit of a philosopher, a legislator, a patron, and a professor of arts and sciences. He will only lose the fame of a conqueror; a cruel fame, that arises from the destruction of the human species. Could it be any satisfaction to him to know, I could tell him, that he is at this time the most popular man in this kingdom; the whole nation being enraged at that neutrality which hastens and completes his ruin. Between you and me, the King was not less enraged at it himself, when he saw the terms of it; and it affected his health more than all that had happened before. Indeed it seems to me a voluntary concession of the very worst that could have happened in the worst event. We now begin to think that our great and secret expedition is intended for Martinico and St. Domingo; if that be true, and we succeed in

the attempt, we shall recover, and the French lose, one of the most valuable branches of commerce, I mean sugar. The French now supply all the foreign markets in Europe with that commodity, we only supply ourselves with it. This would make us some amends for our ill luck, or ill conduct in North America; where Lord Loudon, with twelve thousand men, thought himself no match for the French with but seven; and Admiral Holbourne, with seventeen ships of the line, declined attacking the French, because they had eighteen, and a greater weight of metal, according to the new sea-phrases, which was unknown to Blake. I hear that letters have been sent to both, with very severe reprimands. I am told, and I believe it is true, that we are negotiating with the Corsican, I will not say rebels, but asserters of their natural rights; to receive them, and whatever form of government they think fit to establish, under our protection, upon condition of their delivering up to us Port Ajaccio; which may be made so strong and so good a one, as to be a full equivalent for the loss of Port Mahon. This is, in my mind, a very good scheme; for though the Corsicans are a parcel of cruel and perfidious rascals, they will in this case be tied down to us by their own interest and their own danger; a solid security with knaves, though none with fools. His Royal Highness the Duke is hourly expected here: his arrival will make some bustle; for I believe it is certain, that he is resolved to make a push at the Duke of N. Pitt, and Co; but it will be ineffectual, if they continue to agree, as, to my *certain knowledge* they do at present. This parliament is theirs; *cetera quis nescit*.

Now I have told you all I know, or have heard, of public matters, let us talk of private ones, that more nearly and immediately concern us. Admit me to your fire-side, in your little room; and as you would converse with me there, write to me for the future from thence. Are you completely *nippé* yet? Have you formed what the world calls connections; that is, a certain number of acquaintances, whom from accident or choice, you frequent more than others? Have you either fine or

well-bred women there? *Y a-t-il quelque bon ton?* All fat and fair, I presume; too proud and too cold to make advances, but, at the same time, too well-bred, and too warm to reject them, when made by *un honnête homme avec des manieres*.

Mr. * * is to be married, in about a month, to Miss * *. I am very glad of it: for as he will never be a man of the world, but will always lead a domestic and retired life, she seems to have been made on purpose for him. Her natural turn is as grave and domestic as his; and she seems to have been kept by her aunts *à la glace*, instead of being raised in a hot-bed, as most young ladies are of late. If, three weeks hence, you write him a short compliment of congratulation upon the occasion, he, his mother, and *tutti quanti*, would be extremely pleased with it. Those attentions are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink, and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good-breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favour of the drawer. *A propos* of exchange; I hope you have, with the help of your Secretary, made yourself correctly master of all that sort of knowledge—Course of Exchange, *Agio Banco Reichs-Thalers*, down to *Marien Groschen*. It is very little trouble to learn it; it is often of great use to know it. Good night, and God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXI.

Blackheath, October 10, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is not without some difficulty that I snatch this moment of leisure from my extreme idleness, to inform you of the present lamentable and astonishing state of affairs here, which you would know but imperfectly from the public papers, and but partially from your private correspondents. *Orsus* then—Our invincible Armada, which cost at least half a million, sailed, as you know, some weeks ago; the object kept an inviolable secret: conjectures various, and expectations great. Brest was perhaps to be taken; but Martinico and St. Domingo, at least.

the attempt, we shall recover, and the French lose, one of the most valuable branches of commerce, I mean sugar. The French now supply all the foreign markets in Europe with that commodity; we only supply ourselves with it. This would make us some amends for our ill luck; or ill conduct in North America; where Lord Loudon, with twelve thousand men, thought himself no match for the French with but seven; and Admiral Holbourne, with seventeen ships of the line, declined attacking the French, because they had eighteen, and a greater weight of *metal*, according to the new sea-phraze, which was unknown to Blake. I hear that letters have been sent to both, with very severe reprimands. I am told, and I believe it is true, that we are negociating with the Corsican, I will not say rebels, but asserters of their natural rights; to receive them, and whatever form of government they think fit to establish, under our protection, upon condition of their delivering up to us Port Ajaccio; which may be made so strong and so good a one, as to be a full equivalent for the loss of Port Mahon. This is, in my mind, a very good scheme; for though the Corsicans are a parcel of cruel and perfidious rascals, they will in this case be tied down to us by their own interest and their own danger; a solid security with knaves, though none with fools. His Royal Highness the Duke is hourly expected here: his arrival will make some bustle; for I believe it is certain, that he is resolved to make a push at the Duke of N. Pitt and Co; but it will be ineffectual, if they continue to agree, as, to my *certain knowledge*, they do at present. This Parliament is theirs, *cætera quis nescit?*

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When lo! the important island of Aix was taken without the least resistance, seven hundred men made prisoners, and some pieces of cannon carried off. From thence we sailed towards Rochefort, which it seems was our main object; and consequently one should have supposed that we had pilots on board who knew all the soundings and landing-places there and thereabouts: but no; for General M——t asked the Admiral if he could land him and the troops near Rochefort? The Admiral said, With great ease. To which the General replied; But can you take us on board again? To which the Admiral answered, *That*, like all naval operations, will depend upon the wind. If so, said the General, I'll e'en go home again. A Council of War was immediately called, where it was unanimously resolved, that it was *adviseable* to return; accordingly they are returned. As the expectations of the whole nation had been raised to the highest pitch, the universal disappointment and indignation have risen in proportion; and I question whether the ferment of men's minds was ever greater. Suspicions, you may be sure, are various and endless, but the most prevailing one is that the tail of the Hanover neutrality, like that of a comet, extended itself to Rochefort. What encourages this suspicion is, that a French man of war went unmolested through our whole fleet, as it lay near Rochefort. Haddock's whole story is revived; Michel's representations are combined with other circumstances; and the whole together make up a mass of discontent, resentment, and even fury, greater than perhaps was ever known in this country before. These are the facts, draw your own conclusions from them; for my part, I am lost in astonishment and conjectures, and do not know where to fix. My experience has shewn me, that many things which seem extremely probable are not true; and many, which seem highly improbable, are true; so that I will conclude this article, as Josephus does almost every article of his history, with saying, *but of this every man will believe as he thinks proper*. What a disgraceful year will this be in the annals of this country! May its good

genius, if ever it appears again, tear out those sheets, thus stained and blotted by our ignominy !

Our domestic affairs are, as far as I know any thing of them, in the same situation as when I wrote to you last ; but they will begin to be in motion upon the approach of the session, and upon the return of the Duke ; whose arrival is most impatiently expected by the mob of London ; though not to strew flowers in his way.

I leave this place next Saturday, and London the Saturday following, to be the next day at Bath. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXXII.

London, October 17, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last, of the 30th past, was a very good letter : and I will believe half of what you assure me, that you returned to the Landgrave's civilities. I cannot possibly go farther than half, knowing that you are not lavish of your words, especially in that species of eloquence called the adulatory. Do not use too much discretion, in profiting of the Landgrave's naturalization of you ; but go pretty often and feed with him. Choose the company of your superiors, whenever you can have it ; that is the right and true pride. The mistaken and silly pride is, to *primer* among inferiors.

Hear, O Israel ! and wonder. On Sunday morning last, the Duke gave up his commission of Captain General, and his regiment of guards. You will ask me why ? I cannot tell you ; but I will tell you the causes assigned ; which, perhaps, are none of them the true ones. It is said that the King reproached him with having exceeded his powers in making the Hanover Convention, which is R. H. absolutely denied, and threw up thereupon. This is certain, that he appeared at the drawing-room at Kensington, last Sunday, after having quitted, and went straight to Windsor ; where, his people say, that he intends to reside quiet-

ly, and amuse himself as a private man. But I conjecture that matters will soon be made up again, and that he will resume his employments. You will easily imagine what speculations this event has occasioned in the public; I shall neither trouble you nor myself with relating them; nor would this sheet of paper, or even a quire more, contain them. Some refine enough, to suspect that it is a concerted quarrel, to justify *somebody to somebody*, with regard to the Convention; but I do not believe it.

His R. H's people load the Hanover Ministers, and more particularly our friend Munchausen here, with the whole blame; but with what degree of truth I know not. This only is certain, that the whole negociation of that affair was broached, and carried on, by the Hanover Ministers, and Monsieur Steinberg at Vienna, absolutely unknown to the English Ministers, till it was executed. This affair combined (for people will combine it) with the astonishing return of our great armament, not only *re infectâ*, but even *intentatâ*, makes such a jumble of reflections, conjectures, and refinements, that one is weary of hearing them. Our Tacituses and Machiavels go deep, suspect the worst, and perhaps, as they often do, overshoot the mark. For my own part, I fairly confess that I am bewildered, and have not certain *postulata* enough, not only to found any opinion, but even to form conjectures upon; and this is the language which I think you should hold to all who speak to you, as to be sure all will, upon that subject. Plead, as you truly may, your own ignorance; and say, that it is impossible to judge of those nice points, at such a distance, and without knowing all circumstances, which you cannot be supposed to do. And as to the Duke's resignation; you should, in my opinion, say, that perhaps there might be a little too much vivacity in the case; but that, upon the whole, you make no doubt of the thing's being soon set right again; as, in truth, I dare say it will. Upon these delicate occasions, you must practise the ministerial shrugs and *persiflage*; for silent gesticulations, which you would be most inclined to, would not be sufficient: something must be said; but that something, when ana-

lised, must amount to nothing. As for instance, *Il est vrai qu'on s'y perd, mais que voulez vous que je vous dise,—il y a bien du pour et du contre, un petit Résident ne voit gueres le fond du sac.—Il faut attendre.*—Those sort of expletives are of infinite use; and nine people in ten think they mean something. But to the Landgrave of Hesse, I think you would do well to say, in seeming confidence, that you have good reason to believe, that the principle objection of his Majesty to the Convention was, that his Highness's interests, and the affair of his troops, were not sufficiently considered in it. To the Prussian Minister assert boldly, that you know *des science certaine*, that the principal object of his Majesty's and his British Ministry's attention, is not only to perform all their present engagements with his Master, but to take new and stronger ones for his support; for this is true—at least at present.

You did very well in inviting Comte Bothmar to dine with you. You see how minutely I am informed of your proceedings, though not from yourself. Adieu.

I go to Bath next Saturday; but direct your letters, as usual, to London.

LETTER CCCXXIII.

Bath, October 26, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here safe but far from sound, last Sunday, I have consequently drank these waters but three days, and yet I find myself something better for them. The night before I left London, I was for some hours at Newcastle-house; where the letters which came in that morning lay upon the table; and his Grace singled out yours, with great approbation; and at the same time assured me of his Majesty's approbation too. To these two approbations, I truly add my own, which, *sans vanité*, may perhaps be near as good as the other two. In that letter you venture *vos petits raisonnemens* very properly, and then as properly make an excuse for doing so. Go on, with diligence, and you

will be, what I began to despair of your ever being, *somebody*. I am persuaded, if you would own the truth, that you feel yourself now much better satisfied with yourself, than you were while you did nothing.

Application to business, attended with approbation and success, flatters and animates the mind; which, in idleness and inaction, stagnates and putrifies. I could wish, that every rational man would, every night when he goes to bed, ask himself this question, *What have I done to-day?* Have I done any thing that can be of use to myself or others? Have I employed my time, or have I squandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dozed it away in sloth and laziness? A thinking Being must be pleased or confounded, according as he can answer himself these questions. I observe that you are in the secret of what is intended, and what Munchausen is gone to Stade to prepare; a bold and dangerous experiment, in my mind, and which may probably end in a second volume to the History of the Palatinate, in the last century. His Serene Highness of Brunswick has, in my mind, played a prudent and a saving game; and I am apt to believe, that the other Serene Highness, at Hamburgh, is more likely to follow his example, than to embark in the great scheme.

I see no signs of the Duke's resuming his employments; but, on the contrary, I am assured, that his Majesty is coolly determined to do as well as he can without him. The Duke of Devonshire and Fox have worked hard to make up matters in the closet, but to no purpose. People's self-love is very apt to make them think themselves more necessary than they are; and I shrewdly suspect, that his Royal Highness has been the dupe of that sentiment, and was taken at his word when he least expected it: like my predecessor, Lord Harrington, who, when he went into the closet to resign the seals, had them not about him; so sure he thought himself of being pressed to keep them.

The whole talk of London, of this place, and every place in the whole kingdom, is of our great, expensive, and yet fruitless expedition: I have seen an Officer who was there, a very sensi-

ble and observing man; who told me, that, had we attempted Rochefort, the day after we took the island of Aix, our success had been infallible; but that, after we had fauntered (God knows why) eight or ten days in the island, he thinks the attempt would have been impracticable; because the French had in that time got together all the troops in that neighbourhood, to a very considerable number. In short, there must have been some secret in that whole affair, which has not yet transpired; and I cannot help suspecting that it came from Stade. *We* had not been successful there; perhaps *we* were not desirous, that an expedition, in which *we* had neither been concerned nor consulted, should prove so: M——t was *our* creature; and a word to the wife will sometimes go a great way. M——t is to have a public trial, from which the Public expects great discoveries —Not I.

Do you visit Soltikow, the Russian Minister, whose house, I am told, is the great scene of pleasures at Hamburgh? His mistress, I take it for granted, is by this time dead, and he wears some other body's shackles. Her death comes, with regard to the King of Prussia, *comme la moutarde après diner*. I am curious to see what tyrant will succeed her, not by Divine, but by Military right; for, barbarous as they are now, and still more barbarous as they have been formerly, they have had very little regard to the more barbarous notion, of divine, indefeasible, hereditary right.

The Prætorian bands, that is, the guards, I presume, have been engaged in the interests of the Imperial Prince; but still I think that little John of Archangel will be heard of upon this occasion, unless prevented by a quieting draught of Hemlock or Nightshade; for I suppose they are not arrived to the politer and genteeler poisons of *Acqua Tufana* *, sugar-plums, &c.

Lord Halifax has accepted his old employment, with the ho-

* *Acqua Tufana*, a Neapolitan slow poison, resembling clear water, and invented by a woman at Naples, of the name of *Tufana*.

norary addition of the Cabinet Council. And so we heartily wish you a good night.

LETTER CCCXXIV.

Bath, November 4, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE sons of Britain, like those of Noah, must cover their parents' shame as well as they can; for to retrieve its honour is now too late. One would really think that our Ministers and Generals were all as drunk as the Patriarch was. However, in your situation, you must not be Cham; but spread your cloak over our disgrace, as far as it will go. M——t calls aloud for a public trial; and in that, and that only, the Public agrees with him. There will certainly be one; but of what kind is not yet fixed. Some are for a Parliamentary enquiry, others for a Martial one: neither will, in my opinion, discover the true secret; for a secret there most unquestionably is. Why we staid six whole days in the island of Aix, mortal cannot imagine; which time the French employed, as it was obvious they would, in assembling all their troops in the neighbourhood of Rochfort, and making our attempt then really impracticable. The day after we had taken the island of Aix, your friend, Colonel Wolfe, publicly offered to do the business with five hundred men and three ships only. In all these complicated political machines, there are so many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced that the principal wheel, or, if you will, *the spoke in his wheel*, came from Stade. This is certain, at least, that M——t was the man of confidence with that person. Whatever be the truth of the case, there is, to be sure, hitherto, an *Hiatus valde deflendus*.

The meeting of the Parliament will certainly be very numerous, were it only from curiosity; but the majority on the side of the Court will, I dare say, be a great one. The people of the late Captain General, however inclined to oppose, will be obliged to concur. Their commissions, which they have no desire to

lose, will make them tractable ; for those Gentlemen, though all men of honour, are of Sofia's mind ; *que le vrai Amphitrion est celui ou l'on dine*. The Tories, and the City, have engaged to support Pitt ; the Whigs, the Duke of Newcastle, the independent, and the impartial, as you well know, are not worth mentioning. It is said that the Duke intends to bring the affair of his convention into Parliament, for his own justification : I can hardly believe it ; as I cannot conceive that transactions so merely Electoral can be proper objects of inquiry or deliberation for a British Parliament ; and therefore, should such a motion be made, I presume it will be immediately quashed. By the commission lately given to Sir John Ligonier, of General and Commander in Chief of all his Majesty's forces in Great Britain, the door seems to be not only shut, but bolted, against his Royal Highness's return ; and I have *good reason* to be convinced, that that breach is irreparable. The reports of changes in the Ministry, I am pretty sure, are idle and groundless. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well ; not, I presume, from any sentimental tenderness for each other, but from a sense that it is their mutual interest ; and, as the late Captain General's party is now out of the question, I do not see what should produce the least change.

The visit, lately made to Berlin, was, I dare say, neither a friendly nor an inoffensive one. The Austrians always leave behind them pretty lasting monuments of their visits, or rather visitations ; not so much, I believe, from their thirst of glory, as from their hunger of prey.

This winter, I take for granted, must produce a peace of some kind or another ; a bad one for us, no doubt, and yet perhaps better than we should get the year after. I suppose the King of Prussia is negotiating with France, and endeavouring by those means to get out of the scrape, with the loss only of Silesia, and perhaps Halberstadt, by way of indemnification to Saxony ; and, considering all circumstances, he would be well off upon those terms. But then how is Sweden to be satisfied ? Will the Rus-

fians restore Memel? Will France have been at all this expence *gratis*? Must there be no acquisition for them in Flanders? I dare say they have stipulated something of that sort for themselves, by the additional and secret treaty, which I know they made, last May, with the Queen of Hungary. Must we give up whatever the French please to desire in America, besides the cession of Minorca in perpetuity? I fear we must, or else raise twelve millions more next year, to as little purpose as we did this, and have consequently a worse peace afterwards. I turn my eyes away, as much as I can, from this miserable prospect; but, as a citizen and member of society, it recurs to my imagination, notwithstanding all my endeavours to banish it from my thoughts. I can do myself or my country no good: but I feel the wretched situation of both: the state of the latter makes me better bear that of the former; and, when I am called away from my station here, I shall think it rather (as Cicero says of Crassus) *Mors donata quam vita erepta*.

I have often desired, but in vain, the favour of being admitted into your private apartment at Hamburgh, and of being informed of your private life there. Your mornings, I hope and believe, are employed in business; but give me an account of the remainder of the day, which I suppose is, and ought to be, appropriated to amusements and pleasures. In what houses are you domestic? Who are so in yours? In short, let me in, and do not be denied to me.

Here I am, as usual, seeing few people, and hearing fewer; drinking the waters regularly to a minute, and am something the better for them. I read a great deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I converse with great folios in the morning, while my head is clearest, and my attention strongest: I take up less severe quartos after dinner: and at night I choose the mixed company and amusing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. *Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis*; that is my philosophy; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my physical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.

Here is a report that Admiral Holbourne's fleet is destroyed, in a manner, by a storm: I hope it is not true, in the full extent of the report; but I believe it has suffered. This would fill up the measure of our misfortunes. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Bath, November 20, 1757.

I WRITE to you now because I love to write to you; and I hope that my letters are welcome to you; for otherwise I have very little to inform you of. The King of Prussia's late victory you are better informed of than we are here. It has given infinite joy to the unthinking public, who are not aware that it comes too late in the year, and too late in the war, to be attended with any very great consequences. There are six or seven thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago, and that seems to me to be all. However, I am glad of it, upon account of the pleasure and the glory which it gives the King of Prussia, to whom I wish well as a Man, more than as a King. And surely he is so great a man, that had he lived seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, and his life been transmitted to us in a language that we could not very well understand, I mean either Greek or Latin, we should have talked of him as we do now of your Alexanders, your Cæsars, and others, with whom, I believe, we have but a very slight acquaintance. *Àu reste*, I do not see that his affairs are much mended by this victory. The same combination of the great Powers of Europe against him still subsists, and must at last prevail. I believe the French army will melt away, as is usual, in Germany; but his army is extremely diminished by battles, fatigues, and desertion; and he will find great difficulties in recruiting it, from his own already exhausted dominions. He must therefore, and so be sure will, negotiate privately with the French, and get better terms that way than he could any other.

The report of the three General Officers, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave, was

laid before the King last Saturday, after their having sat four days upon M——t's affair: nobody yet knows what it is; but it is generally believed, that M——t will be brought to a Court-Martial. That you may not mistake this matter, as *most* people here do, I must explain to you, that this examination, before the three above-mentioned General Officers, was by no means a trial; but only a previous inquiry into his conduct, to see whether there was, or was not, cause to bring him to a regular trial before a Court-martial. The case is exactly parallel to that of a grand jury; who, upon a previous and general examination, find, or do not find, a bill, to bring the matter before the petty jury; where the fact is finally tried. For my own part, my opinion is fixed upon that affair: I am convinced that the expedition was to be defeated: and nothing that can appear before a court-martial can make me alter that opinion. I have been too long acquainted with human nature, to have great regard for human testimony: and a very great degree of probability, supported by various concurrent circumstances, conspiring in one point, will have much greater weight with me, than human testimony upon oath, or even upon honour; both which I have frequently seen considerably warped by private views.

The Parliament, which now stands prorogued to the first of next month, it is thought, will be put off for some time longer, till we know in what light to lay before it the state of our alliance with Prussia, since the conclusion of the Hanover neutrality; which, if it did not quite break it, made at least a great flaw in it.

The birth-day was neither fine nor crowded; and no wonder, since the king was that day seventy-five. The old court and the young one are much better together, since the Duke's retirement; and the King has presented the Prince of Wales with a service of plate.

I am still *unwell*, though I drink these waters very regularly. I will stay here at least six weeks longer, where I am much quieter than I should be allowed to be in town. When things

are in such a miserable situation as they are at present, I desire neither to be concerned nor consulted, still less quoted. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXVI.

Bath, November 26, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, by the last mail your short account of the King of Prussia's victory; which victory, contrary to custom, turns out more complete than it was at first reported to be. This appears by an intercepted letter from Monsieur de St Germain to Monsieur d'Affry, at the Hague; in which he tells him, *Cette armée est entierement fondue*, and lays the blame, very strongly, upon Monsieur de Soubize. But, be it greater or be it less, I am glad of it, because the King of Prussia (whom I honour and almost adore) I am sure is. Though *d'aillours*, between you and me, *ou est-ce que cela mene?* To nothing, while that formidable union, of the three great Powers of Europe, subsists against him, Could that be any way broken, something might be done; without which, nothing can. I take it for granted, that the King of Prussia will do all he can to detach France. Why should not we, on our part, try to detach Russia? At least, in our present distress, *omna tentanda*, and sometimes a lucky and unexpected hit turns up. This thought came into my head this morning; and I give it to you, not as a very probable scheme, but as a possible one, and consequently worth trying—The year of the Russian subsidies (nominally paid by the Court of Vienna, but really by France) is near expired. The former probably cannot, and perhaps the latter will not, renew them. The Court of Peterburgh is beggarly, profuse, greedy, and by no means scrupulous. Why should not we step in there, and out-bid them? If we could, we buy a great army at once; which would give an entire new turn to the affairs of that part of the world, at least. And if we bid handsomely, I do not believe the *bonne foi* of that Court would stand in the way. Both

our Court and our Parliament would, I am very sure, give a very great sum, and very chearfully, for this purpose. In the next place, Why should not you riggle yourself, if possible, into so great a scheme? You are, no doubt, much acquainted with the Russian Resident Soltikow; Why should not you sound him, as entirely from yourself, upon this subject? You may ask, What, does your Court intend to go on next year in the pay of France, to destroy the liberties of all Europe, and throw universal monarchy into the hands of that already great and always ambitious power? I know you think, or at least call yourselves, the allies of the Empress Queen; but is it not plain that she will be, in the first place, and you in the next, the dupes of France? At this very time you are doing the work of France and Sweden; and that for some miserable subsidies, much inferior to those which I am sure you might have, in a better cause, and more consistent with the true interest of Russia. Though not empowered, I know the manner of thinking of my own Court so well, upon this subject, that I will venture to promise you much better terms than those you have now, without the least apprehensions of being disavowed. Should he listen to this, and what more may occur to you to say upon this subject, and ask you, *En écrirai-je à ma Cour?* Answer him, *Ecrivez, écrivez, Monsieur, hardiment. Je prendrai tout cela sur moi.* Should this happen, as perhaps, and as I heartily wish it may, then write an exact relation of it to your own Court. Tell them, that you thought the measure of such great importance, that you could not help taking this little step towards bringing it about; but that you mentioned it only as from yourself, and that you have not in the least committed them by it. If Soltikow lends himself in any degree to this, insinuate, that in the present situation of affairs, and particularly of the King's Electoral dominions, you are very sure that his Majesty would have *une reconnoissance sans bornes* for all those, by whose means so desirable a revival of an old and long friendship should be brought about. You will perhaps tell me, that without doubt

Mr. Keith's instructions are to the same effect: but I will answer you, that you can, *if you please*, do it better than Mr. Keith; and, in the next place, that, be all that as it will, it must be very advantageous to you at home, to shew that you have at least a contriving head, and an alertness in business.

I had a letter, by the last post, from the Duke of Newcastle; in which he congratulates me, in his own name, and in Lord Hardwick's, upon the approbation which your dispatches give, not only to them two, but to *others*. This success, so early, should encourage your diligence, and rouse your ambition, if you have any; you may go a great way, if you desire, it having so much time before you.

I send you here inclosed the copy of the Report of the three General Officers, appointed to examine previously into the conduct of General M——t; it is ill written, and ill spelled; but no matter; you will decypher it. You will observe, by the tenour of it, that it points strongly to a Court-martial; which, no doubt, will soon be held upon him. I presume there will be no shooting in the final sentence; but I do suppose that there will be breaking, &c.

I have had some severe returns of my old complaints, last week, and am still unwell; I cannot help it.

A friend of yours arrived here three days ago; she seems to me to be a serviceable strong-bodied bay mare, with black mane and tail; you easily guess who I mean. She is come with mamma, and without *il caro sposo*.

Adieu! my head will not let me go on longer.

LETTER CCCXXVII.

Bath, December 31, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 18th, with the enclosed papers. I cannot help observing, that, till then, you never acknowledged the receipt of any one of my letters.

I can easily conceive that party spirit, among your brother Mi-

nisters at Hamburgh, runs as high as you represent it, because I can easily believe the errors of the human mind; but at the same time I must observe, that such a spirit is the spirit of little minds and subaltern Ministers, who think to atone by zeal, for their want of merit and importance. The political differences of the several Courts should never influence the personal behaviour of their several Ministers towards one another. There is a certain *procédé noble et galant*, which should always be observed among the Ministers of Powers even at war with each other which will always turn out to the advantage of the ablest; who will in those conversations find or make opportunities of throwing out, or of receiving useful hints. When I was last at the Hague, we were at war with both France and Spain; so that I could neither visit, nor be visited by, the Ministers of those two Crowns: but we met every day, or dined at third places, where we embraced as personal friends, and trifled, at the same time, upon our being political enemies; and by this sort of *badinage*, I discovered some things which I wanted to know. There is not a more prudent maxim, than to live with one's enemies as if they may one day become one's friends; as it commonly happens, sooner or later, in the vicissitudes of political affairs.

To your question, which is a rational and prudent one, Whether I was authorised to give you the hints concerning Russia by any people in power here, I will tell you that I was not: but, as I had pressed them to try what might be done with Russia, and got Mr. Keith to be dispatched thither some months sooner than otherwise, I dare say, he would, with the proper instructions for that purpose, I wished that, by the hints I gave you, you might have got the start of him, and the merit, at least, of having *entamé*, that matter with Soltikow. What you have to do with him now, when you meet with him at any third place, or at his own house (where you are at liberty to go, while Russia has a Minister in London, and we a Minister at Petersburg), in my opinion, to say to him, in an easy cheerful man-

ner, *He bien, Monsieur, je me flatte que nous serons bien-tôt amis publics, aussi bien qu'amis personels.* To which he will probably ask, why, or how? You will reply, Because you know that Mr. Keith is gone to his Court with instructions, which you think must necessarily be agreeable there. And throw out to him, that nothing but a change of their present system can save Livonia to Russia; for, that he cannot suppose, that, when the Swedes shall have recovered Pomerania, they will long leave Russia in quiet possession of Livonia. If he is so much a Frenchman as you say, he will make some weak answers to this; but, as you will have the better of the argument on your side, you may remind him of the old and almost uninterrupted connection between France and Sweden, the inveterate enemy of Russia. Many other arguments will naturally occur to you in such a conversation, if you have it. In this case, there is a piece of ministerial art, which is sometimes of use; and that is, to sow jealousies among one's enemies, by a seeming preference shewn to some one of them. Monsieur Hecht's *réveries* are *réveries* indeed. How should his master have made the *golden arrangements*, which he talks of, and which are to be forged into shackles for General Fermor? The Prussian finances are not in a condition now to make such expensive arrangements. But I think you may tell Monsieur Hecht, in confidence, that you hope the instructions with which you know that Mr. Keith is gone to Petersburg, may have some effect upon the measures of that Court.

I would advise you to live with that same Monsieur Hecht in all the confidence, familiarity, and connection, which prudence will allow. I mean it with regard to the King of Prussia himself, by whom I could wish you to be known and esteemed as much as possible. It may be of use to you some day or other. If man, courage, conduct, constancy, can get the better of all the difficulties which the King of Prussia has to struggle with, he will rise superior to them. But still, while this alliance subsists against him, I dread *les gros Escadrons*. His last victory, of the

5th, was certainly the completest that has been heard of these many years. I heartily wish the Prince of Brunswick just such a one over Monsieur de Richelieu's army; and that he may take my old acquaintance the Maréchal, and send him over here to polish and perfume us.

I heartily wish you, in the plain home-spun style, a great number of happy new years, well employed in forming both your mind and your manners, to be useful and agreeable to yourself, your country, and your friends! That these wishes are sincere, your Secretary's brother will, by the time of your receiving this, have remitted you a proof, from Yours,

LETTER CCCXXVIII.

London, Feb. 8, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 15th and 17th past; and yesterday that of the 27th, with the Russian manifesto inclosed, in which her Imperial Majesty of all the Russias has been pleased to give every reason, except the true one, for the march of her troops against the King of Prussia. The true one, I take it to be, that she has just received a very great sum of money from France, or the Empress Queen, or both, for that purpose. *Point d'argent point de Russe* is now become a maxim. Whatever may be the motive of their march, the effect must be bad; and, according to my speculations, those troops will replace the French in Hanover and Lower Saxony; and the French will go and join the Austrian army. You ask me, if I still despond? Not so much as I did after the battle of Colen: the battles of Rossbach and Lissa were drams to me, and gave me some momentary spirit: but, though I do not absolutely despair, I own I greatly distrust. I readily allow the King of Prussia to be *nec pluribus impar*; but still, when the *plures* amount to a certain degree of plurality, courage and abilities must yield at last. Michel here assures me, that he does not mind the Russians; but, as I have it from the gentleman's own mouth, I do not believe him. We shall very soon

send a Squadron to the Baltic, to entertain the Swedes; which I believe will put an end to their operations in Pomerania; so that I have no great apprehensions from that quarter; but Russia, I confess, sticks in my stomach.

Every thing goes smoothly in Parliament; the King of Prussia has united all our parties in his support; and the Tories have declared, that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this session: there has not been one single division yet upon public points, and I believe will not. Our American expedition is preparing to go soon; the disposition of that affair seems to me a little extraordinary. Abercrombie is to be the sedentary, and not the acting Commander; Amherst, Lord Howe, and Wolfe, are to be the acting, and I hope the active Officers. I wish they may agree. Amherst, who is the oldest officer, is under the influence of the same great person who influenced Mordeant, so much to the honour and advantage of this country. This is most certain, that we have force enough in America to eat up the French alive in Canada, Quebec, and Louisbourg, if we have but skill and spirit enough to exert it properly; but of that I am modest enough to doubt.

When you come to the egotism, which I have long desired you to come to with me, you need make no excuses for it. The egotism is as proper and as satisfactory to one's friends, as it is impertinent and misplaced with strangers. I desire to see you in your-every day's clothes, by your fire-side, in your pleasures; in short, in your private life; but I have not yet been able to obtain this. Whenever you condescend to do it, as you promise, stick to truth; for I am not so uninformed of Hamburgh as perhaps you may think.

As for myself, I am very *unwell*, and very weary of being so; and with little hopes, at my age, of ever being otherwise. I often wish for the end of the wretched remnant of my life; and that wish is a rational one; but then the innate principle of self-preservation, wisely implanted in our natures for obvious purposes, opposes that wish, and makes us endeavour to spin out

our thread as long as we can, however decayed and rotten it may be; and, in defiance of common sense, we seek on for that chymic gold which beggars us when old.

Whatever your amusements, or pleasures, may be at Hamburgh, I dare say you taste them more sensibly than ever you did in your life, now that you have business enough to whet your appetite to them. Business, one half of the day, is the best preparation for the pleasures of the other half. I hope, and believe, that it will be with you as it was with an apothecary whom I knew at Twickenham. A considerable estate fell to him by an unexpected accident; upon which he thought it decent to leave off his business; accordingly he generously gave up his shop and his stock to his head man, set up his coach, and resolved to live like a gentleman; but, in less than a month, the man, used to business, found, that living like a gentleman was dying of *ennui*; upon which he bought his shop and stock, resumed his trade; and lived very happily, after he had something to do. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXXIX.

London, Feb. 24, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 2d instant, with the inclosed; which I return you, that there may be no chasm in your papers. I had heard before of Burrish's death, and had taken some steps thereupon; but I very soon dropped that affair, for ninety-nine good reasons; the first of which was, that nobody is to go in his room, and that, had he lived, he was to have been recalled from Munich. But another reason, more flattering for you, was, that you could not be spared from Hamburgh. Upon the whole, I am not sorry for it, as the place where you are now is the great *entrepôt* of business; and, when it ceases to be so, you will necessarily go to so some of the Courts in the neighbourhood (Berlin, I hope and believe) which will be a much more desirable situation than to rust at Munich, where we can never have any business beyond a subsidy. Do but go

on, and exert yourself where you are, and better things will soon follow.

Surely the inaction of our army at Hanover continues too long. We expected wonders from it some time ago, and yet nothing is attempted. The French will soon receive reinforcements, and then be too strong for us; whereas they are now most certainly greatly weakened by desertion, sickness, and deaths. Does the King of Prussia send a body of men to our army or not? or has the march of the Russians cut him out work for all his troops? I am afraid it has. If one body of Russians joins the Austrian army in Moravia, and another body the Swedes in Pomerania, he will have his hands very full, too full, I fear. The French say they will have an army of 180,000 men in Germany this year; the Empress Queen will have 150,000; if the Russians have but 40,000, what can resist such a force? The King of Prussia may say, indeed, with more justice than ever any one person could before him, *Moi. Medea superest.*

You promised me some egotisms; but I have received none yet. Do you frequent the Landgrave? *Hantez vous les grands de la terre?* What are the connexions of the evening? All this, and a great deal more of this kind, let me know in your next.

The House of Commons is still very unanimous: there was a little popular squib let off this week, in a motion of Sir John Glynnæ's, seconded by Sir John Philips, for annual Parliaments. It was a very cold scent, and put an end to by a division of 190 to 70.

Good night. Work hard, that you may divert yourself well.

LETTER CCCXXX.

London, March 4, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have been much more surpris'd at the contents of your letter of the 17th past, if I had not happened to have seen Sir C. W. about three or four hours before I received it. I thought he talked in an extraordinary manner; he engaged that the King of Prussia should be master of Vienna in the month of May; and he told me that you were very much in love with his daughter. Your letter explained all this to me; and the next day, Lord and Lady E—— gave me innumerable instances of his frenzy, with which I shall not trouble you. What inflamed it the more (if it did not entirely occasion it) was a great quantity of cantharides, which, it seems, he had taken at Hamburgh, to recommend himself, I suppose, to Mademoiselle John. He was let blood four times on board the ship, and has been let blood four times more since his arrival here; but still the inflammation continues very high. He is now under the care of his brothers, who do not let him go abroad. They have written to this same Mademoiselle John, to prevent, if they can, her coming to England, and told her the case; which, when she hears, she must be as mad as he is, if she takes the journey. By the way she must be *une Dame aventuriere*, to receive a note for 10,000 roubles, from a man whom she had known but three days; to take a contract of marriage, knowing he was married already; and to engage herself to follow him to England. I suppose this is not the first adventure of the sort which she has had.

After the news we received yesterday, that the French had evacuated Hanover, all but Hamel, we daily expect much better. We pursue them, we cut them off *en detail*, and at last we destroy their whole army. I wish it may happen, and, moreover, I think it not impossible.

My head is much out of order, and only allows me to wish you a good night.

LETTER CCCXXXI.

London, March 22, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 8th lying before me, with the favourable account of our progress in Lower Saxony, and reasonable prospect of more decisive success. I confess I did not expect this, when my friend Münchausen took his leave of me, to go to Stade, and break the neutrality; I thought it at least a dangerous, but rather a desperate undertaking; whereas, hitherto, it has proved a very fortunate one. I look upon the French army as *sondue*; and, what with desertion, deaths, and epidemical distempers, I dare say not a third of it will ever return to France. The great object is now, what the Russians can or will do; and whether the King of Prussia can hinder their junction with the Austrians, by beating either, before they join: I will trust him for doing all that can be done.

Sir C. W. is still in confinement, and, I fear, will always be so, for he seems *cum ratione insanire*: the physicians have collected all he has said and done, that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing; he has answered it in writing too, and justifies himself by the most plausible arguments that can possibly be urged. He tells his brother, and the few who are allowed to see him, that they are such narrow and contracted minds themselves, that they take those for mad, who have a great and generous way of thinking; as for instance, when he determined to send his daughter over to you in a fortnight, to be married without any previous agreement or settlements, it was because he had long known you, and loved you, as a man of sense and honour; and therefore would not treat with you as with an attorney. That as for Mademoiselle John, he knew her merit and her circumstances; and asks, whether it

is a sign of madness, to have a due regard for the one, and a just compassion for the other. I will not tire you with enumerating any more instances of the poor man's phrenzy; but conclude this subject with pitying him, and poor human nature, which holds its reason by so precarious a tenure. The lady, who you tell me is set out, *en sera pour la peine et les fraix du voyage*, for her note is worth no more than her contract. By the way, she must be a kind of *aventuriere*, to engage so easily in such an adventure with a man whom she had not known above a week, and whose *début* of 10,000 roubles shewed him not to be in his right senses.

You will probably have seen General Yorke, by this time, in his way to Berlin and Breslau, or wherever the King of Prussia may be. As he keeps his commission to the States General, I presume he is not to stay long with his Prussian Majesty: but, however, while he is there, take care to write to him very constantly, and to give all the informations you can. His father, Lord Hardwicke, is your great puff; he commends your office letters exceedingly. I would have the Berlin commission your object, in good time: never lose view of it. Do all you can to recommend yourself to the King of Prussia on your side of the water, and to smooth your way for that commission on this; by the turn which things have taken of late, it must always be the most important of all foreign commissions from hence.

I have no news to send you, as things here are extremely quiet; so good night.

LETTER CCCXXXII

London, April 25, 1754

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now two letters in your debt, which I think is the first time that ever I was so, in the long course of our correspondence. But, besides that my head has been very much out of order of late, writing is by no means that easy thing that it was

to me formerly. I find by experience, that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are most intimately united; and when the one suffers, the other sympathises. *Nunc sum qualis eram*: Neither my memory nor my invention are now what they formerly were. It is in a great measure my own fault: I cannot accuse Nature, for I abused her; and it is reasonable I should suffer for it.

I do not like the return of the oppression upon your lungs; but the rigour of the cold may probably have brought it upon you, and your lungs not in fault. Take care to live very cool, and let your diet be rather low.

We have had a second winter here, more severe than the first, at least it seemed so, from a premature summer that we had, for a fortnight, in March; which brought every thing forwards, only to be destroyed. I have experienced it at Blackheath, where the promise of fruit was a most flattering one, and all nipped in the bud by frost and snow, in April. I shall not have a single peach or apricot.

I have nothing to tell you from hence concerning public affairs, but what you read as well in the newspapers. This only is extraordinary; that last week, in the House of Commons, above ten millions were granted, and the whole Hanover army taken into British pay, with but one single negative, which was Mr. Viner's.

Mr. Pitt gains ground in the closet, and yet does not lose it in the public. That is new.

Monsieur Kniphausen has dined with me; he is one of the prettiest fellows I have seen; he has, with a great deal of life and fire, *les manieres d'un honnête homme, et le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*. You like him yourself; try to be like him: it is in your power.

I hear that Mr. Michel is to be recalled, notwithstanding the King of Prussia's instances to keep him. But why, is a secret that I cannot penetrate.

You will not fail to offer the Landgrave, and the Princess of

Hesse (who I find are going home) to be their agent and commissioner at Hamburgh.

I cannot comprehend the present state of Russia, nor the motions of their armies. They change their General's once a week; sometimes they march with rapidity, and now they lie quiet behind the Vistula. We have a thousand stories here of the interior of that government, none of which I believe. Some say, that the Great Duke will be set aside. Woronzoff is said to be entirely a Frenchman, and that Monsieur de l'Hôpital governs both him and the Court. Sir C. W. is said, by his indiscretions, to have caused the disgrace of Bestuchef, which seems not impossible. In short, every thing of every kind is said, because, I believe, very little is truly known. *A propos* of Sir C. W.; he is out of confinement, and gone to his house in the country for the whole summer. They say he is now very cool and well. I have seen his Circe, at her window in Pall-mall; she is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l'aventure*. She has been offered, by Sir C. W——'s friends, 500l. in full of all demands, but will not accept of it. *La comtesse veut plaider*, and I fancy *faire autre chose si elle peut*. *Jubeo te bene valere*.

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

Blackheath, May 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE your letter of the 9th now before me, and condole with you upon the present solitude and inaction of Hamburgh. You are now shrunk from the dignity and importance of a consummate Minister, to be but, as it were, a common man. But this has, at one time or another, been the case of most great men; who have not always had equal opportunities of exerting their talents. The greatest must submit to the capriciousness of fortune; though they can, better than others, improve the favourable moments. For instance, who could have thought, two years ago, that you would have been the Atlas of the Nor-

thern Pole; but the good Genius of the North ordered it so; and now that you have set that part of the globe right, you return to *otium cum dignitate*. But to be serious: now that you cannot have much office business to do, I could tell you what to do, that would employ you, I should think, both usefully and agreeably. I mean, that you should write short memoirs of that busy scene, in which you have been enough concerned, since your arrival at Hamburgh, to be able to put together authentic facts and anecdotes. I do not know whether you will give yourself the trouble to do it or not; but I do know, that if you will, *olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. I would have them short, but correct as to facts and dates.

I have told Alt, in the strongest manner, your lamentations for the loss of the House of Cassel, *et il en fera rapport à son Sérénissime Maître*. When you are quite idle, (as probably you may be, some time this summer) why should you not ask leave to make a tour to Cassel for a week; which would certainly be granted you from hence, and which would be looked upon as a *bon procédé* at Cassel.

The King of Prussia is probably, by this time, at the gates of Vienna, making the Queen of Hungary really do, what Monsieur de Bellisle only threatened; sign a peace upon the ramparts of her capital. If she is obstinate, and will not, she must fly either to Presburg or to Inspruck, and Vienna must fall. But I think he will offer her reasonable conditions enough for herself; and I suppose, that in that case, Caunitz will be reasonable enough to advise her to accept of them. What turn would the war take then? Would the French and Russians carry it on without her? the King of Prussia, and the Prince of Brunswick, would soon sweep them out of Germany. By this time too, I believe, the French are entertained in America with the loss of Cape Breton; and, in consequence of that, Quebec; for we have a force there equal to both those undertakings, and Officers there, now, that will execute, what Lord L—— never would so much as attempt. His appointments were too considerable to let him do

any thing that might possibly put an end to the war. Lord Howe, upon seeing plainly that he was resolved to do nothing, had asked leave to return, as well as Lord Charles Hay.

We have a great expedition preparing, and which will soon be ready to sail from the Isle of Wight; fifteen thousand good troops, eighty battering cannons, besides mortars, and every other thing in abundance, fit for either battle or siege. Lord Anson desired, and is appointed, to command the fleet employed upon this expedition; a proof that it is not a trifling one. Conjectures concerning its destination are infinite; and the most ignorant are, as usual, the boldest conjecturers. If I form any conjectures, I keep them to myself, not to be disproved by the event; but, in truth, I form none: I might have known, but would not.

Every thing seems to tend to a peace next winter: our success in America, which is hardly doubtful, and the King of Prussia's in Germany, which is as little so, will make France (already sick of the expence of the war) very tractable for a peace. I heartily wish it: for though people's heads are half turned with the King of Prussia's success, and will be quite turned, if we have any in America, or at sea, a moderate peace will suit us better than this immoderate war of twelve millions a year.

Domestic affairs go just as they did; the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt jog on like man and wife; that is, seldom agreeing, often quarrelling; but by mutual interest, upon the whole, not parting. The latter, I am told, gains ground in the closet; though he still keeps his strength in the House, and his popularity in the public; or, perhaps, because of that.

Do you hold your resolution of visiting your dominions of Bremen and Lubeck this summer? If you do, pray take the trouble of informing yourself correctly of the several constitutions and customs of those places, and of the present state of the federal union of the Hanseatic towns: it will do you no harm, nor cost you much trouble; and it is so much clear gain on the side of useful knowledge.

I am now settled at Blackheath for the summer; where unseasonable frost and snow, and hot and parching east-winds, have destroyed all my fruit, and almost my fruit-trees. I vegetate myself little better than they do; I crawl about on foot, and on horseback; read a great deal, and write a little: and am very much yours.

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

Blackheath, May 30, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE no letter from you to answer, so this goes to you unprovoked. But *a propos* of letters; you have had great honour done you, in a letter from a fair and Royal hand, no less than that of her Royal Highness the Princess of Cassel; she has written your panegyric to her sister, Princess Amelia, who sent me a compliment upon it. This has likewise done you no harm with the King, who said gracious things upon that occasion. I suppose you had for her Royal Highness those attentions, which I wish to God you would have, in due proportions, for every body. You see, by this instance, the effects of them; they are always repaid with interest. I am more confirmed by this in thinking, that if you can conveniently, you should ask leave to go for a week to Cassel, to return your thanks for all favours received.

I cannot expound to myself the conduct of the Russians. There must be a trick in their not marching with more expedition. They have either had a sop from the King of Prussia, or they want an animating dram from France and Austria. The King of Prussia's conduct always explains itself by the events; and, within a very few days, we must certainly hear of some very great stroke from that quarter. I think I never in my life remember a period of time so big with great events as the present: within two months, the fate of the House of Austria will probably be decided: within the same space of time, we shall certainly hear of the taking of Cape Breton, and of our army's

proceeding to Quebec: within a few days, we shall know the good or ill success of our great expedition; for it is failed: and it cannot be long before we shall hear something of the Prince of Brunswick's operations, from whom I also expect good things. If all these things turn out, as there is good reason to believe they will, we may once, in our turn, dictate a reasonable peace to France, who now pays seventy *per cent.* insurance upon its trade, and seven *per cent.* for all the money raised for the service of the year.

Comte Bothmar has got the small-pox, and of a bad kind. Kniphausen diverts himself much here; he sees all places and all people, and is ubiquity itself. Mitchel, who was much threatened, stays at last at Berlin, at the earnest request of the King of Prussia. Lady *** is safely delivered of a son, to the great joy of that noble family. The expression of a woman's having brought her husband a son, seems to be a proper and cautious one; for it is never said, from whence.

I was going to ask you how you passed your time now at Hamburgh, since it is now no longer the seat of strangers and of business; but I will not, because I know it is to no purpose. You have sworn not to tell me.

Sir William Stanhope told me, that you promised to send him some Old Hock from Hamburgh, and so you did——not. If you meet with any superlatively good, and not else, pray send over a *foudre* of it, and write to him. I shall have a share in it. But unless you find some, either at Hamburgh or at Bremen, uncommonly and almost miraculously good, do not send any
Diri. Yours.

LETTER CCCXXXV.

Blackheath, June 13, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE secret is out ; St. Malo is the devoted place. Our troops began to land at the Bay of Cancale the 5th, without any opposition. We have no farther accounts yet, but expect some every moment. By the plan of it, which I have seen, it is by no means a weak place ; and I fear there will be many hats to be disposed of, before it is taken. There are in the port above thirty privateers ; about sixteen of their own, and about as many taken from us.

Now for Africa, where we have had great success. The French have been driven out of all their forts and settlements upon the Gum-coast, and upon the river Senegal. They had been many years in possession of them, and by them annoyed our African trade exceedingly ; which, by the way, *toute proportion gardée*, is the most lucrative trade we have. The present booty is likewise very considerable, in gold dust, and gum senega ; which is a very valuable, by being a very necessary commodity for all our stained and printed linens.

Now for America. The least sanguine people here expect, the latter end of this month or the beginning of the next, to have the account of the taking of Cape Breton, and of all the forts with hard Names in North America.

Captain Clive has long since settled Asia to our satisfaction ; so that three parts of the world look very favourable for us. Europe, I submit to the care of the King of Prussia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick ; and I think they will give a good account of it. France is out of luck, and out of courage ; and will, I hope, be enough out of spirits to submit to a reasonable peace. By reasonable, I mean what all people call reasonable in their own case ; an advantageous one for us.

I have set all right with Münchausen ; who would not own

that he was at all offended, and said, as you do. that his daughter did not stay long enough, nor appear enough at Hamburgh, for you possibly to know that she was there. But people are always ashamed to own the little weaknesses of self-love, which, however, all people feel more or less. The excuse, I saw, pleased.

I will send you your quadrille-tables by the first opportunity, consigned to the care of Mr. Mathias here. *Felices faustæque sint!* May you win upon them, when you play with men; and when you play with women, either win, or know why you lose.

Miss —— marries Mr. ——, next week. *Who proffers Love, proffers Death*, says Waller to a dwarf: in my opinion, the conclusion must instantly choak the little Lady. Admiral * marries Lady * * *; there the danger, if danger is, will be on the other side. The lady has wanted a man so long, that she now compounds for half a one. Half a loaf—.

I have been worse since my last letter; but am now, I think, recovering; *tant va la crûche à l'eau*;— and I have been there very often,

Good night. I am faithfully and truly yours.

LETTER CCCXXXVI.

Blackheath, June 27, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU either have received already, or will very soon receive, a little case from Amsterdam, directed to you at Hamburgh. It is for Princess Amelia, the King of Prussia's sister, and contains some books, which she desired Sir Charles Hotham to procure her from England, so long ago as when he was at Berlin: he sent for them immediately; but, by I do not know what puzzle, they were recommended to the care of Mr. Selwyn, at Paris, who took such care of them, that he kept them near three years in his warehouse, and has at last sent them to Amsterdam, from whence they are sent to you. If the books are good for any thing, they must be considerably improved, by having seen

so much of the world; but, as I believe they are English books, perhaps they may, like English travellers, have seen nobody, but the several bankers to whom they were consigned: be that as it will, I think you had best deliver them to Monsieur Hecht, the Prussian Minister at Hamburgh, to forward to her Royal Highness, with a respectful compliment from you, which you will, no doubt, turn in the best manner; and, *felon le bon ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie.*

You have already seen, in the papers, all the particulars of our St. Malo's expedition, so I say no more of that; only that Mr. Pitt's friends exult in the destruction of three French ships of war, and one hundred and thirty privateers and trading ships; and affirm, that it stopped the march of threescore thousand men, who were going to join the Comte de Clermont's army. On the other hand, Mr. Fox and company call it breaking windows with guineas; and apply the fable of the Mountain and the Mouse. The next object of our fleet was to be the bombarding of Granville, which is the great *entrepôt* of their Newfoundland fishery, and will be a considerable loss to them in that branch of their trade. These, you will perhaps say, are no great matters, and I say so too; but, at least, they are signs of life, which we had not given for many years before; and will shew the French, by our invading them, that we do not fear their invading us. Were these invasions, in fishing-boats from Dunkirk, so terrible as they were artfully represented to be, the French would have had an opportunity of executing them while our fleet, and such a considerable part of our army, were employed upon their coast. *But my Lord Ligonier does not want an army at home.*

The Parliament is prorogued by a most gracious speech neither by nor from his Majesty, who was *too ill* to go to the House; the Lords and Gentlemen are, consequently, most of them, gone to their several counties, to do (to be sure) all the good that is recommended to them in the speech. London, am told, is now very empty, for I cannot say so from knowledge. I vegetate

wholly here. I walk and read a great deal, ride and scribble a little, according as my head allows, or my spirits prompt; to write any thing tolerable, the mind must be in a natural, proper disposition; provocatives, in that case, as well as in another, will only produce miserable, abortive performances.

Now you have (as I suppose) full leisure enough, I wish you would give yourself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, to do what I hinted to you some time ago; that is, to write short memoirs of those affairs which have either gone through your hands, or that have come to your certain knowledge, from the inglorious battle of Hastenbeck, to the still more scandalous treaty of neutrality. Connect, at least, if it be by ever so short notes, the pieces and letters which you must necessarily have in your hands, and throw in the authentic anecdotes that you have probably heard. You will be glad when you have done it: and the reviving past ideas in some order and method will be an infinite comfort to you hereafter. I have a thousand times regretted not having done so: it is at present too late for me to begin; this is the right time for you, and your life is likely to be a busy one. Would young men avail themselves of the advice and experience of their old friends, they would find the utility in their youth, and the comfort of it in their more advanced age; but they seldom consider that, and you, less than any body I ever knew. May you soon grow wiser! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

Blackheath, June 30, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter follows my last very close; but I received yours of the 15th in the short interval. You did very well not to buy any Rhenish, at the exorbitant price you mention, without farther directions: for both my brother and I think the money better than the wine, be the wine ever so good. We will content ourselves with our stock in hand of humble Rhenish, of about three shillings a bottle. However, *pour la rareté du fait*

I will lay out twelve ducats, for twelve bottles of the wine of 1665, by way of an eventual cordial, if you can obtain a *senatus consultum* for it. I am in no hurry for it, so send it me only when you can conveniently; well packed up *s'entend*.

You will, I dare say, have leave to go to Cassel; and if you do go, you will perhaps think it reasonable, that I, who was the adviser of the journey, should pay the expence of it. I think so too; and therefore, if you go, I will remit the 100l. which you have calculated it at. You will find the House of Cassel the house of gladness; for Hanau is already, or must be soon, delivered of its French guests.

The Prince of Brunswick's victory is, by all the skilful, thought a *chef d'œuvre*, worthy of Turenne, Condè, or the most illustrious human butchers. The French behaved better than at Rosbach, especially the *Carabiniers Roiaux*, who could not be *entamés*. I wish the siege of Olmutz well over, and a victory after it; and that, with good news from America, which I think there is no reason to doubt of, must procure us a good peace at the end of the year. The Prince of Prussia's death is no public misfortune: there was a jealousy and alienation between the King and him, which could never have been made up between the possessor of the Crown and the next heir to it. He will make something of his nephew, *s'il est du bois dont on en fait*. He is young enough to forgive, and to be forgiven, the possession and the expectation, at least for some years.

Adieu! I am *unwell*, but affectionately yours.

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

Blackheath, July 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 4th; and my last will have informed you that I had received your former, concerning the Rhenish, about which I gave you instructions. If *vinum Mosellanum est omni tempore sanum*, as

the Chapter of Treves asserts, what must this *vinum Rhenaum* be, from its superior strength and age? It must be the universal panacea.

Captain Howe is to sail forthwith somewhere or another, with about 8000 land forces on board him; and what is much more, Edward the White Prince. It is yet a secret where they are going; but I think it is no secret, that what 16,000 men and a great fleet could not do, will not be done by 8000 men, and a much smaller fleet. About 8500 horse, foot, and dragoons, are embarking, as fast as they can, for Embden, to reinforce Prince Ferdinand's army: late and few, to be sure, but still better than never, and none. The operations in Moravia go on slowly, and Olmutz seems to be a tough piece of work: I own I begin to be in pain for the King of Prussia; for the Russians now march in earnest, and Maréchal Daun's army is certainly superior in number to his. God send him a good delivery!

You have a Danish army now in your neighbourhood, and they say a very fine one; I presume you will go to see it, and, if you do, I would advise you to go when the Danish Monarch comes to review it himself; *pour prendre Langue de ce Seigneur*. The rulers of the earth are all worth knowing; they suggest moral reflections: and the respect that one naturally has for God's Vicegerents here on earth, is greatly increased by acquaintance with them.

Your card-tables are gone, and they inclose some suits of clothes, and some of these clothes inclose a letter.

Your friend Lady * * is gone into the country with her Lord, to negotiate, coolly and at leisure, their intended separation. My Lady insists upon my Lord's dismissing the * *, as ruinous to his fortune; my Lord insists, in his turn, upon my Lady's dismissing Lord * *; my Lady replies, that that is unreasonable, since Lord * * creates no expence to the family, but rather the contrary. My Lord confesses, that there is some weight in this argument; but then pleads sentiment: my Lady says, A fiddlestick for sentiment, after having been married so long. How

this matter will end, is in the womb of time, *nam fuit ante Helenam.*

You did very well to write a congratulatory letter to Prince Ferdinand; such attentions are always right, and always repaid in some way or other.

I am glad you have connected your negotiations and anecdotes; and, I hope, not with your usual laconism. Adieu!
Yours.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

Blackheath, August 1, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THINK the Court of Cassel is more likely to make you a second visit at Hamburgh, than you are to return theirs at Cassel; and therefore, till that matter is clearer, I shall not mention it to Lord Holderneffe.

By the King of Prussia's disappointment in Moravia, by the approach of the Russians, and the intended march of Monsieur de Soubize to Hanover, the waters seem to me to be as much troubled as ever. *Je vois très noir actuellement*; I see swarms of Austrians, French, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, in all near four hundred thousand men, surrounding the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand, who have about a third of that number. Hitherto they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will sting.

The immediate danger of this country is being drowned; for it has not ceased raining these three months, and withal is extremely cold. This neither agrees with me in itself, nor in its consequences; for it hinders me from taking my necessary exercise, and makes me very unwell. As my head is always the part offending, and is so at present, I will not do like many writers, write without a head; so adieu.

LETTER CCCXL.

Blackheath, August 20, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's last letter brought me the good news that the fever had left you, and I will believe that it has; but a postscript to it, of only two lines, under your own hand, would have convinced me more effectually of your recovery. An intermitting fever, in the intervals of the paroxysms, would surely have allowed you to have written a very few lines with your own hand, to tell me how you were; and till I receive a letter (as short as you please) from yourself, I shall doubt of the exact truth of any other accounts.

I send you no news, because I have none; Cape Breton, Cherbourg, &c. are now old stories; we expect a new one soon from Commodore Howe, but from whence we know not. From Germany we hope for good news; I confess I do not, I only wish it. The King of Prussia is marched to fight the Russians, and I believe will beat them, if they stand; but what then? What shall he do next, with the three hundred and fourscore thousand men, now actually at work upon him? He will do all that man can do, but at last *il faut succomber*.

Remember to think yourself less well than you are, in order to be quite so: be very regular rather longer than you need; and then there will be no danger of a relapse. God bless you.

LETTER CCCXLI.

Blackheath, September 5, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, with great pleasure, your letter of the 22d August; for, by not having a line from you in your Secretary's two letters, I suspected that you were worse than he cared to tell me: and so far I was in the right, that your fever was more malignant than intermitting ones generally

are, which seldom confine people to their bed, or at most only the days of the paroxysms. Now, thank God, you are well again, though weak, do not be in too much haste to be better and stronger; leave that to Nature, which, at your age, will restore both your health and strength as soon as she should. Live cool for a time, and rather low, instead of taking what they call heartening things.

Your manner of making presents is noble, *et sent la grandeur d'ame d'un preux Chevalier*. You depreciate their value to prevent any returns; for it is impossible that a wine which has counted so many Sindicks, that can only be delivered by a *senatus consultum*, and is the *panacea* of the North, should be sold for a ducat a bottle. The *sylphium* of the Romans, which was stored up in the public magazines, and only distributed by order of the magistrate, I dare say, cost more; so that, I am convinced, your present is much more valuable than you would make it.

Here I am interrupted, by receiving your letter of the 25th past. I am glad that you are able to undertake your journey to Bremen; the motion, the air, the new scene, the every thing, will do you good, provided you manage yourself discreetly.

Your bill for fifty pounds shall certainly be accepted and paid; but as in conscience I think fifty pounds is too little, for seeing a live Landgrave, and especially at Bremen, which this whole nation knows to be a very dear place, I shall, with your leave, add fifty more to it. By the way, when you see the Princess Royal of Cassel, be sure to tell her how sensible you are of the favourable and too partial testimony, which you know she wrote of you to Princess Amelia.

The King of Prussia has had the victory, which you, in some measure, foretold; and as he has taken *la Caisse Militaire*, I presume, *Messieurs les Russes sont hors de combat pour cette campagne*; for, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, is not truer of the laudable Helvetic body, than *point d'argent, point de Russe*, is of the savages of the two Russias, not even excepting the Au-

to cratic of them both. Serbelloni, I believe, stands next in his Prussian Majesty's list to be beaten; that is, if he will stand; as the Prince de Soubize does in Prince Ferdinand's, upon the same condition. If both these things happen, which is by no means improbable, we may hope for a tolerable peace this winter; for, *au bout du compte*, the King of Prussia cannot hold out another year; and therefore he should make the best of these favourable events, by way of negotiation.

I think I have written a great deal, with an actual giddiness of head upon me. So adieu.

I am glad you have received my letter of the Ides of July.

LETTER CCCXLII.

Blackheath, September 8, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter shall be short, being only an explanatory note upon my last; for I am not learned enough, nor yet dull enough, to make my comment much longer than my text. I told you then, in my former letter, that with your leave (which I will suppose granted) I would add fifty pounds to your draught for that sum; now, lest you should misunderstand this, and wait for the remittance of that additional fifty from hence, know my meaning was, that you should likewise draw upon me for it when you please; which, I presume, will be more convenient to you.

Let the pedants, whose business it is to believe lies, or the poets, whose trade it is to invent them, match the King of Prussia with a hero in ancient or modern story, if they can. He disgraces history, and makes one give some credit to romances. Calprenede's Juba does not now seem so absurd as formerly.

I have been extremely ill this whole summer; but am now something better: however, I perceive, *que l'esprit et le corps baissent*; the former is the last thing that anybody will tell me, or own when I tell it them; but I know it is true. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLIII.

Blackheath, September 22, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received no letter from you since you left Ham-
burgh; I presume that you are perfectly recovered, but it
might not have been improper to have told me so. I am very
far from being recovered; on the contrary, I am worse and
worse, weaker and weaker every day; for which reason I
shall leave this place next Monday, and set out for Bath a few
days afterwards. I should not take all this trouble merely to
prolong the fag-end of a life, from which I can expect no plea-
sure, and others no utility; but the cure, or at least the miti-
gation of those physical ills which make that life a load while
it does last, is worth any trouble and attention.

We are come off but scurvily from our second attempt upon
St. Malo: it is our last for this season; and, in my mind, should
be our last for ever, unless we were to send so great a sea and
land force as to give us a moral certainty of taking some place
of great importance, such as Brest, Rochefort, or Toulon.

Monsieur Münchausen embarked yesterday, as he said, for
Prince Ferdinand's army; but as it is not generally thought that
his military skill can be of any great use to that Prince, people
conjecture, that his business must be of a very different nature,
and suspect separate negotiations, neutralities, and what not,
Kniphausen does not relish it in the least, and is by no means
satisfied with the reasons that have been given him for it. Be-
fore he can arrive there, I reckon that something decisive will
have passed in Saxony; if to the disadvantage of the King of
Prussia, he is crushed: but if, on the contrary, he should get a
complete victory (and he does not get half victories) over the
Austrians, the winter may probably produce him and us a rea-
sonable peace, I look upon Russia as *hors de combat* for some
time; France is certainly sick of the war; under an unambitious

King, and an incapable Ministry, if there is one at all: and, unassisted by those two Powers, the Empress Queen had better be quiet. Were any other man in the situation of the King of Prussia, I should not hesitate to pronounce him ruined; but he is such a prodigy of a man, that I will only say, I fear he will be ruined. It is by this time decided.

Your Cassel Court at Bremen is, I doubt, not very splendid: money must be wanting: but, however, I dare say their table is always good, for the Landgrave is a *Gourmand*; and as you are domestic there, you may be so too; and recruit your loss of flesh from your fever: but do not recruit too fast. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLIV.

London, September, 26, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to find that you had a return of your fever; but to say the truth, you in some measure deserved it, for not carrying Dr. Middleton's bark and prescription with you. I foresaw that you would think yourself cured too soon, and gave you warning of it; but *by-gones* are *by-gones*, as Charters, when he was dying, said of his sins: let us look forwards. You did very prudently to return to Hamburgh, to good bark, and, I hope, a good physician. Make all sure there before you stir from thence, notwithstanding the requests or commands of all the Princesses in Europe; I mean a month at least, taking the bark even to supererogation, that is, some time longer than Dr. Middleton requires; for I presume you are got over your childishness about tastes, and are sensible that your health deserves more attention than your palate. When you shall be thus re-established, I approve of your returning to Bremen: and indeed you cannot well avoid it, both with regard to your promise, and to the distinction with which you have been received by the Cassel family.

Now to the other part of your letter. Lord Holderness has been extremely civil to you, in sending you, all under his own

hand, such obliging offers of his service. The hint is plain, that he will (in case you desire it) procure you leave to come home for some time; so that the single question is, Whether you should desire it or not, *now*. It will be two months before you can possibly undertake the journey, whether by sea or by land, and either way it would be a troublesome and dangerous one for a *convalescent*, in the rigour of the month of November; you could drink no mineral waters here in that season, nor are any mineral waters proper in your case, being all of them heating except Seltzer's; then, what would do you more harm than all medicines could do you good, would be the pestilential vapours of the House of Commons, in long and crowded days, of which there will probably be many this session; where your attendance, if here, will necessarily be required. I compare St. Stephen's Chapel, upon those days, to *la Grotta del Cane*.

Whatever may be the fate of the war now, negotiations will certainly be stirring all the winter, and of those, the Northern ones, you are sensible, are not the least important; in these, if at Hamburgh, you will probably have your share, and perhaps a meritorious one. Upon the whole, therefore, I would advise you to write a very civil letter to Lord Holderneffe; and to tell him, that though you cannot hope to be of any use to his Majesty's affairs any where, yet, in the present unsettled state of the North, it is possible that unforeseen accidents may throw it in your way to be of some little service, and that you would not willingly be out of the way of those accidents; but that you shall be most extremely obliged to his Lordship, if he will procure you his Majesty's gracious permission to return for a few months in the spring, when probably affairs will be more settled one way or another. When things tend nearer to a settlement, and Germany, from the want of money or men, or both, breathes peace more than war, I shall solicit Burrish's commission for you, which is one of the most agreeable ones in his Majesty's gift; and I shall by no means despair of success. Now I have given you my opinion upon this affair, which does not make

a difference of above three months, or four at most, I would not be understood to mean to force your own, if it should happen to be different from mine; but mine, I think, is more both for your health and your interest. However, do as you please; may you in this, and every thing else, do for the best! so God bless you!

LETTER CCCXLV.

Bath, October 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 29th past, and of the 3d instant. The last tells me, that you are perfectly recovered; and your resolution of going to Bremen in three or four days proves it; for surely you would not undertake that journey a second time, and at this season of the year, without feeling your health solidly restored; however, in all events, I hope you have taken a provision of good bark with you. I think your attention to her Royal Highness may be of use to you here; and indeed all attentions, to all sorts of people, are always repaid in some way or other; though real obligations are not. For instance; Lord Titchfield, who has been with you at Hamburgh, has written an account to the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who are here, of the civilities you shewed him, with which he is much pleased, and they delighted. At this rate, if you do not take care, you will get the unmanly reputation of a well-bred man: and your countryman, John Trott, will disown you.

I have received, and tasted of your present; which is a *très grand vin*, but more cordial to the stomach than pleasant to the palate. I keep it as physic, only to take occasionally, in little disorders of my stomach; and in those cases I believe it is wholesomer than stronger cordials.

I have been now here a fortnight; and though I am rather better than when I came, I am still far from well. My head is

giddier than becomes a head of my age; and my stomach has not recovered its retentive faculty. Leaning forwards, particularly to write, does not at present agree with Yours.

LETTER CCCXLVI.

Bath, October 28, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has quieted my alarms; for I find by it, that you are as well recovered as you could be in so short a time. It is your business now, to keep yourself well, by scrupulously following Dr. Middleton's directions. He seems to be a rational and knowing man. Soap and steel are, unquestionably, the proper medicines for your case; but as they are alteratives, you must take them for a very long time, six months at least; and then drink chalybeate waters. I am fully persuaded, that this was your original complaint in Carniola; which those ignorant physicians called, in their jargon, *Arthritis vaga*, and treated as such. But now the true cause of your illness is discovered, I flatter myself that, with time and patience on your part, you will be radically cured; but, I repeat it again, it must be by a long and uninterrupted course, of those alterative medicines above-mentioned. They have no taste; but if they had a bad one, I will not now suppose you such a child, as to let the forwardness of your palate interfere, in the least, with the recovery or enjoyment of health. The latter deserves the utmost attention of the most rational man; the former is only the proper object of the care of a dainty, frivolous woman.

The run of luck, which some time ago we were in, seems now to be turned against us. Oberg is completely routed; his Prussian Majesty was surpris'd, (which I am surpris'd at) and had rather the worst of it. I am in some pain for Prince Ferdinand, as I take it for granted, that the detachment from M^{ar}échal de Contade's army, which enabled Prince Soubize to beat Oberg, will immediately return to the grand army, and

then it will be infinitely superior. Nor do I see where Prince Ferdinand can take his winter quarters, unless he retires to Hanover; and that I do not take at present to be the land of Canaan. Our second expedition to St. Malo, I cannot call so much an unlucky, as an ill conducted one; as was also Abercrombie's affair in America. *Mais il n'y a pas de petite perte qui revient souvent*: and all these accidents put together make a considerable sum total.

I have found so little good by these waters, that I do not intend to stay here above a week longer; and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the most convenient place either to live or die in.

I cannot expect active health any where; you may, with common care and prudence, expect it every where; and God grant that you may have it! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLVII.

London, November 21, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU did well to think of Prince Ferdinand's ribband, which I confess I did not; and I am glad to find you thinking so far beforehand. It would be a pretty commission, and I will *accingere me* to procure it you. The only competition I fear, is that of General Yorke, in case Prince Ferdinand should pass any time with his brother at the Hague, which is not unlikely, since he cannot go to Brunswick to his eldest brother, upon account of their simulated quarrel.

I fear the piece is at an end with the King of Prussia, and he may say *ilicet*; I am sure he may personally say *plaudite*. Warm work is expected this session of Parliament, about continent and no continent; some think Mr. Pitt too continent, others too little so; but a little time, as the newspapers most prudently and truly observe, will clear up these matters.

The King has been ill; but his illness is terminated in a

good fit of the gout, with which he is still confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reason; for the oldest Lion in the Tower, much about the King's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can assure you, was believed by many above *people*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

Take care of your health, as much as you can; for, *to be, or not to be*, is a question of much less importance, in my mind, than to be or not to be well. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

London, December 15, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a great while since I heard from you, but I hope that good, not ill health, has been the occasion of this silence; I will suppose you have been, or are still at Bremen, and engrossed by your Hessian friends.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick is most certainly to have the Garter, and I think I have secured you the honour of putting it on. When I say *secured*, I mean it in the sense in which that word should always be understood at Courts, and that is, *insecurely*; I have a promise, but that is not *caution bourgeoise*. In all events, do not mention it to any mortal, because there is always a degree of ridicule that attends a disappointment, though often very unjustly, if the expectation was reasonably grounded: however, it is certainly most prudent not to communicate, prematurely, one's hopes or one's fears. I cannot tell you when Prince Ferdinand will have it; though there are so many candidates for the other two vacant Garters, that I believe he will have his soon, and by himself; the others must wait till a third, or rather a fourth vacancy. Lord Rockingham and Lord Holdernesse are secure; Lord Temple pushes strongly, but, I believe, is not secure. This commission for dubbing a Knight, and so distinguished a one, will be a very agreeable and creditable

one for you, *et il faut vous en acquitter galamment*. In the days of ancient chivalry, people were very nice, whom they would be knighted by: and, if I do not mistake, Francis the First would only be knighted by the Chevalier Bayard, *qui étoit preux Chevalier et sans reproche*; and no doubt but it will be recorded, *dans les archives de la Maison de Brunswick*, that Prince Ferdinand received the honour of knighthood from your hands.

The estimates for the expences of the year 1759 are made up; I have seen them; and what do you think they amount to? No less than twelve millions three hundred thousand pounds: a most incredible sum, and yet already all subscribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the House of Commons, in voting such a sum, and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, *and it is marvellous in our eyes*.

The King of Prussia has nothing more to do this year; and the next, he must begin where he has left off. I wish he would employ this winter in concluding a separate peace with the Elector of Saxony; which would give him more elbow-room, to act against France and the Queen of Hungary, and put an end at once to the proceedings of the Diet, and the army of the Empire; for then no estate of the Empire would be invaded by a co-estate, and France, the faithful and disinterested guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia, would have no pretence to continue its armies there. I should think that his Polish Majesty, and his Governor Comte Brühl, must be pretty weary of being fugitives in Poland, where they are hated, and of being ravaged in Saxony. This *réverie* of mine, I hope, will be tried, and I wish it may succeed. Good night, and God bless you!

LETTER CCCXLIX.

London, New Year's-day, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MOLTI *e felici*, and I have done upon that subject, one truth being fair, upon the most lying day in the whole year.

I have now before me your last letter of the 21st December, which I am glad to find is a bill of health: but, however, do not presume too much upon it, but obey and honour your physician, "that thy days may be long in the land."

Since my last, I have heard nothing more concerning the ribband; but I take it for granted it will be disposed of soon. By the way, upon reflection, I am not sure that any body but a Knight can, according to form, be employed to make a Knight. I remember that Sir Clement Cotterel was sent to Holland, to dubb the late Prince of Orange, only because he was a Knight himself; and I know that the proxies of Knights, who cannot attend their own installations, must always be Knights. This did not occur to me before, and perhaps will not to the person who was to recommend you; I am sure I will not stir it; and I only mention it now, that you may be in all events prepared for the disappointment, if it should happen.

G * * is exceedingly flattered with your account, that three thousand of his countrymen, all as little as himself, should be thought a sufficient guard upon three-and-twenty thousand of all the nations in Europe; not that he thinks himself, by any means, a little man, for when he would describe a tall handsome man, he raises himself up at least half an inch to represent him.

The private news from Hamburgh is, that his Majesty's Resident there is woundily in love with Madame * * * *; if this be true, God send him, rather than her, a good *delivery*! She must be *étrennée* at this season, and therefore I think you should be so too: so draw upon me as soon as you please, for one hundred pounds.

Here is nothing new, except the unanimity with which the Parliament gives away a dozen of millions sterling; and the unanimity of the public is as great in approving of it; which has stifled the usual political and polemical argumentations.

Cardinal Bernis' disgrace is as sudden, and hitherto as little understood, as his elevation was. I have seen his poems, printed at Paris, not by a friend, I dare say; and to judge by them, I humbly conceive his Eminency is a p—y. I will say nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him, and unmade him in the same month, except *O King live for ever*.

Good night to you, whomsoever you pass it with.

LETTER CCCL.

London, Feb. 2, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now (what I have very seldom been) two letters in your debt: the reason was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn; in which case, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleasant to my readers.

I wish you would (while you have so good an opportunity as you have at Hamburgh) make yourself perfectly master of that dull but very useful knowledge, the course of exchange, and the causes of its almost perpetual variations; the value and relation of different Coins, the Specie, the Banco, Usances, Agio, and a thousand other particulars. You may with ease learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them; for, in your business, that sort of knowledge will often prove necessary.

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's Garter: that he will have one is very certain; but when, I believe, is very uncertain; all the other postulants wanting to be dubbed at the same time, which cannot be, as there is not ribband enough for them.

If the Russians move in time, and in earnest, there will be an

end of our hopes and of our armies in Germany: three such mill-stones as Russia, France, and Austria, must, sooner or later, in the course of the year, grind his Prussian Majesty down to a mere *Margrave* of Brandenburg. But I have always some hopes of a change under a *Gunarchy**; where whim and humour commonly prevail, reason very seldom, and then only by a lucky mistake.

I except the incomparable Fair-one of Hamburgh, that prodigy of beauty, and paragon of good sense, who has enslaved your mind, and enflamed your heart. If she is as well *étrennée* as you say she shall, you will be soon out of her chains; for I have, by long experience, found women to be like Telephus' spear, if one end kills, the other cures.

There never was so quiet, or so silent a session of Parliament as the present; Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Viner only excepted.

Dutcheſs Hamilton is to be married, to-morrow, to Colonel Campbell, the son of General Campbell, who will some day or other be Duke of Argyle, and have the estate. She refused the Duke of B——r for him.

Here is a report, but I believe a very groundless one, that your old acquaintance, the fair Madame C—e, is run away from her husband, with a jeweller, that *étrennes* her, and is come over here; but I dare say it is some mistake, or perhaps a lie. Adieu! God bleſs you!

* Derived from the Greek word *Τὴν*, a woman, and means Female Government.

LETTER CCCLI.

London, February 27, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN your last letter, of the 7th, you accuse me, most unjustly, of being in arrears in my correspondence; whereas, if our epistolary accounts were fairly liquidated, I believe you would be brought in considerably debtor. I do not see how any of my letters to you can miscarry, unless your office-packet miscarries too, for I always send them to the office. Moreover, I might have a justifiable excuse for writing to you seldomer than usual, for to be sure there never was a period of time, in the middle of a winter, and the Parliament sitting, that supplied so little matter for a letter. Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid dicente*. The proper officers bring in the estimates; it is taken for granted that they are necessary, and frugal; the Members go to dinner, and leave Mr. West and Mr. Martin to do the rest.

I presume you have seen the little poem of the Country Lads, by Soame Jenyns, for it was in the Chronicle; as was also an answer to it, from the Monitor. They are neither of them bad performances; the first is the neatest, and the plan of the second has the most invention. I send you none of those *pieces volantes* in my letters, because they are all printed in one or other of the newspapers, particularly the Chronicles; and I suppose that you and others have all those papers amongst you at Hamburgh; in which case it would be only putting you to the unnecessary expence of double postage.

I find you are sanguine about the King of Prussia this year: I allow his army will be what you say; but what will that be *vis-à-vis* French, Austrians, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, who must amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality less, I would allow for the King of Prussia's being so much *ipse agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In

war, numbers are generally my omens; and I confess, that in Germany they seem not happy ones this year. In America, I think, we are sure of success, and great success; but how we shall be able to strike a balance, as they call it, between good success there, and ill success upon the continent, so as to come at a peace, is more than I can discover.

Lady Chesterfield makes you her compliments, and thanks you for your offer; but declines troubling you, being discouraged by the ill success of Madame Münchausen's and Miss Chetwynd's commissions, the former for beef, and the latter for gloves; neither of which have yet been executed, to the dissatisfaction of both. Adieu.

LETTER CCCLII.

London, March 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 20th past lying before me, by which you despond, in my opinion too soon, of dubbing your Prince; for he most certainly will have the Garter; and he will as probably have it before the campaign opens, as after. His campaign must, I doubt, at best, be a defensive one; and he will shew great skill in making it such; for, according to my calculation, his enemies will be at least double his number. Their troops, indeed, may perhaps be worse than his; but then their number will make up that defect, as it will enable them to undertake their different operations at the same time. I cannot think that the King of Denmark will take a part in the present war; which he cannot do without great possible danger: and he is well paid by France for his neutrality; is safe, let what will turn out; and, in the mean time, carries on his commerce with great advantage and security: so that that consideration will not retard your visit to your own country, whenever you have leave to return, and your own *arrangements* will allow you. A short absence animates a tender passion, *et l'on ne recule que*

pour mieux sauter, especially in the summer months; so that I would advise you to begin your journey in May, and continue your absence from the dear object of your vows till after the dog-days, when love is said to be unwholesome. We have been disappointed at Martinico; I wish we may not be so at Guadaloupe, though we are landed there; for many difficulties must be got over, before we can be in possession of the whole island. *A propos de bottes*; you make use of two Spanish words, very properly, in your letter; were I you, I would learn the Spanish language, if there were a Spaniard at Hamburgh who could teach me; and then you would be master of all the European languages that are useful; and, in my mind, it is very convenient, if not necessary, for a public man to understand them all, and not to be obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, for those papers that chance or business may throw in his way. I learned Spanish when I was older than you; convinced by experience, that, in every thing possible, it was better to trust to one's self, than to any other body whatsoever. Interpreters, as well as relators, are often unfaithful, and still oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In short, let it be your maxim through life, to know all you can know, yourself; and never to trust implicitly to the informations of others. This rule has been of infinite service to me in the course of my life.

I am rather better than I was; which I owe not to my physicians, but to an ass and a cow, who nourish me, between them, very plentifully and wholesomely; in the morning the ass is my nurse, at night the cow; and I have just now bought a milch-goat, which is to graze, and nurse me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter, and I am not without apprehensions that it may make a satyr of me; but, should I find that obscene disposition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes. And so we heartily bid you farewell.

LETTER CCCLIII.

London, March 30, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO not like these frequent, however short, returns of your illness; for I doubt they imply either want of skill in your physician, or want of care in his patient. Rhubarb, soap, and chalybeate medicines and waters, are almost always specifics for obstructions of the liver; but then a very exact regimen is necessary, and that for a long continuance. Acids are good for you, but you do not love them; and sweet things are bad for you, and you do love them. There is another thing very bad for you, and I fear you love it too much. When I was in Holland, I had a slow fever, that hung upon me a great while; I consulted Boerhaave, who prescribed me what I suppose was proper, for it cured me; but he added, by way of postscript to his prescription, *Venus rarius colatur*: which I observed, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual.

I doubt we shall be mutually disappointed in our hopes of seeing one another this spring, as I believe you will find, by a letter which you will receive, at the same time with this, from Lord Holderneffe; but as Lord Holderneffe will not tell you all, I will, between you and me, supply that defect. I must do him the justice to say, that he has acted in the most kind and friendly manner possible to us both. When the King read your letter, in which you desired leave to return, for the sake of drinking the Tunbridge waters, he said, "If he wants steel waters, those of Pyrmont are better than Tunbridge, and he can have them very fresh at Hamburgh. I would rather he had asked to come last autumn, and had passed the winter here; for if he returns now, I shall have nobody in those quarters to inform me of what passes; and yet it will be a very busy and important scene." Lord Holderneffe, who found that it would not be liked, resolved to push it no farther; and replied, he was very

sure, that when you knew his Majesty had the least objection to your return at this time, you would think of it no longer; and he owned that he (Lord Holderneffe) had given you encouragement for this application, last year, then thinking and hoping that there would be little occasion for your presence at Hamburgh this year. Lord Holderneffe will only tell you, in his letter, that as he had some reason to believe his moving this matter would be disagreeable to the King, he resolved, for your sake, not to mention it. You must answer his letter upon that foot singly, and thank him for this mark of his friendship; for he has really acted as your friend. I make no doubt of your having willing leave to return in autumn, for the whole winter. In the mean time, make the best of your *séjour* where you are; drink the Pyrmont waters, and no wine but Rhenish, which, in your case, is the only proper one for you.

Next week, Mr. Harte will send you his *Gustavus Adolphus*, in two quartos; it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials, which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history; though, between you and me, I could have wished that he had been more correct and elegant in his style. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man. Harte has been very much out of order these last three or four months, but is not the less intent upon sowing his Lucerne, of which he had six crops last year, to his infinite joy, and, as he says, profit. As a gardener, I shall probably have as much joy, though not quite so much profit, by thirty or forty shillings; for there is the greatest promise of fruit this year at Blackheath, that ever I saw in my life. Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for Priapus, that tremendous garden God, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and thieves.

Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, *Levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

LETTER CCCLIV.

London, April 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH humble submission to you, I still say, that if Prince Ferdinand can make a defensive campaign this year, he will have done a great deal, considering the great inequality of numbers. The little advantages of taking a regiment or two prisoners, or cutting another to pieces, are but trifling articles in the great account; they are only the pence, the pounds are yet to come; and I take it for granted, that neither the French, nor the court of Vienna, will have *le démenti* of their main object, which is unquestionably Hanover; for that is the *summa summarum*; and they will certainly take care to draw a force together for this purpose, too great for any that Prince Ferdinand has, or can have to oppose them. In short, mark the end on't, *j'en augure mal*. If France, Austria, the Empire, Russia, and Sweden, are not, at long run, too hard for the two Electors of Hanover and Brandenburg, there must be some invisible Powers, some tutelar Deities, that miraculously interpose in favour of the latter.

You encourage me to accept all the powers that goats, asses, and bulls, can give me, by engaging for my not making an ill use of them; but I own, I cannot help distrusting myself a little, or rather human nature; for it is an old and very true observation, that there are misers of money, but none of power; and the non-use of the one, and the abuse of the other, increase in proportion to their quantity.

I am very sorry to tell you, that Harte's *Gustavus Adolphus* does not take at all, and consequently sells very little: it is certainly informing, and full of good matter; but it is as certain

too, that the style is execrable : where the devil he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad style, of a new and singular kind ; it is full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms ; in some places pompous, in others vulgar and low. Surely, before the end of the world, people, and you in particular, will discover, that the *manner*, in every thing, is at least as important as the matter ; and that the latter never can please, without a good degree of elegance in the former. This holds true in every thing in life : in writing, conversing, business, the help of the Graces is absolutely necessary ; and whoever vainly thinks himself above them, will find he is mistaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to strangers of an advanced age. There is an History lately come out, of the Reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her son (no matter by whom) King James, written to one Robertson a Scotchman, which for clearness, purity, and dignity of style, I will not scruple to compare with the best historians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its success has consequently been great, and a second edition is already published and bought up. I take it for granted, that it is to be had, or at least borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would send it you.

I hope you drink the Pyrmont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends so much upon the health of the body, that the latter deserves the utmost attention, independently of the senses. God send you a very great share of both !
Adieu.

LETTER CCCLV.

London, April 27, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your two letters of the 10th and the 13th, by the last mail ; and I will begin my answer to them, by observing to you, that a wise man, without being a Stoic, considers, in all misfortunes that befall him, their best as well as their worst side ; and every thing has a better and a worse side. I

have strictly observed that rule for many years, and have found by experience, that some comfort is to be extracted, under most moral ills, by considering them in every light, instead of dwelling, as people are too apt to do, upon the gloomy side of the object. Thank God, the disappointment that you so pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no consolation. Let us simplify it, and see what it amounts to. You were pleased with the expectation of coming here next month, to see those who would have been pleased with seeing you. That, from very natural causes, cannot be; and you must pass this summer at Hamburgh, and next winter in England, instead of passing this summer in England and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, estimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the summer more eligible, both for health and pleasure, than the winter, in that northern frozen Zone? and will not the winter, in England, supply you with more pleasures than the summer, in an empty capital, could have done? So far then it appears, that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

The *tour* too, which you propose making to Lubeck, Altena, &c. will both amuse and inform you; for, at your age, one cannot see too many different places and people; since at the age you are now of, I take it for granted, that you will not see them superficially, as you did when you first went abroad.

This whole matter then, summed up, amounts to no more than this—that you will be here next winter, instead of this summer. Do not think that all I have said is the consolation only of an old philosophical fellow, almost insensible of pleasure or pain, offered to a young fellow who has quick sensation of both. No, it is the rational philosophy taught me by experience and knowledge of the world, and which I have practised above thirty years. I always made the best of the best, and never made bad worse, by fretting; this enabled me to go through the various scenes of life, in which I have been an actor, with more pleasure and less pain than most people. You will say,

perhaps, one cannot change one's nature; and that if a person is born of a very sensible gloomy temper, and apt to see things in the worst light, they cannot help it, nor new-make themselves. I will admit it, to a certain degree; and but to a certain degree; for though we cannot totally change our nature, we may in a great measure correct it, by reflection and philosophy; and some philosophy is a very necessary companion in this world, where, even to the most fortunate, the chances are greatly against happiness.

I am not old enough, nor tenacious enough, to pretend not to understand the main purport of your last letter; and, to shew you that I do, you may draw upon me for two hundred pounds, which, I hope, will more than clear you.

Good night: *æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*: be neither transported nor depressed by the accidents of life.

LETTER CCCLVI.

Blackheath, May 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR Secretary's last letter of the 4th, which I received yesterday, has quieted my fears a good deal, but has not entirely dissipated them. *Your fever still continues*, he says, *though in a less degree*. Is it a continued fever, or an intermitting one? If the former, no wonder that you are weak, and that your head aches. If the latter, why has not the bark, in substance and large doses, been administered? for, if it had, it must have stopped it by this time. Next post, I hope, will set me quite at ease. Surely you have not been so regular as you ought, either in your medicines or in your general regimen, otherwise this fever would not have returned; for the Doctor calls it, *your fever returned*, as if you had an exclusive patent for it. You have now had illnesses enough, to know the value of health, and to make you implicitly follow the prescriptions of your physician in medicines, and the rules of your own common sense in

diet, in which I can assure you, from my own experience, that quantity is often worse than quality; and I would rather eat half a pound of bacon at a meal, than two pounds of any the most wholesome food.

I have been settled here near a week, to my great satisfaction; *c'est ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to every body. Cut off from social life by my deafness, as well as other physical ills, and being at best but the ghost of my former self, I walk here in silence and solitude as becomes a ghost; with this only difference, that I walk by day, whereas, you know, to be sure, that other ghosts only appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was last year, thanks to my almost total milk diet. This enables me to vary my solitary amusements, and alternately to scribble as well as read, which I could not do last year. Thus I saunter away the remainder, be it more or less, of an agitated and active life, now reduced (and I am not sure that I am a loser by the change) to so quiet and serene a one, that it may properly be called, still life.

The French whisper in confidence, in order that it may be the more known and the more credited, that they intend to invade us this year, in no less than three places; that is, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of our great men, like the Devils, believe and tremble; others, and one little one whom I know, laugh at it; and in general, it seems to be but a poor, instead of a formidable scarecrow. While *somebody* was at the head of a moderate army, and wanted (I know why) to be at the head of a great one, intended invasions were made an article of political faith; and the belief of them was required, as in the Church the belief of some absurdities, and even impossibilities, is required upon pain of heresy, excommunication, and consequently damnation, if they tend to the power and interest of the Heads of the Church. But now there is a general toleration, and the best Subjects, as well as the best Christians, may believe what their reason and their consciences suggest. It is generally and rationally supposed, the French will threaten and not strike, since we

are so well prepared, by armies and fleets, to receive, and, I may add, to destroy them. Adieu! God blefs you!

LETTER CCCLVII.

Blackheath, June 15, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 5th, which I received yesterday, gave me great satisfaction, being all in your own hand; though it contains great, and I fear just complaints of your ill state of health. You do very well to change the air; and I hope that change will do well by you. I would therefore have you write, after the 20th of August, to Lord Holderneffe, to beg of him to obtain his Majesty's leave for you to return to England for *two or three months*, upon account of your health. Two or three months is an indefinite time, which may afterwards be insensibly stretched to what length one pleases; leave that to me. In the mean time, you may be taking your measures with the best œconomy.

The day before yesterday, an express arrived from Guadeloupe; which brought an account of our being in possession of the whole island. And I make no manner of doubt, but that, in about two months, we shall have as good news from Crownpoint, Quebec, &c. Our affairs in Germany, I fear, will not be equally prosperous; for I have very little hopes for the King of Prussia or Prince Ferdinand. God blefs you!

LETTER CCCLVIII.

Blackheath, June 25, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE two last mails have brought me no letter from you or your Secretary. I will take this silence as a sign that you are better; but however, if you thought that I cared to know, you should have cared to have written. Here the weather has been very fine for a fortnight together; a longer term than in

this climate we are used to hold fine weather by. I hope it is so too in Hamburgh, or at least at the *villa* to which you are gone; but pray do not let it be your *villa viciosa*, as those retirements are often called, and too often prove; though (by the way) the original name was *villā vezzosa*; and by wags miscalled *viciosa*.

I have a most gloomy prospect of affairs in Germany; the French are already in possession of Cassel, and of the learned part of Hanover, that is Gottingen; where I presume they will not stop *pour l'amour des Belles Lettres*, but rather go on to the Capital, and study them upon the coin. My old acquaintance Monsieur de Richelieu made a great progress there in metallic learning and inscriptions. If Prince Ferdinand ventures a battle to prevent it, I dread the consequences; the odds are too great against him. The King of Prussia is still in a worse situation; for he has the Hydra to encounter: and though he may cut off a head or two, there will still be enough left to devour him at last. I have, as you know, long foretold the now approaching catastrophe; but I was Cassandra. Our affairs in the new world have a much more pleasing aspect; Guadaloupe is a great acquisition, and Quebec, which I make no doubt of, will still be a greater. But must all these advantages, purchased at the price of so much English blood and treasure, be at last sacrificed as a peace-offering? God knows what consequences such a measure may produce; the germ of discontent is already great, upon the bare supposition of the case; but should it be realised, it will grow to a harvest of disaffection.

You are now, to be sure, taking the previous necessary measures for your return here in the autumn; and I think you may disband your whole family, excepting your secretary, your butler who takes care of your plate, wine, &c. one, or at most two, maid servants, and your valet de chambre, and one footman, whom you will bring over with you. But give no mortal, either there or here, reason to think that you are not to return to Hamburgh again. If you are asked about it, say, like Lockhart,

that you are *le serviteur des événemens*; for your present appointments will do you no hurt here, till you have some better destination. At that season of the year, I believe it will be better for you to come by sea than by land; but that you will be best able to judge of from the then circumstances of your part of the world.

Your old friend Stevens is dead of the consumption that has long been undetermining him. God bless you, and send you health!

LETTER CCCLIX.

Bath, February, 26, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very glad to hear that your election is finally settled, and, to say the truth, not sorry that Mr. * * has been compelled to do, *de mauvaise grace*, that which he might have done at first in a friendly and handsome manner. However, take no notice of what is past, and live with him as you used to do before; for, in the intercourse of the world, it is often necessary to seem ignorant of what one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers.

I have just now finished Coleman's play, and like it very well; it is well conducted, and the characters are well preserved. I own, I expected from the author more dialogue wit; but, as I know that he is a most scrupulous classic, I believe he did not dare to put in half so much wit as he could have done, because Terence has not a single grain; and it would have been *crimen læsæ antiquitatis*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLX.

Bath, November 21, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 19th. If I find any alterations by drinking these waters, now six days, it is rather for the better; but, in six days more, I think I shall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuse their kindness; all things have their bounds, *quos ultra citræve nequit consistere rectum*; and I will endeavour to nick that point.

The Queen's jointure is larger than, from *some reasons*, I expected it would be, though not greater than the very last precedent authoris'd. The case of the late Lord Wilmington was*, I fancy, remembered.

*Lord Wilmington, then Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons, and who had long been treasurer and favourite of George the Second, when Prince of Wales. Upon the death of King George the First, he was in a manner declared Prime Minister: but a few days after the accession of George the Second to the throne, Queen Caroline asked Sir Spencer Compton, what dowry she should have, in case she had the misfortune to survive her Royal Consort. He replied, "As much as any Queen of England ever had, which was, fifty thousand pounds the year." Sir Robert Walpole, hearing of this, observed, that, "had her Majesty referred herself on that article to him, he would have answered, One hundred thousand." This being reported to the Queen, she sent to Sir Robert, desiring to speak with him. When applying to herself an indelicate epithet, which she knew he had formerly applied to her, and had from thence conceived a dislike to him, she with great good humour asked him the same question which he had before propos'd to Sir Spencer Compton, which he answered agreeably to his former declaration. This, it is said, was one principal step

I have now good reason to believe, that Spain will declare war to us; that is, that it will very soon, if it has not already, avowedly assist France, in case the war continues. This will be a great triumph to Mr. Pitt, and fully justify his plan of beginning with Spain first, and having the first blow, which is often half the battle.

Here is a great deal of company, and what is commonly called good company, that is, great quality. I trouble them very little, except at the pump, where my business calls me; for what is company to a deaf man, or a deaf man to company?

Lady Brown, whom I have seen, and who by the way, has got the gout in her eye, inquired very tenderly after you. And so I elegantly rest,

Yours, till death.

LETTER CCCLXI.

Bath, December 6, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been in your debt some time, which, you know, I am not very apt to be; but it was really for want of specie to pay. The present state of my invention does not enable me to coin; and you would have had as little pleasure in reading, as I should have had in writing *le coglionerie* of this place; besides, that I am very little mingled in them. I do not know whether I shall be able to follow your advice, and cut a winner; for, at present, I have neither won nor lost a single shilling. I will play on this week only; and if I have a good run, I will carry it off with me; if a bad one, the loss can hardly amount to any

on which Sir Robert Walpole mounted to that zenith of power he afterwards enjoyed; and which had otherwise been designed by the King for Sir Spencer Compton; who was, however, soon after created Earl of Wilmington, Knight of the Garter, and appointed President of the Council.

thing considerable in seven days, for I hope to see you in town to-morrow sevensnight.

I had a dismal letter from Harte, last week; he tells me that he is at nurse with a sister in Berkshire; that he has got a confirmed jaundice, besides twenty other distempers. The true cause of these complaints I take to be, the same that so greatly disordered, and had nearly destroyed the most august House of Austria, about one hundred and thirty years ago; I mean Gustavus Adolphus; who neither answered his expectations in point of profit, nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the best histories extant.

Au revoir, as Sir Fopling says, and God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXII.

Bath, November 2, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as I proposed, last Sunday; but as ill as I feared I should be when I saw you. Head, stomach, and limbs, all out of order.

I have yet seen nobody but Villettes, who is settled here for good, as it is called. What consequences has the Duke of Devonshire's resignation had? He has considerable connections, and relations; but whether any of them are resigned enough to resign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be sure, as many, and absurd reports, as there are in the law books: I do not desire to know either; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of such reports only as you believe are grounded. And so God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXIII.

Bath, Nov. 13, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter, and believe that your Preliminaries are very near the mark; and, upon that supposition, I think we have made a tolerable good bargain with Spain; at least, full as good as I expected, and almost as good as I wished, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida; but if we have St. Augustin, as I suppose, that, by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made so good a bargain with France; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Mississippi! and that is all. As for the restrictions upon the French fishery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the Commissary whom we shall employ: for he will have a good salary from hence, to see that those restrictions are complied with; and the French will double that salary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to me, that the French fishery will be exactly what it was before the war.

The three Leeward Islands, which the French yield to us, are not, all together, worth half so much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The restrictions of the French, in the East Indies, are as absurd and impracticable as those of Newfoundland; and you will live to see the French trade to the East Indies, just as they did before the war. But after all I have said, the articles are as good as I expected with France, when I considered that no one single person who carried on this negotiation on our parts was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada has cost us fourscore millions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Guadaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His Most Faithful Majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction, for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure, *paie les pots cassés*; for, besides St. Augustin, logwood, &c. it has lost at least four millions sterling, in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to his sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He complains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done me a great deal of good, though I drink but two thirds of a pint in the whole day, which is less than the soberest of my countrymen drink of claret at every meal.

I should naturally think, as you do, that this session will be a stormy one, that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is pleased, as the Ministers say, there is no other Æolus to blow a storm. The Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire, have no better troops to attack with, than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXIV.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, and return you the ball *à la volée*. The King's speech is a very prudent one, and, as I suppose that the Addresses, in answer to it, were, as usual, in almost the same words; my Lord Mayor might very well call them innocent. As his Majesty expatiates so much upon the great *atchievements* of the war, I cannot help hoping that, when the Preliminaries shall be laid before Parliament *in due time*, which, I suppose, means after the respective ratifications of all the contracting parties, that some untalked of and unexpected advantage will break out in our treaty with France;

St. Lucia, at least. I see, in the newspapers, an article which I by no means like, in our treaty with Spain; which is, that we shall be at liberty to cut Logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, *but paying for it*. Who does not see that this condition may, and probably will, amount to a prohibition, by the price which the Spaniards may set it at? It was our undoubted right, and confirmed to us by former treaties, before the war, to cut logwood *gratis*; but this new stipulation (if true) gives us a privilege, something like a reprieve to a criminal, with a *non obstante* to be hanged.

I now drink so little water, that it can neither do me good nor hurt; but as I bathe but twice a week, that operation, which does my rheumatic carcase good, will keep me here some time longer than you had allowed.

Harte is going to publish a new edition of his *Gustavus*, in octavo; which he tells me, he has altered, and which I could tell him, he should translate into English, or it will not sell better than the former; for, while the world endures, style and manner will be regarded, at least as much as matter, And so, *Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde!*

LETTER CCCLXV.

Bath, December 4, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, with the inclosed Preliminaries, which we have had here these three days; and I return them, since you intend to keep them, which is more than I believe the French will. I am very glad to find that the French are to restore all the conquests they made upon us in the East-Indies during this war; and I cannot doubt but they will likewise restore to us all the *Cod* that they shall take within less than three leagues of our coasts in North America, (a distance easily measured, especially at sea) according to the spirit, tho' not the letter of the Treaty. I am informed that the strong op-

position to the Peace will be in the House of Lords, though I cannot well conceive it; nor can I make out above six or seven, who will be against it upon a division, unless (which I cannot suppose) some of the Bishops should vote on the side of their maker. God blefs you!

LETTER CCCLXVI.

Bath, December 13, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter, which gave me a very clear account of the debate in your House. It is impossible for a human creature to speak well for three hours and an half; I question even if Belial, who, according to Milton, was the orator of the fallen angels, ever spoke so long at a time.

There must have been a trick in Charles Townshend's speaking for the Preliminaries; for he is infinitely above having an opinion. Lord Egremont must be ill, or have thoughts of going into some other place; perhaps into Lord Granville's, who they say is dying; when he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all.

I shall be in town, barring accidents, this day seven-night, by dinner-time; when I have ordered a *Haricot*, to which you will be very welcome, about four o'clock. *En attendant Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde!*

LETTER CCCLXVII.

Blackheath, June 14, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED. by the last mail, your letter of the 4th, from the Hague; so far so good. You arrived *sonica* at the Hague, for our Embassador's entertainment; I find he has been very civil to you. You are in the right to stop for two or three days at

Hanau, and make your court to the lady of that place*. Your Excellency makes a figure already in the newspapers; and let them, and others, Excellency you as much as they please, but pray suffer not your own servants to do it.

Nothing new of any kind has happened here since you went; so I will wish you a good night, and hope that God will bless you.

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

Blackheath, July 14, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Ratibon, where I am glad that you are arrived safe. You are, I find, over head and ears engaged in ceremony and *etiquette*. You must not yield in any thing essential, where your public character may suffer; but I advise you, at the same time, to distinguish carefully what may and what may not affect it, and to despise some German *minuties*; such as one step lower or higher upon the stairs, a bow more or less, and such sort of trifles.

By what I see in Cressener's letter to you, the cheapness of wine compensates the quantity, as the cheapness of servants compensates the number that you must make use of.

Write to your mother often, if it be but three words, to prove your existence: for, when she does not hear from you, she knows to a demonstration that you are dead, if not buried.

The inclosed is a letter of the utmost consequence, which I was desired to forward, with care and speed, to the most Serene *Louis*.

My head is not well to-day. So God bless you!

* Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of England, Landgravine of Hesse.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

Blackheath, August 1, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE that by this time you are pretty well settled at Ratibon, at le ast as to the important points of the ceremonial; so that you may know, to precision, to whom you must give, and from whom you must require the *seine Excellentz*. Those formalities are, no doubt, ridiculous enough in themselves; but yet they are necessary for manners, and sometimes for business; and both would suffer by laying them quite aside.

I have lately had an attack of a new complaint, which I have long suspected that I had in my body, in *actu primo*, as the pedants call it, but which I never felt in *actu secundo*, till last week, and that is a fit of the stone or gravel. It was, thank God, but a slight one; but it was *dans toutes les formes*; for it was preceded by a pain in my loins, which I at first took for some remains of my rheumatism; but was soon convinced of my mistake, by making water much blacker than coffee, with a prodigious sediment of gravel. I am now perfectly easy again, and have no more indications of this dreadful complaint.

God keep you from that and deafness! other complaints are the common, and almost the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of some mitigation. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXX.

Blackheath, August 22, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will, by this post, hear from others, that Lord Egremont died two days ago of an apoplexy: which, from his figure, and the constant plethora he lived in, was reasonably to be expected. You will ask me, who is to be Secretary in his

room: to which I answer, that I do not know. I should guess Lord Sandwich, to be succeeded in the Admiralty by Charles Townshend; unless the Duke of Bedford, who seems to have taken to himself the department of Europe, should have a mind to it. This event may perhaps produce others; but, till this happened every thing was in a state of inaction, and absolutely nothing was done. Before the next session, this chaos must necessarily take some form, either by a new jumble of its own atoms, or by mixing them with the more efficient ones of the Opposition.

I see by the newspapers, as well as by your letter, that the difficulties still subsist about your ceremonial at Ratisbon; should they, from pride and folly, prove insuperable, and obstruct your real business, there is one expedient, which may perhaps remove difficulties, and which I have often known practised; but which I believe our people here know nothing of: it is, to have the character of *Minister* only, in your ostensible title, and that of Envoy Extraordinary in your pocket, to produce occasionally, especially if you should be sent to any of the Electors in your neighbourhood; or else, in any transactions that you may have, in which your title of Envoy Extraordinary may create great difficulties, to have a reversal given you, declaring, that the temporary suspension of that character, *ne donnera pas la moindre atteinte ni à vos droits ni à vos prétensions*. As for the rest, divert yourself as well as you can, and eat and drink as little as you can: and so God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXI.

Blackheath, September 1, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GR EAT news! the King sent for Mr. Pitt last Saturday, and the conference lasted a full hour: on the Monday following another conference, which lasted much longer; and yesterday a third, longer than either. You take for granted, that the treaty was concluded and ratified; no such matter,

for this last conference broke it entirely off; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple went yesterday evening to their respective country houses. Would you know what it broke off upon, you must ask the newsmongers, and the coffee-houses; who, I dare say, know it all very minutely; but I, who am not apt to know any thing that I do not know, honestly and humbly confess, that I cannot tell you; probably one party asked too much, and the other would grant too little. However, the King's dignity was not, in my mind, much consulted, by their making him sole Plenipotentiary of a treaty, which they were not in all events determined to conclude. It ought surely to have been begun by some inferior agent, and his Majesty should only have appeared in rejecting or ratifying it. Lewis the Fourteenth never sat down before a town in person, that was not sure to be taken.

However, *ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu*; for this matter must be taken up again, and concluded before the meeting of the parliament, and probably upon more disadvantageous terms to the present Ministers, who have tacitly admitted, by this late negociation, what their enemies have loudly proclaimed, that they are not able to carry on affairs. So much *de re politica*.

I have at last done the best office that can be done to most married people; that is, I have fixed the separation between my brother and his wife; and the definitive treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only solid and lasting peace, between a man and his wife, is, doubtless, a separation. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXII.

Blackheath, September 30, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will have known, long before this, from the office, that the departments are not cast as you wished; for Lord Halifax, as senior, had of course his choice, and chose

the southern, upon account of the colonies. The Ministry, such as it is, is now settled *en attendant mieux*; but, in my opinion, cannot, as they are, meet the Parliament.

The only, and all the efficient people they have, are in the House of Lords: for since Mr. Pitt has firmly engaged Charles Townshend to him, there is not a man of the Court side, in the House of Commons, who has either abilities or words enough to call a coach. Lord B*** is certainly playing *un deffous de cartes*, and I suspect that it is with Mr. Pitt; but what that *deffous* is, I do not know, though all the coffee-houses do most exactly.

The present inaction, I believe, gives you leisure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things; I mean reading useful books; and, what is still more useful, conversing with yourself some part of every day. Lord Shaftesbury recommends self-conversation to all authors; and I would recommend it to all men; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that conversation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the most trifling dissipations, in order to avoid it; but if a man would allot half an hour every night for this self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it. My deafness gives me more than sufficient time for self-conversation; and I have found great advantages from it. My brother and Lady Stanhope are at last finally parted. I was the negociator between them; and had so much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the most difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii* with the whole Diet of Ratisbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had some of those self-conversations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at past sixty, with a crazy, battered constitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, just turned of twenty, full of health, and consequently of desires. But who takes

warning by the fate of others? This, perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of self-conversation. God blefs you.

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

Blackheath, October 17, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 2d instant, as the former had brought me that of the 25th past. I did suppose that you would be sent for over, for the first day of the session; as I never knew a stricter muster, and no furlows allowed. I am very sorry for it, for the reasons you hint at; but, however, you did very prudently, in doing *de bonne grace*, what you could not help doing; and let that be your rule in every thing, for the rest of your life. Avoid disagreeable things as much as by dexterity you can; but when they are unavoidable, do them with seeming willingness and alacrity. Though this journey is ill-timed for you in many respects, yet, in point of *finances*, you will be a gainer by it upon the whole; for depend upon it, they will keep you here till the very last day of the session; and I suppose you have sold your horses, and dismissed some of your servants. Though they seem to apprehend the first day of the session so much, in my opinion, their danger will be much greater in the course of it.

When you are at Paris, you will of course wait upon Lord Hertford, and desire him to present you to the King; at the same time make my compliments to him, and thank him for the very obliging message he left at my house in town; and tell him, that, had I received it in time from thence, I would have come to town on purpose to have returned it in person. If there are any new little books at Paris, pray bring them me. I have already Voltaire's *Selis dans le Bain*, his *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Olympie*. Do not forget to call once at Madame Monconseil's, and as often as you please at Madame du Pin's.

Au revoir..

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 24, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as you suppose in your letter, last Sunday; but after the worst day's journey I ever had in my life: it snowed and froze that whole morning, and in the evening it rained and thawed, which made the roads so slippery, that I was six hours coming post from the Devizes, which is but eighteen miles from hence; so that, but for the name of coming post, I might as well have walked on foot. I have not yet quite got over my last violent attack, and am weak and flimsy.

I have now drank the waters but three days; so that, without a miracle, I cannot yet expect much alteration, and I do not in the least expect a miracle. If they proved *les eaux de Jouvence* to me, that would be a miracle indeed; but, as the late Pope Lambertini said, *Frà noi, gli miracoli sono passati già un pezzo.*

I have seen Harte, who enquired much after you: he is dejected and dispirited, and thinks himself much worse than he is, though he has really a tendency to the jaundice. I have yet seen nobody else, nor do I know who here is to be seen; for I have not yet exhibited myself to public view, except at the pump, which, at the time I go to it, is the most private place in Bath.

After all the fears and hopes, occasioned severally by the meeting of the Parliament, in my opinion, it will prove a very easy session. Mr. Wilkes is universally given up; and if the Ministers themselves do not wantonly raise difficulties, I think they will meet with none. A majority of two hundred is a great anodyne. Adieu! God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXV.

Bath, December 3, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST post brought me your letter of the 29th past. I suppose C—— T—— let off his speech upon the Princess's portion, chiefly to shew that he was of the Opposition; for otherwise, the point was not debatable, unless as to the *quantum*, against which something might be said; for the late Princess of Orange (who was the eldest daughter of a King) had no more, and her two sisters but half, if I am not mistaken.

It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger, and may live to fight and write again in support of them; and it is no less a mercy, that God hath raised up the Earl of S—— to vindicate and promote true religion and morality. These two blessings will justly make an epocha in the annals of this country.

I have delivered your message to Harte, who waits with impatience for your letter. He is very happy now in having free access to all Lord Craven's papers, which, he says, give him great lights into the *bellum tricenale*; the old Lord Craven having been the professed and valorous knight-errant, and perhaps something more, to the Queen of Bohemia; at least, like Sir Peter Pride, he had the honour of spending great part of his estate in her Royal cause.

I am by no means right yet; I am very weak and flimsy still; but the Doctor assures me that strength and spirits will return: if they do, *lucro apponam*, I will make the best of them; if they do not, I will not make their want still worse, by grieving and regretting them. I have lived long enough, and observed enough to estimate most things at their intrinsic, and not their imaginary value; and at seventy, I find nothing much worth either desiring or fearing. But these reflections, which suit with seventy, would be greatly premature at two-and-

thirty. So make the best of your time ; enjoy the present hour, but *memor ultimæ*. God blefs you !

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

Bath, December 18, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, in which you reproach me with not having written to you this week. The reason was, that I did not know what to write. There is that sameness in my life here, that *every day is still but as the first*. I see very few people ; and, in the literal sense of the word, I hear nothing.

Mr. L— and Mr. C— I hold to be two very ingenious men ; and your image of the two men ruined, one by losing his law-suit, and the other by carrying it, is a very just one. To be sure, they felt in themselves uncommon talents for business and speaking, which were to reimburse them.

Harte has a great poetical work to publish, before it be long ; he has shown me some parts of it. He had intitled it Emblems, but I persuaded him to alter that name for two reasons ; the first was, because they were not emblems, but fables ; the second was, that if they had been emblems, Quæres had degraded and vilified that name to such a degree, that it is impossible to make use of it after him ; so they are to be called Fables, though Moral Tales would, in my mind, be the properest name. If you ask me what I think of those I have seen, I must say that *sunt plura bona, quædam mediocria, et quædam—*

Your report of future changes, I cannot think is wholly groundless : for it still runs strongly in my head, that the mine we talked of will be sprung, at or before the end of the session.

I have got a little more strength, but not quite the strength of Hercules : so that I will not undertake, like him, fifty de-

florations, in one night; for I really believe that I could not compass them. So good night, and God blefs you!

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

Bath, Dec. 24, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CONFESS I was a good deal surpris'd at your pressing me so strongly to influence parson Rosenhagen, when you well know the resolution I had made several years ago, and which I have scrupulously observed ever since, not to concern myself, directly or indirectly, in any party political contest whatsoever. Let parties go to loggerheads, as much and as long as they please; I will neither endeavour to part them, nor take the part of either; for I know them all too well. But you say, that Lord Sandwich has been remarkably civil and kind to you. I am very glad of it, and he can by no means impute to you my obstinacy, folly, or philosophy; call it what you please: you may with great truth assure him, that you did all you could to obey his commands.

I am sorry to find that you are out of order, but I hope it is only a cold; should it be any thing more, pray consult Dr. Maty, who did you so much good in your last illness, when the great medicinal Mattadores did you rather harm. I have found a Monsieur *Diafoirus* here, Dr. Moisy, who has really done me a great deal of good; and I am sure I wanted it a great deal, when I came here first. I have recovered some strength, and a little more will give me as much as I can make use of.

Lady Brown, whom I saw yesterday, makes you many compliments; and I wish you a merry Christmas, and a good night. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

Bath, December 31, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

G REVENKOP wrote me word, by the last post, that you were laid up with the gout; but I much question it, that is, whether it is the gout or not. Your last illness, before you went abroad, was pronounced the gout, by the skilful, and proved at last a mere rheumatism. Take care that the same mistake is not made this year; and that by giving you strong and hot medicines to throw out the gout, they do not inflame the rheumatism, if it be one.

Mr. Wilkes has imitated some of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile: it was his only way of defeating both his creditors and his prosecutors. Whatever his friends, if he has any, give out of his returning soon, I will answer for it, that it will be a long time before that *soon* comes.

I have been much out of order these four days, of a violent cold; which I do not know how I got, and which obliged me to suspend drinking the waters: but it is now so much better, that I propose resuming them for this week, and paying my court to you in town on Monday or Tuesday sevensnight; but this is *sub sperati* only. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

Blackheath, July 20, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 3d, from Prague, but I never received that which you mention, from Ratibon; this made me think you in such rapid motion, that I did not know where to take aim. I now suppose that

you are arrived, though not yet settled, at Dresden; your audiences and formalities are, to be sure, over, and that is great ease of mind to you.

I have no political events to acquaint you with; the summer is not the season for them, they ripen only in winter; great ones are expected immediately before the meeting of Parliament, but that, you know, is always the language of fears and hopes. However, I rather believe there will be something patched up between the *ins* and the *outs*.

The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the Death and Will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money; four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the Bradford estate, which he **, is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his brother General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling; for, in truth, he cared for nobody: the words *give* and *bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all in one word to his brother. The Public, which was long the dupe of his simulation and dissimulation, begins to explain upon him; and draws such a picture of him as I gave you long ago.

Your late Secretary has been with me three or four times; he wants something or another, and it seems all one to him what, whether civil or military; in plain English, he wants bread. He has knocked at the doors of some of the Ministers, but to no purpose. I wish with all my heart that I could help him: I told him fairly that I could not, but advised him to find some channel to Lord B***, which, though a Scotchman, he told me he could not. He brought a packet of letters from the office to you, which I made him seal up; and I keep it for you, as I suppose it makes up the series of your Ratisbon letters.

As for me, I am just what I was when you left me, that is, no-

body. Old-age steals upon me insensibly. I grow weak and decrepit, but do not suffer, and so I am content.

Forbes brought me four books of yours, two of which were Bielefeldt's letters; in which, to my knowledge, there are many notorious lies.

Make my compliments to Comte Einsiedel, whom I love and honour much; and so good night to *seine Excellenz*.

Now our correspondence may be more regular, and I expect a letter from you every fortnight. I will be regular on my part: but write oftener to your mother, if it be but three lines.

LETTER CCCLXXX.

Blackheath, July 27, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 11th from Dresden, where I am very glad that you are safely arrived at last. The prices of the necessaries of life are monstrous there; and I do not conceive how the poor natives subsist at all, after having been so long and so often plundered by their own as well as by other Sovereigns.

As for procuring you either the title or the appointments of Plenipotentiary, I could as soon procure them from the Turkish as from the English Ministry; and, in truth, I believe they have it not to give.

Now to come to your Civil List, if one may compare small things with great: I think I have found out a better refreshment for it than you propose; for to-morrow I shall send to your cashier, Mr. Larpent, five hundred pounds at once, for your use, which, I presume, is better than by quarterly payments; and I am very apt to think, that, next Midsummer-day, he will have the same sum, and for the same use, consigned to him.

It is reported here, and I believe not without some foundation, that the Queen of Hungary has acceded to the Family Compact

between France and Spain; if so, I am sure it behoves us to form in time a counter alliance, of at least equal strength; which I could easily point out, but which, I fear, is not thought of here.

The rage of marrying is very prevalent; so that there will be probably a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at present only *cocus en herbe*. It will contribute to population, and so far must be allowed to be a public benefit. Lord G——, Mr. B——, and Mr. D ——, are, in this respect, very meritorious; for they have all married handsome women, without one shilling fortune. Lord —— must indeed take some pains to arrive at that dignity; but I dare say he will bring it about, by the help of some young Scotch or Irish officer. Good night, and God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

Blackheath, September 3, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter of the 13th past. I see that your complete arrangement approaches, and you need not be in a hurry to give entertainments, since so few others do.

Comte Flemming is the man in the world, the best calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, which have been all this century squandered and lavished with the most absurd profusion: he has certainly abilities, and, I believe integrity; I dare answer for him, that the gentleness and flexibility of his temper will not prevail with him to yield to the importunities of craving and petulant application. I see in him another Sully; and therefore I wish he were at the head of our finances.

France and Spain both insult us, and we take it too tamely: for this is, in my opinion, the time for us to talk high to the n, France, I am persuaded, will not quarrel with us, till it has got a Navy, at least equal to ours, which cannot be these three or four years, at soonest; and then indeed, I believe we shall hear

of something or other; therefore, this is the moment for us to speak loud; and we shall be scared, if we do not shew that we fear.

Here is no domestic news of changes and chances in the political world; which, like oysters, are only in season in the R months, when the Parliament sits. I think there will be some then, but of what kind, God knows.

I have received a book for you, and one for myself, from Mr. Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will surprise you, as I confess it did me. This work is not only in English, but good and elegant English; he has even scattered graces upon his subject; and, in prose, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verse. I have written to him, to congratulate his happy transformation. As soon as I can find an opportunity, I will send you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleasure.

I know Mackenzie, whom you mention. *C'est une delié; sed care.*

Make mine and Lady Chesterfield's compliments to Comte et Comtesse Flemming; and so, *Dieu vous ait en sa sainte Garde!*

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

Blackheath, September 14, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 30th past, by which I find that you had not then got mine, which I sent you the day after I had received your former: you have had no great loss of it; for, as I told you in my last, this inactive season of the year supplies no materials for a letter; the winter may, and probably will, produce an abundant crop, but of what grain, I neither know, guess, nor care. I take it for granted, that Lord B*** *surnagera encore*, but by the assistance of what bladders or cork-waistcoats, God only knows. The death of poor Mr. Legge, the epileptic fits of the Duke of Devonshire, for which he is gone to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the advanced age

of the Duke of Newcastle, seem to facilitate an accommodation, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute are inclined to it.

You ask me what I think of the death of poor Iwan, and of the person who ordered it. You may remember that I often said, she would murder or marry him, or probably both; she has chosen the safest alternative; and has now completed her character of *femme forte*, above scruples and hesitation. If Machiavel were alive, she would probably be his Heroine, as Cæsar Borgia was his Hero. Women are all so far Machiavelians, that they are never either good or bad by halves; their passions are too strong, and their reason too weak, to do any thing with moderation. She will, perhaps, meet before it is long, with some Scythian as free from prejudices as herself. If there is one Oliver Cromwell in the three regiments of guards, he will probably, for the sake of his dear country, depose and murder her; for that is one and the same thing in Russia.

You seem now to be settled, and *bien nippé* at Dresden. Four sedentary footmen, and one running one, *sont Equipage lestee*. The German ones will give you, *seine Excellenz*; and the French ones, if you have any, *Monseigneur*.

My own health varies, as usual, but never deviates into good. God bless you, and send you better!

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

Blackheath, October 4, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your last letter, of the 16th past, lying before me, and I gave your inclosed to Grevenkop, which has put him into a violent bustle to execute your commissions, as well and as cheap as possible. I refer him to his own letter. He tells you true, as to Comtesse Cosel's diamonds, which certainly nobody will buy here, unsight unseen, as they call it; so many *minuties* concurring to increase or lessen the value of a diamond. Your Cheshire cheese, your Burton ale and beer, I charge myself

with, and they shall be sent you as soon as possible. Upon this occasion I will give you a piece of advice, which by experience I know to be useful. In all commissions, whether from men or women, *point de galanterie*, bring them in your account, and be paid to the uttermost farthing; but if you would shew them *une galanterie*, let your present be of something that is not in your commission, otherwise you will be the *Commissionnaire banal* of all the women of Saxony. *A propos*, Who is your Comtesse de Cosel? Is she daughter, or grand-daughter, of the famous Madame de Cosel, in King Augustus's time? Is she young or old? ugly or handsome?

I do not wonder that people are wonderfully surpris'd at our tameness and forbearance with regard to France and Spain. Spain, indeed, has lately agreed to our cutting logwood, according to the treaty, and sent strict orders to their Governor to allow it; but you will observe too, that there is not one word of reparation for the losses we lately sustained here. But France is not even so tractable; it will pay but half the money due, upon a liquidated account, for the maintenance of their prisoners. Our request, to have Comte d'Estaing recalled and censured, they have absolutely rejected, though, by the laws of war, he might be hanged for having twice broke his parole. This does not do France honour; however, I think we shall be quiet, and that at the only time, perhaps, this century, when we might with safety be otherwise; but this is nothing new, nor the first time, by many, when national honour and interest have been sacrificed to private. It has always been so: and one may say, upon this occasion, What Horace says upon another, *Nam fuit ante Helenam*.

I have seen *les Contes de Guillaume Vadé*, and like most of them so little, that I can hardly think them Voltaire's, but rather the scraps that have fallen from his table, and been worked up by inferior workmen, under his name. I have not seen the other book you mention, the *Dictionnaire Portatif*. It is not yet come over.

I shall next week go to take my winter-quarters in London, the weather here being very cold and damp, and not proper for an old, shattered, and cold carcase, like mine. In November I will go to the Bath, to careen myself for the winter, and to shift the scene. Good night!

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

London, October 19, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY morning Mr. ** came to me, from Lord Halifax, to ask me whether I thought you would approve of vacating your seat in Parliament, during the remainder of it, upon a valuable consideration, meaning *money*. My answer was, that I really did not know your disposition upon that subject; but that I knew you would be very willing, in general, to accommodate them, as far as lay in your power. That your Election, to my knowledge, had cost you two thousand pounds; that this Parliament had not sat above half its time; and that, for my part, I approved of the measure well enough, provided you had an equitable equivalent. I take it for granted, that you will have a letter from ——, by this post, to that effect, so that you must consider what you will do. What I advise is this, give them a good deal of *Galbanum* in the first part of your letter. *Le Galbanum ne coule rien*; and then say, that you are willing to do as they please; but that you hope an equitable consideration will be had to the two thousand pounds, which your seat cost you in the present Parliament, of which not above half the term is expired. Moreover, that you take the liberty to remind them, that your being sent for from Ratisbon, last session, when you were just settled there, put you to the expence of three or four hundred pounds, for which you were allowed nothing; and that, therefore, you hope they will not think one thousand pounds too much, considering all these circumstances; but that, in all events, you will do whatever they desire. Upon the whole, I think

this propofal advantageous to you, as you probably will not make ufe of your feat in Parliament; and further, as it will fecure you from another unpaid journey from Dresden, in cafe they meet, or fear to meet with difficulties in any enfuing fef-
 fion of the prefent Parliament. Whatever one muft do, one fhould do *de bonne grace*. *Dixi*. God blefs you.

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Bath, Nov. 10, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM much concerned at the account you gave me of your-
 A felf, in your laft letter. There is, to be fure, at fuch a town as Dresden, at leaft fome one very fkilful phyfician; whom I hope you have confulted; and I would have you acquaint him with all your feveral attacks of this nature, from your great one at Laubach, to your late one at Dresden: tell him too, that, in your laft illnefs in England, the phyficians miftook your cafe, and treated it as the gout, till Maty came, who treated it as a rheumatifm, and cured you. In my opinion, you have never had the gout, but always the rheumatifm; which, to my knowledge, is as painful as the gout can poffibly be, and fhould be treated in a quite different way; that is, by cooling medicines and regimen, inftead of thofe inflammatory cordials which they always adminifter where they fuppofe the gout, to keep it, as they fay, out of the ftomach.

I have been here now juft a week; but have hitherto drank fo little of the water, that I can neither fpeak well nor ill of it. The number of people in this place is infinite; but very few whom I know. Harte feems fettled here for life. He is not well, that is certain; but not fo ill neither as he thinks himfelf, or at leaft would be thought.

I long for your answer to my laft letter, containing a certain propofal, which by this time, I fuppofe, has been made you, and which, in the main, I approve of your accepting,

God bless you, my dear friend, and send you better health !
Adieu.

L E T T E R CCCLXXXVI.

Bath, February 26, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter, of the 5th, gave me as much pleasure as your former had given me uneasiness; and Larpent's acknowledgment of his negligence frees you from those suspicions, which I own I did entertain, and which I believe every one would, in the same concurrence of circumstances, have entertained. So much for that.

You may depend upon what I promised you, before Midsummer next, at farthest, and *at least*.

All I can say of the affair between you of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and the Saxon Ministers, is *que voila bien du bruit pour une omelette au lard*. It will most certainly be soon made up; and in that negotiation shew yourself as moderate and healing as your instructions from thence will allow, especially to Comte Flemming. The King of Prussia, I believe, has a mind to insult him personally, as an old enemy, or else to quarrel with Saxony, that dares not quarrel with him; but some of the *Corps Diplomatique* here assure me it is only a pretence to recall his Envoy, and to send, when matters shall be made up, a little Secretary there, *à moins de fraix*, as he does now to Paris and London.

Comte Brühl is much in fashion here; I like him mightily, he has very much *le ton de la bonne compagnie*. Poor Schrader died last Saturday without the least pain or sickness. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

London April 22, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day before yesterday I received your letter of the 3d instant. I find that your important affair of the ceremonial is adjusted at last, as I foresaw it would be. Such *minuties* are often laid hold on as a pretence, for Powers who have a mind to quarrel; but are never tenaciously insisted upon, where there is neither interest nor inclination to break. Comte Flemming, though a hot, is a wise man; and, I was sure, would not break both with England and Hanover, upon so trifling a point, especially during a minority. *A propos* of a minority; the King is to come to the House to-morrow, to recommend a bill to settle a Regency, in case of his demise while his successor is a minor. Upon the King's late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a bill, for reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters here. I do not know the particulars of this intended bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly from that which was passed in the late King's time, when the present King was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better.

You enquire about Monsieur de Guerchy's affair; and I will give you as succinct an account as I can, of so extraordinary and perplexed a transaction; but without giving you my own opinion of it, by the common post. You know what passed at first between Mr. de Guerchy and Monsieur d'Eon, in which both our Ministers and Monsieur de Guerchy, from utter inexperience in business, puzzled themselves into disagreeable difficulties. About three or four months ago, Monsieur du Vergy published in a *brochure*, a parcel of letters, from himself to the Duc de Choiseul; in which he positively asserts, that Monsieur de Guerchy prevailed with him (Vergy) to come over into England to assassinate d'Eon; the words are, as well as I remember, *que ce n'étoit*

pas pour se servir de sa Plume, mais de son Epée, qu'on le demandoit en Angleterre. This accusation of assassination, you may imagine, shocked Monsieur de Guerchy, who complained bitterly to our Ministers; and they both puzzled on for some time, without doing any thing, because they did not know what to do. At last du Vergy, about two months ago, applied himself to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and made oath, that Mr. du Guerchy had hired him (du Vergy) to assassinate d'Eon. Upon this deposition, the Grand Jury found a bill of intended murder against Monsieur de Guerchy; which bill, however, never came to the Petty Jury. The King granted a *noli prosequi* in favour of Monsieur de Guerchy; and the Attorney General is actually prosecuting du Vergy. Whether the King can grant a *noli prosequi* in a criminal case, and whether *le Droit des gens* extends to criminal cases, are two points which employ our domestic politicians, and the whole *Corps Diplomatique*. *Enfin*, to use a very coarse and vulgar saying, *il y a de la merde au bout du bâton, quelque part.*

I see and hear these storms from shore, *suave mari magno*, &c. I enjoy my own security and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reason to expect at my age, and with my constitution: however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one; and I think that I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am weary. God bless you!

Mallet died, two days ago, of a diarrhœa, which he had carried with him to France, and brought back again hither.

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

Blackheath, July 2, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 22d past; and I delayed answering your former, in daily, or rather hourly expectation of informing you of the birth of a new Ministry;

but in vain; for, after a thousand conferences, all things remain still in the state which I described to you in my last. Lord S. has, I believe, given you a pretty true account of the present state of things; but my Lord is much mistaken, I am persuaded, when he says, that *the King has thought proper to re-establish his old servants in the management of his affairs*; for he shews them all the public dislike possible; and, at his levee, hardly speaks to any of them; but speaks by the hour to any body else. Conferences, in the mean time, go on, of which it is easy to guess the main subject, but impossible, for me at least, to know the particulars; but this I will venture to prophecy, that the whole will soon center in Mr. Pitt.

You seem not to know the character of the Queen: here it is—She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother; and an unmeddling Queen. The King loves her as a woman; but, I verily believe, has never yet spoken one word to her about business. I have now told you all that I know of these affairs; which, I believe, is as much as any body else knows, who is not in the secret. In the mean time, you easily guess, that surmises, conjectures, and reports, are infinite; and if, as they say, truth is but one, one million at least of these reports must be false; for they differ exceedingly.

You have lost an honest servant, by the death of poor *Louis*; I would advise you to take a clever young Saxon in his room, of whose character you may get authentic testimonies; instead of sending for one to France, whose character you can only know from far.

When I hear more, I will write more; till when, God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

Blackheath, July 15, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

I TOLD you in my last, that you should hear from me again, as soon as I had any thing more to write; and now I have too much to write, therefore will refer you to the Gazette, and the office letters, for all that has been done; and advise you to suspend your opinion, as I do, about all that is to be done. Many more changes are talked of; but so idly, and variously, that I give credit to none of them. There has been pretty clean sweeping already; and I do not remember in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an entire new Board of Treasury, and two new Secretaries of State, *cum multis aliis, &c.*

Here is a new political arch almost built, but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key-stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly require repairs, and a key-stone, next winter; and that key-stone will, and must necessarily be, Mr. Pitt. It is true, he might have been that key-stone now; and would have accepted it, but not without Lord Temple's consent; and Lord Temple positively refused. There was evidently some trick in this, but what, is passing conjecturing. *Davus sum, non Oedipus.*

There is a manifest interregnum in the Treasury; for I do suppose that Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeswell will not think proper to be very active. General Conway, who is your Secretary, has certainly parts at least equal to his business, to which, I dare say, he will apply. The same may be said, I believe, of the Duke of Grafton; and indeed there is no magic requisite for the executive part of those employments. The ministerial part is another thing; they must scramble with their fellow-servants, for power and favour, as well as they can. Foreign affairs are not so much as mentioned, and, I verily believe,

not thought of. But surely some counterbalance would be necessary to the Family Compact; and, if not soon contracted, will be too late. God bless you.

LETTER CCCXC.

Blackheath, August 17, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now two letters in my debt; and I fear the gout has been the cause of your contracting that debt. When you are not able to write yourself, let your Secretary send me two or three lines to acquaint me how you are.

You have now seen, by the London Gazette, what changes have really been made at Court; but, at the same time, I believe you have seen that there must be more, before a Ministry can be settled; what those will be, God knows. Were I to conjecture, I should say, that the whole will centre, before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and Co, the present being an heterogencous jumble of youth and caducity, which cannot be efficient.

Charles Townshend calls the present, a Lutestring Ministry; fit only for the summer. The next session will be not only a warm, but a violent one, as you will easily judge, if you look over the names of the *ins* and of the *outs*.

I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold: the leaves are withered, full apace, and seem to intimate that I must follow them; which I shall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this silly world. God bless you, both in it and after it!

LETTER CCCXCI.

Blackheath, August 25, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED but four days ago your letter of the 2d instant. I find by it that you are well, for you are in good spirits. Your notion of the new birth, or regeneration of the Ministry, is a very just one; and that they have not yet the true seal of the covenant is, I dare say, very true; at least, it is not in the possession of either of the Secretaries of State, who have only the King's seal; nor do I believe (whatever his grace may imagine) that it is even in the possession of the Lord Privy Seal. I own I am lost, in considering the present situation of affairs; different conjectures present themselves to my mind, but none that it can rest upon. The next session must necessarily clear up matters a good deal; for I believe it will be the warmest and most acrimonious one that has been known, since that of the Excise. The late Ministry, *the present Opposition*, are determined to attack Lord B—— publicly in Parliament, and reduce the late Opposition, *the present Ministry*, to protect him publicly, in consequence of their supposed treaty with him. *En attendant mieux*, the paper war is carried on with much fury and scurrility on all sides, to the great entertainment of such lazy and impartial people as myself. I do not know whether you have the Daily Advertiser and the Public Advertiser; in which all the political letters are inserted, and some very well written ones on both sides; but I know that they amuse me, *tant bien que mal*, for an hour or two every morning. Lord T—— is the supposed author of the pamphlet you mention; but I think it is above him. Perhaps his brother C—— T——, who is by no means satisfied with the present arrangement, may have assisted him privately. As to this latter, there was a good ridiculous paragraph in the newspapers, two or three days ago: *We hear that the Right Honourable Mr. C—— T—— is indisposed. at his house in*

Oxfordshire, of a pain in his side; but it is not said in which side.

I do not find that the Duke of York has yet visited you; if he should, it may be expensive, *mais on trouvera moyen*. As for the Lady, if you should be very sharp set for some English flesh, she has it amply in her power to supply you if she pleases. Pray tell me in your next, what you think of, and how you like Prince Henry of Prussia. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXCII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR great character of Prince Henry, which I take to be a very just one, lowers the King of Prussia's a great deal; and probably that is the cause of their being so ill together. But the King of Prussia, with his good parts, should reflect upon that trite and true maxim, *Qui invidet minor*, or M. de la Rochefoucault's, *Que l'envie est la plus basse de toutes les passions, puisqu'on avoue bien des crimes, mais que personne n'avoue l'envie*. I thank God I never was sensible of that dark and vile passion, except that formerly I have sometimes envied a successful rival with a fine woman. But now that cause is ceased, and consequently the effects.

What shall I, or rather what can I tell you of the political world here? The late Ministers accuse the present with having done nothing, the present accuse the late ones with having done much worse than nothing. Their writers abuse one another most scurrilously, but sometimes with wit. I look upon this to be *peloter en attendant partie*, till battle begins in St. Steven's Chapel. How that will end, I protest I cannot conjecture; any farther than this, that if Mr. Pitt does not come in to the assistance of the present Ministers, they will have much to do to stand their ground. C—— T—— will play booty; and whom else have they? Nobody but C——; who has only good sense, but not the necessary talents nor experience, *Ære ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu*. I never remember, in all my time,

to have seen so problematical a state of affairs, and a man would be much puzzled which side to bet on.

Your guest, Miss —, is another problem which I cannot solve. She no more wanted the waters of Carlsbadt, than you did. Is it to shew the Duke of Kingston, that he cannot live without her? a dangerous experiment! which may possibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it; but what, I neither know nor care; you did very well to shew her civilities, *cela ne gâte jamais rien*. I will go to my waters, that is, the Bath waters, in three weeks or a month, more for the sake of bathing than of drinking. The hot bath always promotes my perspiration, which is sluggish, and supple my stiff rheumatic limbs. *D'ailleurs*, I am at present as well, and better than I could reasonably expect to be, *anno septuagesimo primo*. May you be so as long, *y mas!* God blefs you!

LETTER CCCXCIII.

London, October 25, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 10th *sonica*; for I set out for Bath to-morrow morning. If the use of those waters does me no good, the shifting of the scene for some time will at least amuse me a little; and at my age, and with my infirmities, *il faut faire de tout bois flèche*. Some variety is as necessary for the mind, as some medicines are for the body.

Here is a total stagnation of politics, which, I suppose, will continue till the Parliament sits to do business, and that will not be till about the middle of January; for the meeting on the 17th December is only for the sake of some new writs. The late Ministers threaten the present ones; but the latter do not seem in the least afraid of the former, and for a very good reason, which is, that they have the distribution of the loaves and fishes. I believe it is very certain that Mr. Pitt will never come

into this or any other Administration: he is absolutely a cripple all the year, and in violent pain at least half of it. Such physical ills are great checks to two of the strongest passions to which human nature is liable, love and ambition. Though I cannot persuade myself that the present Ministry can be long-lived, I can as little imagine, who or what can succeed them, *telle est la disette de sujets Papables*. The Duke of — swears that he will have Lord — personally attacked in both Houses; but I do not see how, without endangering himself at the time.

Miss C — is safely arrived here, and her Duke is fonder of her than ever. It was a dangerous experiment that she tried, in leaving him so long; but it seems she knew her man.

I pity you for the inundation of your good countrymen, which overwhelms you; *je sçai ce qu'en vaut l'aune*. It is, besides, expensive; but, as I look upon the expence to be the least evil of the two, I will see if a New-year's gift will not make it up.

As I am now upon the wing, I will only add, God blefs you!

LETTER CCCXCIV.

Bath, November 28, 1765,

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 10th. I have now been here near a month, bathing and drinking the waters, for complaints much of the same kind as yours, I mean pains in my legs, hips and arms; whether gouty or rheumatic, God knows; but, I believe both, that fight without a decision in favour of either, and have absolutely reduced me to the miserable situation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs; that is, with the assistance of my stick, to walk, or rather hobble, very indifferently. I wish it were a declared gout, which is the distemper of a gentleman; whereas the rheuma-

tism is the distemper of a hackney-coachman or chairman, who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

I think you will do very right to ask leave, and I dare say you will easily get it, to go to the baths in Suabia; that is, supposing you have consulted some skilful physician, if such a one there be, either at Dresden or at Leipzig, about the nature of your distemper, and the nature of those baths; but, *suos quisque patimur manes*. We have but a bad bargain, God knows, of this life, and patience is the only way not to make bad worse. Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here, with a very real gout, and not a political one, as is often suspected.

Here has been a Congress of most of the *ex Ministres*. If they have raised a battery, as I suppose they have, it is a masked one, for nothing has transpired; only they confess, that they intend a most vigorous attack. *D'ailleurs*, there seems to be a total suspension of all business, till the meeting of the Parliament, and then *Signa canant*. I am very glad, that, at this time, you are out of it; and for reasons that I need not mention: you would certainly have been sent for over, and, as before, not paid for your journey.

Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the Hot-well at Bristol. He is a better poet than philosopher; for all this illness and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill success of his Gustavus Adolphus. He is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted.

I cannot present Mr. Larpent with my New-year's gift, till I come to town, which will be before Christmas at farthest; till when, God bless you! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXCV.

London, December 27, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here from Bath last Monday, rather, but not much better than when I went thither. My rheumatic pains, in my legs and hips, plague me still: and I must never expect to be quite free from them.

You have to be sure had from the office an account of what the Parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting; and the same point will be the great object at their next meeting; I mean the affair of our American Colonies, relatively to the late imposed Stamp-duty, which our Colonists absolutely refuse to pay. The Administration are for some indulgence and forbearance to those froward children of their mother country: the Opposition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent measures; not less than *les dragonades*; and to have the tax collected by the troops we have there. For my part, I never saw a froward child mended by whipping; and I would not have the mother country become a step-mother. Our trade to America brings in, *communibus annis*, two millions a-year; and the Stamp-duty is estimated at but one hundred thousand pounds a-year; which I would by no means bring into the stock of the Exchequer, at the loss or even the risk of a million a-year to the national stock,

I do not tell you of the Garter, given away yesterday, because the newspapers will; but I must observe, that the Prince of Brunswick's ribband is a mark of great distinction to that family; which, I believe, is the first (except our own Royal family) that has ever had two blue ribbands at a time; but it must be owned they deserve them.

One hears of nothing now, in town, but the separation of men and their wives. Will Finch, the ex-vice Chamberlain, Lord Warwick, and your friend Lord Bolingbroke. I wonder at

none of them for parting; but I wonder at many for still living together; for in this country, it is certain, that marriage is not well understood.

I have this day sent Mr. Larpent two hundred pounds for your Christmas-box, of which I suppose he will inform you by this post. Make this Christmas as merry a one as you can; for *pour le peu de bon tems qui nous reste, rien n'est si funeste, qu'un noir chagrin.* For the new years; God send you many, and happy ones!

LETTER CCCXCVI.

London, Feb. 11, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 25th past; and your former, which you mention in it, but ten days ago; this may easily be accounted for from the badness of the weather, and consequently of the roads. I hardly remember so severe a winter; it has occasioned many illnesses here. I am sure it pinched my crazy carcase so much, that about three weeks ago, I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days; which I found afterwards was very necessary, by the relief it gave to my head, and to the rheumatic pains in my limbs; and from the execrable kind of blood which I lost.

Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the present state of affairs here; but if you do you will be disappointed: for no man living (and I still less than any one) knows what it is; it varies, not only daily, but hourly. Most people think, and I among the rest, that the date of the present Ministers is pretty near out; but how soon we are to have a new style, God knows. This, however, is certain, that the Ministers had a contested election in the House of Commons, and got it but by eleven votes; too small a majority to carry any thing: the next day they lost a question in the House of Lords, by three. The question in the House of Lords was, to enforce the execu-

tion of the Stamp-act in the Colonies *vi et armis*. What conclusions you will draw from these premises, I do not know; I protest I draw none; but only stare at the present undecypherable state of affairs, which, in fifty years experience, I have never seen any thing like. The Stamp-act has proved a most pernicious measure; for, whether it is repealed or not, which is still very doubtful, it has given such terror to the Americans, that our trade with them will not be, for some years, what it used to be. Great numbers of our manufacturers at home will be turned a starving, for want of that employment, which our very profitable trade to America found them: and hunger is always the cause of tumults and sedition.

As you have escaped a fit of the gout in this severe cold weather, it is to be hoped you may be entirely free from it, till next winter at least.

P.S. Lord —, having parted with his wife, now keeps another w——e, at a great expence. I fear he is totally undone.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

London, March 17, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU wrong me, in thinking me in your debt; for I never receive a letter of yours, but I answer it by the next post, or the next but one, at farthest: but I can easily conceive that my two last letters to you may have been drowned or frozen in their way; for portents, and prodigies of frost, snow, and inundations, have been so frequent this winter, that they have almost lost their names.

You tell me that you are going to the baths of *Baden*; but that puzzles me a little, so I recommend this letter to the care of Mr. Larpent, to forward to you; for *Baden* I take to be the general German word for baths, and the particular ones are distinguished by some epithet, as *Weissbaden*, *Carlsbaden*, &c. I

hope they are not cold baths, which I have a very ill opinion of, in all arthritic or rheumatic cases; and your case I take to be a compound of both, but rather more of the latter.

You will probably wonder that I tell you nothing of public matters; upon which I shall be as secret as Hotspur's gentle Kate, who would not tell what she did not know; but what is singular, nobody seems to know any more of them than I do. People gape, stare, conjecture, and refine. Changes of the Ministry, or in the Ministry, at least, are daily reported and foretold, but of what kind, God only knows. It is also very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into the Administration or not; the two present Secretaries are extremely desirous that he should; but the others think of the horse that called the man to its assistance. I will say nothing to you about American affairs, because I have no pens, ink, or paper enough to give you an intelligible account of them. They have been the subjects of warm and acrimonious debates, both in the Lords and Commons, and in all companies.

The repeal of the Stamp-act is at last carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it, because I saw many more inconveniences from the enforcing than from the repealing it.

Colonel Browne was with me the other day, and assured me that he left you very well. He said that he saw me at Spa, but I did not remember him; though I remember his two brothers, the Colonel and the ravisher, very well. Your Saxon Colonel has the brogue exceedingly. Present my respects to Count Flemming; I am very sorry for the Countess's illness; she was a most well-bred woman.

You would hardly think that I gave a dinner to the Prince of Brunswick, your old acquaintance, I am glad it is over; but I could not avoid it. *Il m'avoit accablé de politesses.* God bless you!

LETTER CCCXCVII.

Blackheath, June 13, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 30th past. I waited with impatience for it, not having received one from you of six weeks; nor your mother neither, who began to be very sure that you were dead, if not buried. You should write to her once a week, or at least once a fortnight; for women make no allowance either for business or laziness: whereas I can, by experience, make allowances for both: however, I wish you would generally write to me once a fortnight.

Last week I paid my Midsummer offering, of five hundred pounds, to Mr. Larpent, for your use, as I suppose he has informed you. I am punctual, you must allow.

What account shall I give you of ministerial affairs here? I protest I do not know: your own description of them is as exact a one as any I, who am upon the place, can give you. It is a total dislocation and *derangement*; consequently a total inefficiency. When the Duke of Grafton quitted the seals, he gave that very reason for it, in a speech in the House of Lords: he declared, "that he had no objection to the persons or to the measures of the present Ministers; but that he thought they wanted strength and efficiency to carry on proper measures with success; and that he knew but one man (*meaning, as you will easily suppose, Mr. Pitt*) who could give them that strength and solidity; that under this person, he should be willing to serve in any capacity, not only as a General Officer, but as a pioneer; and would take up a spade and a mattock. When he quitted the seals, they were offered first to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke; who both declined them, probably for the same reasons that made the Duke of Grafton resign them; but after their going a begging for some time, the Duke of—— begged them, and has them *faute de mieux*. Lord Mount Stuart was

never thought of for Vienna, where Lord Stormont returns in three months; the former is going to be married to one of the Miss Windsors, a great fortune. To tell you the speculations, the reasonings, and the conjectures, either of the uninformed, or even of the best-informed public, upon the present wonderful situation of affairs, would take up much more time and paper than either you or I can afford, though we have neither of us a great deal of business at present.

I am in as good health as I could reasonably expect, at my age, and with my shattered carcase; that is, from the waist upwards: but downwards it is not the same; for my limbs retain that stiffness and debility of my long rheumatism, I cannot walk half an hour at a time. As the autumn, and still more as the winter approaches, take care to keep yourself very warm, especially your legs and feet.

Lady Chesterfield sends you her compliments, and triumphs in the success of her plaster. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXCIX.

Blackheath, July 11, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are a happy mortal, to have your time thus employed between the Great and the Fair; I hope you do the honours of your country to the latter. The Emperor, by your account, seems to be very well for an Emperor; who, by being above the other Monarchs in Europe, may justly be supposed to have had a proportionably worse Education. I find, by your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only science in which Princes are ever instructed; and with good reason, as their greatness and glory singly depend upon the numbers of their fellow creatures, which their ambition exterminates. If a Sovereign should, by great accident, deviate into moderation, justice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of Princes! I have always owned a great regard

for King Log. From the interview at Torgaw, between the two Monarchs, they will be either a great deal better or worse together; but I think rather the latter, for our namesake, Philip de Comines, observes, that he never knew any good come from *l'abouchement des Rois*. The King of Prussia will exert all his perspicacity, to analyse his Imperial Majesty; and I would bet upon the one head of his Black Eagle, against the two heads of the Austrian Eagle; though two heads are said, proverbially, to be better than one. I wish I had the direction of both the Monarchs, and they should, together with some of their Allies, take Lorraine and Alsace from France. You will call me l'Abbé de St. Pierre; but I only say what I wish; whereas he thought every thing that he wished practicable.

Now to come home. Here are great bustles at Court, and a great change of persons is certainly very near. You will ask me, perhaps, who is to be out, and who is to be in? To which I answer, I do not know. My conjecture is, that, be the new settlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I presume *qu'il aura mis de l'Eau dans son Vin par rapport à Mylord B* —; when that shall come to be known, as known it certainly will soon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity. A Minister, as Minister, is very apt to be the object of public dislike; and a Favourite, as Favourite, still more so. If any event of this kind happens, which (if it happens at all) I conjecture will be some time next week, you shall hear farther from me.

I will follow your advice, and be as well as I can next winter, though I know I shall never be free from my flying rheumatic pains, as long as I live; but whether that will be many years or few, is extremely indifferent to me: in either case, God bless you!

LETTER CCCC.

Blackheath, August 1, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE curtain was at last drawn up, the day before yesterday, and discovered the new actors, together with some of the old ones. I do not name them to you, because to-morrow's Gazette will do it full as well as I could. Mr. Pitt, who had *carte blanche* given him, named every one of them: but what would you think he named himself for? Lord Privy Seal; and (what will astonish you, as it does every mortal here) Earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had a *fall up stairs*, and has done himself so much hurt, that he will never be able to stand upon his legs again. Every body is puzzled how to account for this step; though it would not be the first time that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But be it what it will, he is now certainly only Earl of Chatham; and no longer Mr. Pitt, in any respect whatever. Such an event, I believe, was never read nor heard of. To withdraw, in the fulness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons (which procured him his power, and which could alone insure it to him) and to go into that Hospital of Incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof positive could have made me believe it: but true it is. Hans Stanley is to go Ambassador to Russia; and my nephew, Ellis, to Spain, decorated with the red ribband. Lord Shelburne is your Secretary of State, which I suppose he has notified to you this post, by a circular letter. Charles Townshend has now the sole management of the House of Commons; but how long he will be content to be only Lord Chatham's vicegerent there, is a question which I will not pretend to decide. There is one very bad sign for Lord Chatham, in his new dignity; which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it: and all his friends are

stupidified and dumb-founded. If I mistake not much, he will in the course of a year enjoy perfect *otium cum dignitate*. Enough of politics.

Is the fair, or at least the fat, Miss C—— with you still? It must be confessed that she knows the arts of Courts; to be so received at Dresden, and so connived at in Leicester-fields.

There never was so wet a summer as this has been, in the memory of man; we have not had one single day, since March, without some rain; but most days a great deal. I hope that does not affect your health, as great cold does; for, with all these inundations, it has not been cold. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCI.

Blackheath, August 14, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 30th past; and find by it, that it crossed mine upon the road, where they had no time to take notice of one another.

The newspapers have informed you, before now, of the changes actually made; more will probably follow, but what, I am sure, I cannot tell you; and I believe nobody can, not even those who are to make them: they will, I suppose, be occasional, as people behave themselves. The causes and consequences of Mr. Pitt's quarrel now appear in print, in a pamphlet published by Lord T——; and in a refutation of it, not by Mr. Pitt himself, I believe, but by some friend of his, and under his sanction. The former is very scurrilous and scandalous, and betrays private conversation. My Lord says, that in his last conference, he thought he had as good a right to nominate the new Ministry as Mr. Pitt and consequently named Lord G——, Lord L——, &c. for Cabinet Council employments; which Mr. Pitt not consenting to, Lord T—— broke up the conference, and in his wrath went to Stowe; where I presume he may remain undisturbed a great while, since Mr. Pitt will neither be willing, nor able to send for him again. The pamphlet, on the part of Mr.

Pitt, gives an account of his whole political life; and, in that respect, is tedious to those who were acquainted with it before; but, at the latter end, there is an article that expresses such supreme contempt of Lord T——, and in so pretty a manner, that I suspect it to be Mr. Pitt's own: you shall judge yourself, for I here transcribe the article:—"But this I will be bold to say, that had he (Lord T——) not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train, and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in; and gone off with no other degree of credit, than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality."——I wish I could send you all the pamphlets and half-sheets that swarm here upon this occasion; but that is impossible; for every week would make a ship's cargo. It is certain, that Mr. Pitt has, by his dignity of Earl, lost the greatest part of his popularity, especially in the City; and I believe the Opposition will be very strong, and perhaps prevail, next session, in the House of Commons; there being now nobody there, who can have the authority, and ascendant over them, that Pitt had.

People tell me here, as young Harvey told you at Dresden, that I look very well; but these are words of course, which every one says to every body. So far is true, that I am better than at my age, and with my broken constitution, I could have expected to be. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCH.

Blackheath, September 12, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Have this moment received your letter of the 27th past. I was in hopes that your course of waters this year at Baden would have given you a longer reprieve from your painful complaint. If I do not mistake, you carried over with you some of Dr. Monsey's powders: Have you taken any of them, and have they done you any good? I know they did me a great deal. I,

who pretend to some skill in physic, advise a cool regimen, and cooling medicincs.

I do not wonder, that you do wonder at Lord C——'s conduct. If he was not outwitted into his Peerage by Lord B——, his accepting it is utterly inexplicable. The instruments he has chosen for the great Offices, I believe, will never fit the same case. It was cruel to put such a boy as Lord G—— over the head of old Ligonier; and if I had been the former, I would have refused that commission, during the life of that honest and brave old General. All this to quiet the Duke of R—— to a resignation, and to make Lord B—— Lieutenant of Ireland, where, I will venture to prophecy that he will not do. Ligonier was much pressed to give up his regiment of Guards, but would by no means do it; and declared, that the King might break him if he pleased, but that he would certainly not break himself.

I have no political events to inform you of; they will not be ripe till the meeting of the Parliament. Immediately upon the receipt of this letter, write me one, to acquaint me how you are.

God blefs you; and particularly, may he send you health, for that is the greatest blessing!

LETTER CCCCIII.

Blackheath, Sept. 30, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday, with great pleasure, your letter of the 18th, by which I consider this last ugly bout as over; and to prevent its return, I greatly approve of your plan for the South of France, where I recommend for your principal residence, Pezenas, Toulouse, or Bourdeaux; but do not be persuaded to go to Aix en Provence, which, by experience I know to be at once the hottest and the coldest place in the world, from the ardour of the Provençal Sun, and the sharpness of the Alpine winds. I also earnestly recommend to you, for your complaint upon your breast, to take, twice a day, asses or (what is better) mare's

milk, and that for these six months at least. Mingle turnips, as much as you can, with your diet.

I have written, as you desired, to Mr. Secretary Conway; but I will answer for it that there will be no difficulty to obtain the leave you ask.

There is no new event in the political world, since my last; so God blefs you!

LETTER CCCCIV.

London, October 29, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 17th. I am glad to hear that your breast is so much better. You will find both asses and mares milk enough in the South of France, where it was much drank when I was there. Guy Patin recommends to a patient to have no doctor but a Horse; and no Apothecary but an Ass. As for your pains and weakness in your limbs, *je vous en offre autant*; I have never been free from them since my last rheumatism. I use my legs as much as I can, and you should do so too, for disuse makes them worse. I cannot now use them long at a time, because of the weakness of old age; but I contrive to get, by different snatches, at least two hours walking every day, either in my garden or within doors, as the weather permits. I set out to-morrow for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give me whole ones; the timbers of my wretched vessel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for use. I shall see poor Harte there, who, I am told, is in a miserable way, between some real and some imaginary distempers.

I send you no political news, for one reason, among others, which is, that I know none. Great expectations are raised of this session, which meets the 11th of next month; but of what kind nobody knows, and consequently every body conjectures variously. Lord Chatham comes to town to-morrow from Bath,

where he has been to refit himself for the winter campaign: he has hitherto but an indifferent set of *Aides de Camp*; and where he will find better, I do not know. Charles Townshend and he are already upon ill terms. *Enfin je n'y vois goutte*; and so God blefs you!

LETTER CCCC.V.

Bath, November 15, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 5th instant from Basle. I am very glad to find that your breast is relieved, though perhaps at the expence of your legs: for, if the humour be either gouty or rheumatic, it had better be in your legs than any where else. I have consulted Moisy, the great physician of this place, upon it; who says, that at this distance, he dares not prescribe any thing, as there may be such different causes for your complaint, which must be well weighed by a physician upon the spot; that is, in short, that he knows nothing of the matter. I will therefore tell you my own case, in 1732, which may be something parallel to yours. I had that year been dangerously ill of a fever in Holland; and when I was recovered of it, the febrific humour fell into my legs, and swelled them to that degree, and chiefly in the evening, that it was as painful to me, as it was shocking to others. I came to England with them in this condition; and consulted Mead, Broxholme, and Arbuthnot, who none of them did me the least good; but, on the contrary, increased the swelling, by applying poultices and emollients. In this condition I remained near six months, till finding that the Doctors could do me no good, I resolved to consult Palmer, the most eminent Surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital. He immediately told me, that the physicians had pursued a very wrong method, as the swelling of my legs proceeded only from a relaxation and weakness of the cutaneous vessels; and he must apply strengtheners instead of emollients. Accordingly, he ordered me to put my legs

up to the knees every morning in brine from the salters, as hot as I could bear it: the brine must have had meat salted in it I did so; and after having thus pickled my legs for about three weeks, the complaint absolutely ceased, and I have never had the least swelling in them since. After what I have said, I must caution you not to use the same remedy rashly, and without the most skilful advice you can find, where you are; for if your swelling proceeds from a gouty, or rheumatic humour, there may be great danger in applying so powerful an astringent, and perhaps *repellent*, as brine. So go *piano*, and not without the best advice, upon a view of the parts.

I shall direct all my letters to you *Chez Monsieur Sarrazin*, who by his trade is, I suppose, *sedentaire* at Basle, which it is not sure that you will be at any one place in the South of France. Do you know that he is a descendant of the French Poet Sarrazin?

Poor Harte, whom I frequently go to see here, out of compassion, is in the most miserable way; he has had a stroke of the palsy, which has deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech a good deal, and perhaps his head a little. Such are the intermediate tributes that we are forced to pay, in some shape or other, to our wretched nature, till we pay the last great one of all. May you pay this very late, and as few intermediate tributes as possible; and so *jubea te bene valere*. God bless you.

LETTER CCCCVI.

Bath, December 9, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 26th past. I am very glad that you begin to feel the good effects of the climate where you are; I know it saved my life, in 1741, when both the skilful and the unskilful gave me over. In that ramble I stayed three or four days at Nîmes, where there are more

remains of antiquity, I believe, than in any town in Europe, Italy excepted. What is falsely called *la maison quarrée*, is, in my mind, the finest piece of architecture that ever I saw; and the amphitheatre the clumsiest and the ugliest; if it were in England, every body would swear it had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

This place is now, just what you have seen it formerly; here is a great crowd of trifling and unknown people, whom I seldom frequent, in the public rooms; so that I pass my time *tres uniment*, in taking the air in my post-chaise every morning, and reading in the evenings. And *à propos* of the latter, I shall point out a book, which I believe will give you some pleasure; at least it gave me a great deal: I never read it before. It is *Réflexions sur la Poësie et la Peinture, par l'Abbé de Bos*, in two octavo volumes; and is, I suppose, to be had at every great town in France. The criticisms and the reflections are just and lively.

It may be you expect some political news from me: but I can tell you that you will have none; for no mortal can comprehend the present state of affairs. Eight or nine people of some consequence have resigned their employments; upon which Lord C—— made overtures to the Duke of B—— and his people; but they could by no means agree, and his Grace went, the next day, full of wrath, to Wooburne; so that negotiation is entirely at an end. People wait to see who Lord C—— will take in, for some he must have: even *he* cannot be alone, *contra Mundum*. Such a state of affairs, to be sure, was never seen before, in this or in any other country. When this Ministry shall be settled, it will be the sixth Ministry in six years time.

Poor Harte is here, and in a most miserable condition; those who wish him the best, as I do, must wish him dead. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCVII.

London, Feb. 13, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is so long since I have had a letter from you, that I am alarmed about your health; and fear, that the southern parts of France have not done so well by you, as they did by me in the year 1741, when they snatched me from the jaws of death. Let me know, upon the receipt of this letter, how you are, and where you are.

I have no news to send you from hence: for every thing seems suspended, both in the Court and in the Parliament, till Lord Chatham's return from the Bath, where he has been laid up this month, by a severe fit of the gout; and, at present, he has the sole apparent power. In what little business has hitherto been done in the House of Commons, Charles Townshend has given himself more ministerial airs than Lord Chatham will, I believe, approve of. However, since Lord Chatham has thought fit to withdraw himself from that House, he cannot well do without Charles's abilities to manage it as his Deputy.

I do not send you an account of weddings, births, and burials, as I take it for granted that you know them all from the English printed papers; some of which, I presume, are sent after you. Your old acquaintance, Lord Essex, is to be married this week to Harriet Bladen, who has 20,000*l.* down, besides the reasonable expectation of as much at the death of her father. My kinsman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miss Bowes, the greatest heiress perhaps in Europe. In short, the matrimonial phrenzy seems to rage at present, and is epidemical. The men marry for money, and I believe you guess what the women marry for. God bless you, and send you health!

LETTER CCCCVIII.

London, March 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received two letters at once from you, both dated Montpellier; one of the 29th of last December, and the other, the 12th of February: but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you; for I assure you, that I answered all yours the next post after I received them; and, about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, because you had been so long silent, and I was afraid that you were not well: but your letter of the 12th February has removed all my fears upon that score. The same climate that has restored your health so far, will probably, in a little more time, restore your strength too; though you must not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At least I find, that, since my late great rheumatism, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place singly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great shock given then to my limbs. *D'ailleurs* I am pretty well for my age, and shattered constitution.

As I told you in my last, I must tell you again in this, that I have no news to send. Lord Chatham, at last, came to town yesterday, full of gout, and is not able to stir hand or foot. During his absence, Charles Townshend has talked of him, and at him, in such a manner, that henceforwards they must be either much worse or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday last, Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one shilling in the pound of the land-tax taken off; which was opposed by the Court; but the Court lost it by eighteen. The Opposition triumph much upon this victory; though, I think, without reason; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themselves with this shilling in the pound.

The Duke of Buccleugh is very soon to be married to Lady

Betty Montague. Lord Essex was married, yesterday, to Harriet Bladen; and Lord Strathmore, last week, to Miss Bowes; both couples went directly from the church to consummation in the country, from an unnecessary fear that they should not be tired of each other if they stayed in town. And now *dixi*; God bless you!

You are in the right to go to see the Assembly of the States of Languedoc, though they are but the shadow of the original *Etats*, while there was some liberty subsisting in France.

LETTER CCCCIX.

London, April 6, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Nîmes, by which I find that several of our letters have reciprocally miscarried. This may probably have the same fate; however, if it reaches Monsieur Sarrazin, I presume he will know where to take his aim at you; for I find you are in motion, and with a Polarity to Dresden. I am very glad to find by it, that your Meridional journey has perfectly recovered you, as to your general state of health; for as to your legs and thighs, you must never expect that they will be restored to their original strength and activity, after so many rheumatic attacks as you have had. I know that my limbs, besides the natural debility of old age, have never recovered the severe attack of rheumatism that plagued me five or six years ago. I cannot now walk above half an hour at a time, and even that in a hobbling kind of way.

I can give you no account of our political world, which is in a situation that I never saw in my whole life. Lord Chatham has been so ill, these last two months, that he has not been able (some say not willing) to do or hear of any business; and for his *sous Ministres*, they either cannot, or dare not, do any, without his directions; so that every thing is now at a stand.

This situation, I think, cannot last much longer; and if Lord Chatham should either quit his post, or the world, neither of which is very improbable, I conjecture, that what is called the Rockingham Connexion stands the fairest for the Ministry. But this is merely my conjecture; for I have neither *data* nor *postulata* enough to reason upon.

When you get to Dresden, which I hope you will not do till next month, our correspondence will be more regular. God bless you!

L E T T E R CCCCX.

London, May 5, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY your letter of the 25th past, from Basle, I presume this will find you at Dresden, and accordingly I direct to you there. When you write me word that you are at Dresden, I will return you an answer, with something better than the answer itself.

If you complain of the weather, north of Besançon, what would you say to the weather that we have had here for these last two months, uninterruptedly? Snow often, north-east wind constantly, and extreme cold. I write this by the side of a good fire; and at this moment it snows very hard. All my promised fruit at Blackheath is quite destroyed; and what is worse, many of my trees.

I cannot help thinking that the King of Poland, the Empress of Russia, and the King of Prussia, *s'entendent comme Larrons en foire*, though the former must not appear in it upon account of the stupidity, ignorance, and bigotry of his Poles. I have a great opinion of the cogency of the controversial arguments of the Russian troops, in favour of the Dissidents: I am sure, I wish them success; for I would have all intoleration intoliterated in its turn. We shall soon see more clearly into this matter;

for I do not think that the Autocratrice of all the Russias will be trifled with by the Sarmatians.

What do you think of the late extraordinary event in Spain? Could you ever have imagined that those ignorant Goths would have dared to banish the Jesuits? there must have been some very grave and important reasons for so extraordinary a measure: but what they were, I do not pretend to guess; and perhaps I shall never know, though all the coffee-houses here do.

Things are here in exactly the same situation, in which they were when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham is still ill, and only goes abroad for an hour in a day, to take the air, in his coach. The King has, to my certain knowledge, sent him repeated messages, desiring him not to be concerned at his confinement, for that he is resolved to support him, *pour et contre tous*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCXI.

London, June 1, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 20th past, from Dresden, where I am glad to find that you are arrived safe and sound. This has been every where an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; and it continues here still. Every body has fires, and their winter clothes, as at Christmas. The town is extremely sickly; and sudden deaths have been very frequent.

I do not know what to say to you upon public matters; things remain *in statu quo*, and nothing is done. Great changes are talked of, and I believe will happen very soon, perhaps next week, but who is to be changed, for whom, I do not know, though every body else does. I am apt to think that it will be a Mosaic Ministry, made up *de pieces rapportées* from different connections.

Last Friday I sent your subsidy to Mr. Larpent, who, I suppose, has given you notice of it. I believe it will come very sea-

sonably, as all places, both foreign and domestic, are so far in arrears. They talk of paying you all up to Christmas. The King's inferior servants are almost starving.

I suppose you have already heard at Dresden, that Count Brühl is either actually married, or very soon to be so, to Lady Egremont. She has, together with her salary as Lady of the Bedchamber, 2500*l.* a year; besides ten thousand pounds in money left her, at her own disposal, by Lord Egremont. All this will sound great *écus d'Allemagne*. I am glad of it; for he is a very pretty man. God bless you!

I easily conceive why Orloff influences the Empress of all the Russias; but I cannot see why the King of Prussia should be influenced by that motive.

LETTER CCCCXII.

Blackheath, July 2, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have had no letter from you since my last, and though I have no political news to inform you of, I write this to acquaint you with a piece of Greenwich news, which I believe you will be very glad of; I am sure I am. Know then that your friend Miss ** was happily married three days ago to Mr. ***, an Irish gentleman, and a member of that Parliament, with an estate of two thousand pounds a year. He settles upon her 600*l.* a jointure, and in case they have no children, 1500*l.* He happened to be by chance in her company one day here, and was at once shot dead by her charms; but as dead men sometimes walk, he walked to her the next morning, and tendered her his person and his fortune; both which, taking the one with the other, she very prudently accepted, for his person is sixty years old.

Ministerial affairs are still in the same ridiculous and doubtful situation as when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham will neither hear of nor do any business, but lives at Hampstead, and rides about the Heath: his gout is said to be fallen upon

his nerves. Your Provincial Secretary, Conway, quits this week, and returns to the army, for which he languished. Two Lords are talked of to succeed him; Lord Egmont, and Lord Hillsborough: I rather hope the latter. Lord Northington certainly quits this week; but nobody guesses who is to succeed him, as President. A thousand other changes are talked of, which I neither believe nor reject.

Poor Harte is in a most miserable condition: he has lost one side of himself, and in a great measure his speech; notwithstanding which, he is going to publish his *divine poems*, as he calls them. I am sorry for it, as he had not time to correct them before this stroke, nor abilities to do it since. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCXIII.

Blackheath, July 9, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of the 21st past, with the inclosed proposal from the French *refugiés*, for a subscription towards building them *un Temple*. I have shewn it to the very few people I see, but without the least success. They told me (and with too much truth) that whilst such numbers of poor were literally starving here from the dearness of all provisions, they could not think of sending their money into another country, for a building which they reckoned useless. In truth, I never knew such misery as is here now; and it affects both the hearts and the purses of those who have either; for my own part, I never gave to a building in my life; which I reckon is only giving to masons and carpenters, and the treasurer of the undertaking.

Contrary to the expectations of all mankind here, every thing still continues *in statu quo*. General Conway has been desired by the King to keep the seals till he has found a successor for him, and the Lord President the same. Lord Chatham is relapsed, and worse than ever: he sees no body, and no body sees

him: it is said, that a bungling Physician has checked his gout, and thrown it upon his nerves; which is the worst distemper that a Minister or a Lover can have, as it debilitates the mind of the former, and the body of the latter. Here is at present an interregnum. We must soon see what order will be produced from this chaos.

The Electorate, I believe, will find the want of Comte Flemming; for he certainly had abilities; and was as sturdy and inexorable as a Minister at the head of finances ought always to be. When you see Comtesse Flemming, which I suppose cannot be of some time, pray make her Lady Chesterfield's and my compliments of condolence.

You say that Dresden is very sickly; I am sure London is at least as sickly now, for there reigns an epidemical distemper, called by the genteel name of *l'influenza*. It is a little fever, of which scarcely any body dies; and it generally goes off with a little looseness. I have escaped it, I believe, by being here. God keep you from all distempers, and bless you?

LETTER CCCCXIV.

London, October 30, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now left Blackheath, till the next summer, if I live till then; and am just able to write, which is all I can say, for I am extremely weak, and have in a great measure lost the use of my legs; I hope they will recover both flesh and strength, for at present they have neither. I go to the Bath next week, in hopes of half repairs at most; for those waters, I am sure, will not prove Medea's kettle, nor *les eaux de Jouvence* to me; however, I shall do as good Courtiers do, and get what I can, if I cannot get what I will. I send you no politics, for here are neither politics nor Ministers; Lord Chatham is quiet at Pynsent, in Somersetshire, and his former subalterns do nothing, so that nothing is done. Whatever places or preferments are dis-

posed of, come evidently from Lord ———, who affects to be invisible; and who, like a woodcock, thinks that, if his head is but hid, he is not seen at all.

General Pulteney is at last dead, last week, worth above thirteen hundred thousand pounds. He has left all his landed estate, which is eight-and-twenty thousand pounds a-year, including the Bradford estate, which his brother had ——— from that ancient family, to a cousin german. He has left two hundred thousand pounds, in the funds, to Lord Darlington, who was his next nearest relation; and at least twenty thousand pounds in various legacies. If riches alone could make people happy, the last two proprietors of this immense wealth ought to have been so, but they never were.

God bless you, and send you good health, which is better than all the riches in the world?

LETTER CCCCXV.

London, November 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter brought me but a scurvy account of your health. For the head-achs you complain of, I will venture to prescribe a remedy, which, by experience, I found a specific, when I was extremely plagued with them. It is, either to chew ten grains of rhubarb every night going to bed; or, what I think rather better, to take, immediately before dinner, a couple of rhubarb pills, of five grains each; by which means it mixes with the aliments, and will, by degrees, keep your body gently open. I do it to this day, and find great good by it. As you seem to dread the approach of a German winter, I would advise you to write to General Conway, for leave of absence for the three rigorous winter months, which I dare say will not be refused. If you choose a worse climate, you may come to London; but if you choose a better and a warmer, you may go to Nice en Provence, where Sir William Stanhope is gone to

pass his winter, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad of your company there.

I go to the Bath next Saturday; *Utinam ne frustra.* God bless you!

LETTER CCCCXVI.

Bath, December 19, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 29th past, and am very glad to find that you are well enough to think, that you may perhaps stand the winter at Dresden; but if you do, pray take care to keep both your body and your limbs exceedingly warm.

As to my own health, it is, in general, as good as I could expect it, at my age; I have a good stomach, a good digestion, and sleep well; but find that I shall never recover the free use of my legs, which are now full as weak as when I first came hither.

You ask me questions, concerning Lord C——, which neither I, nor, I believe, any body but himself can answer; however, I will tell you all that I do know, and all that I guess concerning him. This time twelvemonth he was here, and in good health and spirits, except now and then some little twinges of the gout. We saw one another four or five times, at our respective houses; but for these last eight months, he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends, *les sous Ministres*: he would receive no letters, nor so much as open any packet about business.

His Physician, Dr.——, as I am told, had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it about his body; and it fell particularly upon his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vapourish; and would neither see nor speak to any body, while he was here. I sent him my compliments, and asked leave to wait upon him; but he sent me word, that he was

too ill to see any body whatsoever. I met him frequently taking the air in his post-chaise, and he looked very well. He set out from hence, for London, last Tuesday; but what to do, whether to resume, or finally to resign the Administration, God knows; conjectures are various. In one of our conversations here, this time twelvemonth, I desired him to secure you a seat in the new Parliament; he assured me he would; and, I am convinced, very sincerely: he said even that he would make it his own affair; and desired I would give myself no more trouble about it. Since that, I have heard no more of it; which made me look out for some venal borough: and I spoke to a borough-jobber, and offered five-and-twenty-hundred pounds for a secure seat in Parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and said, that there was no such thing as a borough to be had now, for the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds at least; but many at four thousand; and two or three, that he knew, at five thousand. This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal; and made me the more impatient to know whether Lord C—— had done any thing in it; which I shall know when I go to town, as I propose to do in about a fortnight; and as soon as I know it you shall. To tell you truly what I think—I doubt, from all these *nervous disorders*, that Lord C—— is *hors de combat*, as a Minister! but do not even hint this to any body. God bless you.

LETTER CCCCXVII.

Bath, December 27, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

En nova progenies!

THE outlines of a new Ministry are now declared: but they are not yet quite filled up; it was formed by the Duke of Bedford. Lord Gower is made President of the Council, Lord Sandwich Post-master, Lord Hillsborough Secretary of State,

for America only, Mr. Rigby Vice-treasurer of Ireland. General Conway is to keep the seals a fortnight longer, and then to surrender them to Lord Weymouth. It is very uncertain whether the Duke of Grafton is to continue at the head of the Treasury or not; but, in my private opinion, George Grenville will very soon be there. Lord Chatham seems to be out of the question, and is at his re-purchased house at Hayes, where he will not see a mortal. It is yet uncertain whether Lord Shelburne is to keep his place; if not, Lord Sandwich, they say, is to succeed him. All the Rockingham people are absolutely excluded. Many more changes must necessarily be; but no more are yet declared. It seems to be a resolution taken by somebody that Ministries are to be annual.

Sir George Macartney is next week to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's second daughter.

I never knew it so cold in my life as it is now, and with a very deep snow; by which if it continues, I may be snow bound here for God knows how long, though I proposed leaving this place the latter end of the week.

Poor Harte is very ill here; he mentions you often, and with great affection. God bless you!

When I know more you shall.

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

London, January 29, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO days ago I received your letter of the 8th. I wish you had gone a month or six weeks sooner to Basle, that you might have escaped the excessive cold, of the most severe winter that I believe was ever known. It congealed both my body and my mind, and scarcely left me the power of thinking. A great many here, both in town and country, have perished by the frost, and been lost in the snow.

You have heard, no doubt, of the changes at court, by which you have got a new Provincial, Lord Weymouth; who has certainly good parts, and, as I am informed, speaks very well in the House of Lords, but I believe he has no application. Lord Chatham is at his house at Hayes, but sees no mortal. Some say that he has a fit of the gout, which would probably do him good; but many think that his worst complaint is in his head, which I am afraid is too true. Were he well, I am very sure he would realize the promise he made me concerning you; but however, in that uncertainty, I am looking out for any chance borough; and if I can find one, I promise you I will bid like a chapman for it, as I should be very sorry that you were not in the next Parliament. I do not see any probability of any vacancy in a foreign commission in a better climate; Mr. Hamilton at Naples, Sir Horace Mann at Florence, and George Pitt at Turin, do not seem likely to make one. And as for changing your foreign department for a domestic one, it would not be in my power to procure you one; and you would become *d'évêque mûnier*, and gain nothing in point of climate, by changing a bad one for another full as bad, if not worse; and a worse I believe is not than ours. I have always had better health abroad than at home; and if the tattered remnant of my wretched life were worth my care, I would have been in the South of France long ago. I continue very lame and weak, and despair of ever recovering any strength in my legs. I care very little about it. At my age, every man must have his share of physical ills of one kind or another: and mine, thank God, are not very painful. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCXIX.

London, March 12, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day after I received your letter of the 21st past, I wrote to Lord Weymouth, as you desired; and I send you his answer inclosed, from which (though I have not heard from him since) I take it for granted, and so may you, that his silence signifies his Majesty's consent to your request. Your complicated complaints give me great uneasiness, and the more, as I am convinced that the Montpellier physicians have mistaken a material part of your case; as indeed all the physicians here did, except Dr. Maty. In my opinion, you have no gout, but a very scorbutic and rheumatic habit of body, which should be treated in a very different manner from the gout; and, as I pretend to be a very good quack, at least, I would prescribe to you a strict milk diet, with the seeds, such as rice, fago, barley, millet, &c. for the three summer months at least, and without ever tasting wine. If climate signifies any thing (in which, by the way, I have very little faith) you are, in my mind, in the finest climate in the world; neither too hot nor too cold, and always clear: you are with the gayest people living; be gay with them, and do not wear out your eyes with reading at home. *L'ennui* is the English distemper: and a very bad one it is, as I find by every day's experience; for my deafness deprives me of the only rational pleasure that I can have at my age, which is society; so that I read my eyes out every day, that I may not hang myself.

You will not be in this Parliament, at least not at the beginning of it. I relied too much upon Lord C——'s promise above a year ago at Bath. He desired that I would leave it to him; that he would make it his own affair, and give it in charge to the Duke of G——, whose province it was to make the parliamentary arrangement. This I depended upon, and I think with

reason; but, since that, Lord C—— has neither seen nor spoken to any body, and has been in the oddest way in the world. I sent to the D—— of G——, to know if L—— C—— had either spoken or sent to him about it; but he assured me that he had done neither: that all was full, or rather running over, at present; but that, if he could crowd you in upon a vacancy, he would do it with great pleasure. I am extremely sorry for this accident; for I am of a very different opinion from you, about being in Parliament, as no man can be of consequence in this country, who is not in it; and though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a second rank. *Locus est et pluribus umbris.* I do not pretend to give you any account of the present state of this country, or Ministry, not knowing nor guessing it myself.

God bless you, and send you health, which is the first and greatest of all blessings!

LETTER CCCCXX.

London, March 15, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter is supplemental to my last. This morning Lord Weymouth very civilly sent Mr. Wood, his first *commis*, to tell me, that the King very willingly gave you leave of absence from your post for a year, for the recovery of your health; but then added, that as the Court of Vienna was tampering with that of Saxony, which it seems our Court is desirous to *contreguarrer*, it might be necessary to have in the interim a *Chargé d'Affaires* at Dresden, with a defalcation out of your appointments of forty shillings a day, till your return, if I would agree to it. I told him that I consented to both the proposals, upon condition, that at your return you should have the character and the pay of Plenipotentiary added to your present character and pay; and that I would completely make up to you the defalcation of the forty shillings a day. He pos-

tively engaged for it; and added, that he knew that it would be willingly agreed to. Thus I think I have made a good bargain for you, though but an indifferent one for myself; but, that is what I never minded in my life. You may, therefore, depend upon receiving from me the full of this defalcation, when and how you please, independently of your usual annual refreshment, which I will pay to Monsieur l'Arpent, whenever you desire it. In the mean time, *Cura ut valeas*.

The person whom Mr. Wood intimated to me would be the *Chargé d'Affaires* during your absence, is one Mr. Keith, the son of that Mr. Keith who was formerly Minister in Russia.

L E T T E R CCCCXXI.

London, April 12, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 1st; in which you do not mention the state of your health, which I desire you will do for the future.

I believe you have guessed the true reason of Mr. Keith's mission; but by a whisper that I have since heard, Keith is rather inclined to go to Turin, as *Chargé d'Affaires*. I forgot to tell you, in my last, that I was most positively assured, that the instant you return to Dresden, Keith should decamp. I am persuaded they will keep their words with me, as there is no one reason in the world why they should not. I will send your annual to Mr. l'Arpent, in a fortnight, and pay the forty shillings a day quarterly, if there should be occasion; for, in my own private opinion, there will be no *Chargé d'Affaires* sent. I agree with you, that *point d'Argent point d'Allemand*, as was used to be said, and not without more reason, of the Swiss; but, as we have neither the inclination nor (I fear) the power to give subsidies, the Court of Vienna can give good things that cost them nothing, as Archbishoprics, Bishoprics, besides corrupting their Ministers and Favourites with places.

Elections, here, have been carried to a degree of phrenzy hitherto unheard of; that for the town of Northampton has cost the contending parties at least thirty thousand pounds a side, and ———— has sold his borough of ————, to two Members, for nine thousand pounds. As soon as Wilkes had lost his election for the City, he set up for the County of Middlesex, and carried it hollow, as the jockeys say. Here were great mobs and riots upon that occasion, and most of the windows in town broke, that had no lights *for Wilkes and Liberty*, who were thought to be inseparable. He will appear, the 20th of this month, in the Court of King's Bench, to receive his sentence; and then great riots are again expected, and probably will happen. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCXXII.

Bath, October 17, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR two last letters, to myself and Grevenkop, have alarmed me extremely; but I comfort myself a little, by hoping, that you, like all people who suffer, think yourself worse than you are. A dropfy never comes so suddenly; and I flatter myself, that it is only that gouty or rheumatic humour, which has plagued you so long, that has occasioned the temporary swelling of your legs. Above forty years ago, after a violent fever, my legs were swelled as much as you describe yours to be; I immediately thought that I had a dropfy; but the Faculty assured me, that my complaint was only the effect of my fever, and would soon be cured; and they said true. Pray let your amanuensis, whoever he may be, write an account regularly, once a week, either to Grevenkop or myself, for that is the same thing, of the state of your health.

I sent you, in four successive letters, as much of the Dutchess of Somerset's snuff as a letter could well convey to you. Have you received all or any of them? and have they done you any

good? Though, in your present condition, you cannot go into company, I hope you have some acquaintances that come and sit with you; for if originally it was not good for man to be alone, it is much worse for a sick man to be so; he thinks too much of his distemper, and magnifies it. Some men of learning amongst the Ecclesiastics, I dare say, would be glad to sit with you; and you could give them as good as they brought.

Poor Harte, who is here still, is in a most miserable condition; he has entirely lost the use of his left side, and can hardly speak intelligibly. I was with him yesterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmost concern when I shewed him your letter.

My own health is as it has been ever since I was here last year. I am neither well nor ill, but *unwell*. I have in a manner lost the use of my legs; for though I can make a shift to crawl upon even ground for a quarter of an hour, I cannot go up or down stairs, unless supported by a servant.

God bless, and grant you a speedy recovery!

Here end the letters to Mr. Stanhope, as he died the
16th of November following.

LETTER CCCCXXIII.

To Mrs. Stanhope, then at Paris.

London, March 16, 1769.

MADAM,

A TROUBLESOME and painful inflammation in my eyes obliges me to use another hand than my own to acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Avignon, of the 27th past.

I am extremely surpris'd that Mrs. du Bouchet should have any objection to the manner in which your late husband desired to be buried, and which you, very properly, complied with. All I desire, for my own burial, is not to be buried alive, but

how or where, I think must be entirely indifferent to every rational creature.

I have no commission to trouble you with, during your stay at Paris; from whence, I wish you and the boys a good journey home; where I shall be very glad to see you all; and assure you of my being, with great truth,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXIV.

To the same, at London.

MADAM,

THE last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, I was so taken up in playing with the boys, that I forgot their more important affairs. How soon would you have them placed at school? When I know your pleasure as to that, I will send to Monsieur Perny, to prepare every thing for their reception. In the mean time, I beg that you will equip them thoroughly with clothes, linen, &c. all good, but plain; and give me the account, which I will pay; for I do not intend, that, from this time forwards, the two boys should cost you one shilling.

I am with great truth, Madam,

Your faithful humble servant,

Wednesday.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXV.

MADAM,

AS some day must be fixed for sending the boys to school, do you approve of the 8th of next month? by which time the weather will probably be warm and settled, and you will be able to equip them completely.

I will, upon that day, send my coach to you, to carry you and

the boys to Loughborough-house, with all their immense baggage. I must recommend to you, when you leave them there, to suppress, as well as you can, the overflowings of maternal tenderness; which would grieve the poor boys the more, and give them a terror of their new establishment.

I am, with great truth, Madam,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Tuesday Morning.

LETTER CCCCXXVI.

Bath, October 11, 1769.

MADAM,

NBODY can be more willing or ready to obey orders than I am; but then I must like the orders and the orderer. Your orders and yourself come under this description; and therefore I must give you an account of my arrival and existence, such as it is, here. I got hither last Sunday, the day after I left London, less fatigued than I expected to have been; and now crawl about this place upon my three legs, but am kept in countenance by many of my fellow crawlers: the last part of the Sphynx's riddle approaches, and I shall soon end, as I began, upon all fours.

When you happen to see either Monsieur or Madame Perny, I beg you will give them this *melancholick* proof of my caducity, and tell them, that the last time I went to see the boys, I carried the Michaelmas quarterage in my pocket, and when I was there I totally forgot it; but assure them, that I have not the least intention to bilk them, and will pay them faithfully the two quarters together, at Christmas.

I hope our two boys are well; for then I am sure you are so.

I am, with great truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXVII.

Bath, October 28, 1769.

MADAM,

YOUR kind anxiety for my health and life, is more than, in my opinion, they are both worth: without the former, the latter is a burthen; and, indeed, I am very weary of it. I think I have got some benefit by drinking these waters, and by bathing, for my old, stiff, rheumatic limbs; for I believe I could now outcrawl a snail, or perhaps even a tortoise.

I hope the boys are well. Phil, I dare say, has been in some scrapes; but he will get triumphantly out of them, by dint of strength and resolution.

I am, with great truth and esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD,

LETTER CCCCXXVIII.

Bath, Nov. 5, 1769.

MADAM,

I REMEMBER very well the paragraph which you quote from a letter of mine to Mrs. du Bouchet, and I see no reason yet to retract that opinion, *in general*, which at least nineteen widows in twenty had authoris'd. I had not then the pleasure of your acquaintance: I had seen you but twice or thrice; and I had no reason to think that you would deviate, as you have done, from other widows, so much as to put perpetual shackles upon yourself, for the sake of your children: but (if I may use a vulgarism) one swallow makes no summer: five righteous were formerly necessary to save a city, and they could not be found; so, till I find four more such righteous

widows as yourself, I shall entertain my former notions of widowhood in general.

I can assure you that I drink here very soberly and cautiously, and at the same time keep so cool a diet, that I do not find the least symptom of heat, much less of inflammation. By the way, I never had that complaint, in consequence of having drank these waters; for I have had it but four times, and always in the middle of summer. Mr. Hawkins is timorous, even to *minutiæ*, and my sister delights in them.

Charles will be a scholar, if you please; but our little Philip, without being one, will be something or other as good, though I do not yet guess what. I am not of the opinion generally entertained in this country, that man lives by Greek and Latin alone; that is, by knowing a great many words of two dead languages, which nobody living knows perfectly, and which are of no use in the common intercourse of life. Useful knowledge, in my opinion, consists of modern languages, history, and geography; some Latin may be thrown into the bargain, in compliance with custom, and for closet amusement.

You are, by this time, certainly tired with this long letter, which I could prove to you from Horace's own words (for I am a *scholar*) to be a bad one; he says, that water-drinkers can write nothing good, so I am, with real truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXIX.

Bath, October 9, 1770.

MADAM,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the kind part which you take in my health and life: as to the latter, I am as indifferent myself, as any other body can be; but as to the former, I confess care and anxiety; for while I am to crawl upon this Plane, I would willingly enjoy the health at least of an insect.

How far these waters will restore me to that moderate degree of health, which alone I aspire at, I have not yet given them a fair trial, having drank them but one week; the only difference I hitherto find is, that I sleep better than I did.

I beg that you will neither give yourself, nor Mr. Fitzhugh, much trouble about the Pine plants; for as it is three years before they fruit, I might as well, at my age, plant Oaks, and hope to have the advantage of their timber: however, somebody or other, God knows who, will eat them, as somebody or other will fell and sell the Oaks I planted five-and-forty years ago.

I hope our boys are well; *my respects* to them both.

I am, with the greatest truth,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXX.

Bath, November 4, 1770.

MADAM,

THE post has been more favourable to you than I intended it should, for, upon my word, I answered your former letter the post after I had received it. However you have got a loss, as we say sometimes in Ireland.

My friends from time to time require bills of health from me in these suspicious times, when the Plague is busy in some parts of Europe. All I can say, in answer to their kind enquiries, is, that I have not the distemper properly called the plague; but that I have all the plagues of old age, and of a shattered carcase. These waters have done me what little good I expected from them; though by no means what I could have wished, for, I wished them to be *les eaux de Jouvence*.

I had a letter, the other day, from our two boys; Charles's was very finely written, and Philip's very prettily: they are perfectly

well, and say that they want nothing. What grown-up people will or can say as much?

I am, with the truest esteem,

Madam,

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXI.

Bath, October 27, 1771.

MADAM,

UPON my word, you interest yourself in the state of my existence more than I do myself; for it is worth the care of neither of us. I ordered my *valet de chambre*, according to your orders, to inform you of my safe arrival here; to which I can add nothing, being neither better nor worse than I was then.

I am very glad that our boys are well. Pray give them the inclosed.

I am not at all surpris'd at Mr. —'s conversion; for he was, at seventeen, the idol of old women, for his gravity, devotion, and dulness.

I am, Madam,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXII.

To Charles and Philip Stanhope.

Bath, October 27, 1771.

I RECEIVED, a few days ago, two the best written letters that ever I saw in my life; the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it; for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters: but

you idle rogue you, Phil, how came you to write so well, that one can almost say of you two, *et cantare pares et respondere parati*? Charles will explain this Latin to you.

I am told, Phil, that you have got a nick-name at school, from your intimacy with Master Strangeways; and that they call you Master *Strangerways*; for, to be sure, you are a strange boy. Is this true?

Tell me what you would have me bring you both from hence, and I will bring it you, when I come to town. In the mean time, God bless you both!

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END OF THE LETTERS.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CCCCXXXIII.

Some Account of the Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces.

THE Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces is thought by many to be Democratical; but it is merely Aristocratical*; the people not having the least share

* The Members of the Senate, or *Vrootfchaps*, were originally elected by the Burghers, in a general, and often a tumultuous assembly: but now, for near two hundred years, the *Vrcotfchaps* found means to persuade the people, that these elections were troublesome and dangerous; and kindly took upon themselves to elect their own Members, upon vacancies: and to keep their own body full, without troubling the people with an election: it was then that the Aristocracy was established.

in it, either themselves, or by representatives of their own choosing: they have nothing to do but to pay and grumble.

The Sovereign Power is commonly thought to be in the States General, *as they are called*, residing at the Hague. It is no such thing; they are only limited Deputies, obliged to consult their Constituents upon every point of any importance that occurs. It is very true, that the Sovereign Power is lodged in the States General; but who are those States General? Not those who are commonly called so; but the Senate, Council, or *Vrootfchaps*, call it what you will, of every town, in every Province that sends Deputies to the Provincial States of the said Province. These *Vrootfchaps* are in truth the States General; but were they to assemble, they would amount, for ought I know, to two or three thousand; it is, therefore, for conveniency and dispatch of business, that every Province sends Deputies to the Hague, who are constantly assembled there; who are commonly called the States-General, and, in whom, many people falsely imagine that the Sovereign Power is lodged. These Deputies are chosen by the *Vrootfchaps*; but their powers are extremely circumscribed, and they can consent to * nothing, without writing, or returning themselves, to their several constituent towns, for instructions in that particular case. They are authorised to concur in matters of order; that is, to continue things in the common, current, ordinary train; but for the least innovation, the least step out of the ordinary course, new instructions must be given, either to deliberate or to conclude.

* When the Deputies of the States signed the Triple Alliance with Sir William Temple, in two or three days time, and without consulting their Principals (however Sir William Temple values himself upon it) in reality, they only signed *Sub Spe Rati*. The act was not valid; and had it not been ratified by the several constituents of the several Provinces, it had been as *non avenu*. The Deputies who signed that treaty, *Sub Spe Rati*, knew well enough that, considering the nature of the treaty, and the then situation of affairs, they should not only be avowed, but approved of by their Masters, the States.

Many people are ignorant enough, to take the Province of Holland, singly, for the Republic of the Seven United Provinces; and when they mean to speak of the Republic, they say, * *Holland* will, or will not, do such a thing; but most people are ignorant enough to imagine, that the Province of Holland has a legal, a constitutional power over the other six; whereas, by the

* When the Province of Holland has once taken an important resolution of Peace, or War, or accession to any treaty, it is very probable that the other Provinces will come into that measure, but by no means certain: it is often a great while first; and when the little Provinces know that the Province of Holland has their concurrence much at heart, they will often annex conditions to it: as the little towns in Holland frequently do, when the great ones want their concurrence. As for instance, when I was soliciting the accession of the Republic to the treaty of Vienna in 1731; which the Pensionary Comte Sinzendorf, and I, had made secretly at the Hague; all the towns in Holland came pretty readily into it, except the little town of Briel; whose Deputies frankly declared, that they would not give their consent till *Major such-a-one*, a very honest gentleman of their town, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; and that, as soon as that was done, they would agree, for they approved of the treaty. This was accordingly done in two or three days, and then they agreed. This is a strong instance of the absurdity of the unanimity required, and of the use that is often made of it.

However, should one, or even two, of the lesser Provinces, who contribute little, and often pay less, to the public charge, obstinately and frivolously, or perhaps corruptly, persist in opposing a measure which Holland and the other more considerable Provinces thought necessary, and had agreed to, they would send a Deputation to those opposing Provinces, to reason with and persuade them to concur: but if this would not do, they would, as they have done in many instances, conclude without them. The same thing is done in the Provincial States of the respective Provinces; where, if one or two of the least considerable towns pertinaciously oppose a necessary measure, they conclude without them. But as this is absolutely unconstitutional, it is avoided as much as possible, and a complete unanimity procured, if it can be, by such little concessions as that which I have mentioned to the Briel Major.

Act of Union, the little Province of *Groningen* is as much Sovereign as the Province of Holland. The Seven Provinces are Seven distinct Sovereignties, confederated together in one Republic; no one having any superiority over, or dependence upon, any other: nay, in point of precedence, Holland is but the second, *Guedres* being the first. It is very natural to suppose, and it is very true in fact, that Holland, from its superiority of strength and riches, and paying 58 *per cent.* should have great weight and influence in the other six Provinces; but power it has none.

The unanimity, which is constitutionally requisite for every act of each town, and each Province separately, and then for every act of the Seven collectively, is something so absurd, and so impracticable in government, that one is astonished that even the form of it has been tolerated so long; for the substance is not strictly observed. And five Provinces will often conclude, though two dissent, provided that Holland and Zealand are two of the five—as fourteen or fifteen of the principal towns of Holland will conclude an affair, notwithstanding the opposition of four or five of the lesser. I cannot help conjecturing, that William, the first Prince of Orange, called the *Taciturne*, the ablest man, without dispute, of the age he lived in, not excepting even the Admiral Coligny *, and who had the modelling of the Republic as he pleased; I conjecture, I say, that the Prince of Orange would never have suffered such an absurdity to have crippled that government, which he was at the head of, if he had not thought it useful to himself and his family. He covered the greatest ambition with the greatest modesty, and declined the insignificant, outward signs, as much as he desired the solid sub-

* I am persuaded, that had the *Taciturne* been in the place of the Admiral Coligny, he would never have been prevailed upon to have come to Paris, and to have put himself into the power of these two monsters of perfidy and cruelty, Catharine of Medicis and Charles the Ninth. His prudent escape from Flanders is a proof of it; when he rather chose to be *Prince sans terre*, than *Prince sans tête*.

stance of power: Might he not therefore think, that this absurd, though requisite unanimity, made a Stadthouder absolutely necessary, to render the government practicable? In which case he was very sure the Stadthouder would always be taken out of his family; and he minded things, not names. The Pensionary * thinks this conjecture probable: and as we were talking the other day, confidentially, upon this subject, we both agreed that this monstrous and impracticable unanimity, required by the constitution, was alone sufficient to bring about a Stadthouder, in spite of all the measures of the Republican party to prevent it. He confessed to me, that upon his being made Pensionary, he entered into solemn engagements, not to contribute, directly or indirectly, to any change of the present form of government, and that he would scrupulously observe those engagements; but that he foresaw the defects in their form of government, and the abuses crept into every part of it, would infallibly produce, a † Stadthouder, tumultuously imposed upon the Republic, by an insurrection of the populace, as in the case of King William. I told him that in my opinion, if that were to happen a second time, the Stadthouder so made would be their King. ‡ He said he believed so too; and that he had urged all this to the most considerable Members of the Government, and the most jealous Republicans. That he had even

* Monsieur Slingelandt, the ablest Minister, and the honestest man I ever knew. I may justly call him my Friend, my Master, and my Guide. For I was then quite new in business; he instructed me, he loved, he trusted me.

† It has since appeared that he judged very rightly.

‡ And so he ought to me now, even for the sake and preservation of the Seven Provinces. The necessary principle of a Republic, *Virtue*, subsists no longer there. The great riches of private people (though the public is poor) have long ago extinguished that principle, and destroyed the equality necessary to a Commonwealth. A Commonwealth is unquestionably, upon paper, the most rational and equitable form of government; but it is as unquestionably impracticable, in all countries where

formed a plan which he had laid before them, as the only possible one to prevent this impending danger. That a Stadthouder was originally the chief spring upon which their government turned; and that, if they would have no Stadthouder, they must substitute a *succedaneum*. That one part of that *succedaneum* must be to abolish the unanimity required by the present form of government, and which only a Stadthouder could render practicable by his influence. That the abuses which were crept into the military part of the government must be corrected, or that they alone, if they were suffered to go on, would make a Stadthouder; in order that the army and navy, which the public paid for, might be of some use, which at present they were not. That he had laid these and many other considerations of the like nature before them, in the hopes of one of these two things; either to prevail with them to make a Stadthouder unnecessary, by a just reformation of the abuses of the government, and substituting a majority, or, at most, two thirds, to the absurd and impracticable unanimity now requisite: or, if they would not come into these preventive regulations, that they would treat amicably with the Prince of Orange, and give him the *Stadthouderat*, under strict limitations, and with effectual provisions for their liberty. But they would listen to neither of these expedients; the first affected the private interests of most of the considerable people of the Republic, whose power and

riches have introduced luxury, and a great inequality of conditions. It will only do in those countries that poverty keeps virtuous. In England, it would very soon grow a tyrannical Aristocracy; soon afterwards, an Oligarchy; and soon after that an absolute Monarchy: from the same cause that Denmark, in the last century, became so; the intolerable oppression of the bulk of the people, from those whom they looked upon as their equals. If the young Stadthouder has abilities, he will, when he grows up, get all the powers of a limited Monarchy, such as England, no matter under what name; and if he is really wise, he will desire no more: if the people are wise, they will give it him.

profit arose from those abuses; and the second was too contrary to the violent passions and prejudices of Messrs. d'Obdam, Bootflaer, Hallewyn, and other Heads of the High Republican party. Upon this, I said to the Pensionary, that he had fully proved to me, not only that there would, but that there ought to be a Stadthouder. He replied, "There will most certainly be one, and you are young enough to live to see it. I hope I shall be out of the way first; but if I am not out of the world at that time, I shall be out of my place, and pass the poor remainder of my life in quiet. I only pray, that our new Master, whenever we have him, may be gently given us. My friend the Greflier* thinks a Stadthouder absolutely necessary to save the Republic, and so do I, as much as he, if they will not accept of the other expedient: but we are in very different situations: he is under no engagement to the contrary, and I am." He then asked me in confidence, whether I had any instructions to promote the Prince of Orange's views and interest. I told him truly, I had not; but that, however, I would do it, as far as ever I could, quietly and privately. That he himself had convinced me, that it was for the interest of the Republic, which I honoured and wished well to; and also that it would be a much more efficient Ally to England, under that form of government. "I must own," replied he, "that at present we have neither strength, secrecy, nor dispatch." I said, that I knew that but too well, by my own experience; and I added (laughing) that I looked upon him as the Prince of Orange's greatest enemy; and upon that Prince's violent and impetuous enemies† to be

* The Greflier Fagel, who had been *Greffier*, that is Secretary of State, above fifty years. He had the deepest knowledge of business, and the soundest judgment, of any man I ever knew in my life: but he had not that quick, that intuitive sagacity, which the Pensionary Slingelandt had. He has often owned to me, that he thought things were gone too far, for any other remedy but a Stadthouder.

† These hot-headed Republicans pushed things with the unjustest acrimony against the Prince of Orange. They denied him

his best friends; for that, if his (the Pensionary's) plan were to take place, the Prince would have very little hopes. He interrupted me here, with saying, *Ne craignez rien, Milord, de ce coté là; mon plan blesse trop l'intérêt particulier, pour être reçu à présent que l'amour du public n'existe plus**. I thought this

his rank in the army; and they kept him out of the possession of the Marquisate of Tervere and Flessingen, which were his own patrimony; and by these means gave him the merit with the people of being unjustly oppressed.

Had he been an abler man himself, or better advised by others, he might have availed himself much more solidly than he did of the affection, or rather the fury, of the people in his favour, when they tumultuously made him Stadthouder; but he did not know the value and importance of those warm moments, in which he might have fixed and clinched his power. Dazzled with the show and trappings of power, he did not enough attend to the substance. He attempted a thing impossible, which was, to please every body: he heard every body, begun every thing, and finished nothing. When the people, in their fury, made him Stadthouder, they desired nothing better than totally to dissolve the Republican form of government. He should have let them. The tumultuous love of the populace must be seized and enjoyed in its first transports; there is no hoarding of it to use upon occasions; it will not keep. The most considerable people of the former government would gladly have compounded for their lives, and would have thought themselves very well off in the Castle of Louvestein; where one of the Prince of Orange's predecessors sent some of their ancestors in times much less favourable. An affected moderation made him lose that moment. The government is now in a disjointed, loose state. Her R. H. the Gouvernante has not power enough to do much good; and yet she has more power than authority. Peace and economy, both public and domestic, should, therefore, be the sole objects of her politics, during the minority of her son. The public is almost a bankrupt; and her son's private fortune extremely incumbered. She has sense and ambition; but it is still the sense and ambition of a woman; that is, *inconsequential*. What remains to be done requires a firm, manly, and vigorous mind.

* *Never fear, my Lord; a plan so prejudicial to private interest will not be adopted, where Patriotism no longer subsists.*

conversation too remarkable, not to write down the heads of it when I came home.

The Republic has hardly any navy at all; the single fund for the Marine being the small duties upon exports and imports; which duties are not half collected, by the connivance of the Magistrates themselves, who are interested in smuggling; so that the Republic has now no other title, but courtesy, to the name of a Maritime Power. Their trade decreases daily, and their national debt increases. I have good reason to believe, that it amounts to at least fifty millions sterling.

The decrease of their Herring-fishery, from what it appears by Monsieur de Wit's Memoirs of Holland, in his time, is incredible; and will be much greater, now we are, at last, wise enough to take our own Herrings upon our own coasts.

They do not, now, get by freight one quarter of what they used to get: they were the general sea-carriers of all Europe. The Act of Navigation passed in Cromwell's time, and afterwards confirmed in Charles the Second's, gave the first blow to that branch of their profit; and now we carry more than they do. Their only profitable remaining branches of commerce are, their trade to the East Indies, where they have engrossed the spices; and their illicit trade in America from Surinam, St. Eustatia, Curacoa, &c.

Their woollen and silk manufactures bear not the least comparison with ours, neither in quantity, quality, nor exportation.

Their *police* is still excellent, and is now the only remains of the prudence, vigilance, and good discipline, which formerly made them esteemed, respected, and courted.

CCCCXXXIV.
MAXIMS.

By the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.*

A PROPER secrecy is the only mystery of able men ; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told him.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool ; if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his interest to tell it. But women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these whenever you can help it.

Inattention to the present business, be it what it will ; the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once ; are the never-failing signs of a little, frivolous mind.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business. The weakest man in the world can avail himself of the passion of the wisest. The inattentive man cannot know the business, and consequently cannot do it. And he who cannot command his countenance may even as well tell his thoughts as shew them.

Distrust all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason. Be upon your guard too against those who confess, as their weaknesses, all the Cardinal virtues.

In your friendships, and in your enmities, let your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds : make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcilable. There are strange vicissitudes in business !

* These Maxims are referred to in Letter CCXCVIII. p. 12, of this Volume.

Smooth your way to the head, through the heart. The way of reason is a good one; but it is commonly something longer, and perhaps not so sure.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word; to act with Spirit, to speak with Spirit, means only to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shews his Spirit by gentle words and resolute actions: he is neither hot nor timid.

When a man of sense happens to be in that disagreeable situation, in which he is obliged to ask himself more than once, *What shall I do?* he will answer himself, Nothing. When his reason points out to him no good way, or at least no one way less bad than another, he will stop short, and wait for light. A little busy mind runs on at all events, must be doing; and, like a blind horse, fears no dangers, because he sees none. *Il faut sçavoir s'ennuier.*

Patience is a most necessary qualification for business; many a man would rather you heard his story, than granted his request. One must seem to hear the unreasonable demands of the petulant, unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull, untired. That is the least price that a man must pay for a high station.

It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expose either. A man of business should always have his eyes open; but must often seem to have them shut.

In Courts, nobody should be below your management and attention; the links that form the Court-chain are innumerable and inconceivable. You must hear with patience the dull grievances of a Gentleman Usher, or Page of the Back-stairs; who, very probably, lies with some near relation of the favourite Maid, of the favourite Mistress, of the favourite Minister, or perhaps of the King himself; and who, consequently, may do you more dark and indirect good, or harm, than the first man of quality.

One good patron at Court may be sufficient, provided you have no personal enemies; and, in order to have none, you must fa-

crifice (as the Indians do to the Devil) most of your passions, and much of your time, to the numberless evil beings that infest it; in order to prevent and avert the mischiefs they can do you.

A young man, be his merit what it will, can never raise himself; but must, like the ivy round the oak, twine himself round some man of great power and interest. You must belong to a Minister some time, before any body will belong to you. And an inviolable fidelity to that Minister, even in his disgrace, will be meritorious, and recommend you to the next. Ministers love a personal, much more than a party attachment.

As Kings are begotten and born like other men, it is to be presumed that they are of the human species; and perhaps, had they the same education, they might prove like other men. But, flattered from their cradles, their hearts are corrupted, and their heads are turned, so that they seem to be a species by themselves. No King ever said to himself, *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*.

Flattery cannot be too strong for them; drunk with it from their infancy, like old drinkers, they require drams.

They prefer a personal attachment to a public service, and reward it better. They are vain and weak enough to look upon it as a free-will offering to their merit, and not as a burnt-sacrifice to their power.

If you would be a favourite of your King, address yourself to his weaknesses. An application to his reason will seldom prove very successful.

In Courts, bashfulness and timidity are as prejudicial on one hand, as impudence and rashness are on the other. A steady assurance, and a cool intrepidity, with an exterior modesty, are the true and necessary medium.

Never apply for what you see very little probability of obtaining; for you will, by asking improper and unattainable things, accustom the ministers to refuse you so often, that they will find it easy to refuse you the properest, and most reasonable ones. It is a common, but a most mistaken rule at Court, to ask

for every thing, in order to get something; you do get something by it, it is true; but that something is refusals and ridicule.

There is a Court jargon, a chit-chat, a small talk, which turns singly upon trifles; and which, in a great many words, says little or nothing. It stands fools instead of what they cannot say, and men of sense instead of what they should not say. It is the proper language of Levees, Drawing-rooms, and Antichambers: it is necessary to know it.

Whatever a man is at Court, he must be genteel and well-bred; that cloak covers as many follies, as that of charity does sins. I knew a man of great quality, and in a great station at Court, considered and respected, whose highest character was, that he was humbly proud, and genteelly dull.

It is hard to say which is the greatest fool; he who tells the whole truth, or he who tells no truth at all. Character is as necessary in business as in trade. No man can deceive often in either.

At Court, people embrace without acquaintance, serve one another without friendship, and injure one another without hatred. Interest, not sentiment, is the growth of that soil.

A difference in opinion, though in the merest trifles, alienates little minds, especially of high rank. It is full as easy to commend as to blame a great man's cook, or his taylor: it is shorter too; and the objects are no more worth disputing about, than the people are worth disputing with. It is impossible to inform, but very easy to displease them.

A cheerful, easy countenance and behaviour, are very useful at Court: they make fools think you a good-natured man; and they make designing men think you an undefining one.

There are some occasions in which a man must tell half his secret, in order to conceal the rest: but there is seldom one in which a man should tell it all. Great skill is necessary to know how far to go, and where to stop.

Ceremony is necessary in Courts, as the outwork and defence of manners.

Flattery, though a base coin, is the necessary pocket-money at Court; where, by custom and consent, it has obtained such a currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent but a legal payment.

If a Minister refuses you a reasonable request, and either flights or injures you; if you have not the power to gratify your resentment, have the wisdom to conceal and dissemble it. Seeming good-humour on your part may prevent rancour on his, and perhaps bring things right again: but if you have the power to hurt, hint modestly, that if provoked, you may possibly have the will too. Fear, when real and well-founded, is perhaps a more prevailing motive at Courts than love.

At Court, many more people can hurt, than can help you: please the former, but engage the latter.

Awkwardness is a more real disadvantage than it is generally thought to be; it often occasions ridicule, it always lessens dignity.

A man's own good-breeding is his best security against other people's ill-manners.

Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity, that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorises the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole.

When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage, in King William's time; to prevent the like for the future, they stamped on the edges of the crown pieces these words, *Et Decus et Tutamen*. That is exactly the case of good-breeding.

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh.

Most arts require long study and application: but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

It is to be presumed, that a man of common sense, who does not desire to please, desires nothing at all; since he must know that he cannot obtain any thing without it.

A skilful negotiator will most carefully distinguish between the little and the great objects of his business, and will be as frank and open in the former, as he will be secret and pertinacious in the latter.

He will, by his manners and address, endeavour, at least, to make his public adversaries his personal friends. He will flatter and engage the man, while he counterworks the Minister; and he will never alienate people's minds from him, by wrangling for points, either absolutely unattainable, or not worth attaining. He will make even a merit of giving up, what he could not or would not carry, and sell a trifle for a thousand times its value.

A foreign Minister, who is concerned in great affairs, must necessarily have spies in his pay: but he must not too easily credit their informations, which are never exactly true, often very false. His best spies will always be those whom he does not pay, but whom he has engaged in his service by his dexterity and address, and who think themselves nothing less than spies.

There is a certain jargon, which, in French, I should call *un Persiflage d'Affaires*, that a foreign Minister ought to be perfectly master of, and may use very advantageously at great entertainments, in mixed companies, and in all occasions where he must speak, and should say nothing. Well turned and well spoken, it seems to mean something, though in truth it means nothing. It is a kind of political *badinage*, which prevents or removes a thousand difficulties, to which a foreign Minister is exposed in mixed conversations.

If ever the *Volto sciolto* and the *Pensieri stretti* are necessary, they are so in these affairs. A grave, dark, reserved, and mysterious air, has *faciem in cornu*. An even, easy, unembarrassed one invites confidence, and leaves no room for guesses and conjectures.

Both simulation and dissimulation are absolutely necessary for a foreign Minister; and yet they must stop short of falsehood and perfidy: that middle point is the difficult one: there ability consists. He must often seem pleased, when he is vexed; and

grave, when he is pleased; but he must never say either: that would be falsehood, an indelible stain to character.

A foreign Minister should be a most exact œconomist; an expence proportioned to his appointments and fortune is necessary: but, on the other hand, debt is inevitable ruin to him; it sinks him into disgrace at the Court where he resides, and into the most servile and abject dependence on the Court that sent him. As he cannot resent ill usage, he is sure to have enough of it.

The Duc de Sully observes very justly, in his Memoirs, that nothing contributed more to his rise, than that prudent œconomy which he had observed from his youth; and by which he had always a sum of money before hand, in case of emergencies.

It is very difficult to fix the particular point of œconomy; the best error of the two is on the parsimonious side. That may be corrected, the other cannot.

The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expence, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all. A man, for instance, who should give a servant four shillings, would pass for covetous, while he who gave him a crown would be reckoned generous: so that the difference of those two opposite characters turns upon one shilling. A man's character, in that particular, depends a great deal upon the report of his own servants; a mere trifle above common wages makes their report favourable.

Take care always to form your establishment so much within your income, as to leave a sufficient fund for unexpected contingencies, and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year, in any man's life, in which a small sum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage*.

* Upon the back of the original is written, in Mr. Stanhope's hand, "Excellent Maxims, but more calculated for the meridian of France or Spain, than of England."

CCCCXXXV.

POLITICAL MAXIMS of the Cardinal DE RETZ, in his *Memoirs*; and the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD's *Remarks*.

1. Il y a souvent de la folie à conjurer; mais il n'y a rien de pareil pour faire les gens sages dans la suite, au moins pour quelque tems. Comme le péril dans ces sortes d'affaires dure même après les occasions, l'on est prudent et circonspect dans les momens qui les suivent.

2. Un esprit médiocre, et susceptible par conséquent d'injustes défiances, est de tous les caracteres celui qui est le plus opposé à un bon chef de Parti; dont la qualité la plus souvent et la plus indispensablement nécessaire, est de supprimer en beaucoup d'occasions, et de cacher en toutes, les soupçons même les plus légitimes.

3. Rien n'anime et n'appuie plus un mouvement, que le ridicule de celui contra lequel on le fait.

4. Le secret n'est pas si rare qu'on le croit, entre des gens qui sont accoutumés à se mêler des grandes affaires.

5. Descendre jusqu'aux petits, est le plus sur moyen de s'égaliser aux grands.

6. La mode, qui a du pouvoir en toutes choses, ne l'a si sensiblement en aucune, qu'à être bien ou mal à la Cour: il y a des tems où la disgrâce est une maniere de feu qui purifie toutes les mauvaises qualités, et qui illumine toutes les bonnes; il y a des tems où il ne sied pas bien à une honnête homme d'être disgracié.

7. La souffrance, aux personnes d'un grand rang, tient lieu d'une grande vertu.

8. Il a une espèce de galimatias, que la pratique fait connoître quelquefois; mais que la spéculation ne fait jamais entendre.

9. Toutes les Puissances ne peuvent rien contre la réputation d'un homme qui se la conserve dans son Corps.

10. On est aussi souvent dupe par la défiance que par la confiance.

11. L'extrémité du mal n'est jamais à son période, que quand ceux qui commandent ont perdu la honte ; parce que c'est justement le moment dans lequel ceux que obéissent perdent le respect ; et c'est dans ce même moment que l'on revient de la léthargie : mais par des convulsions.

12. Il y a un voile qui doit toujours couvrir tout ce que l'on peut dire, et tout ce que l'on peut croire du Droit des l'Peuples, et de celui des Rois, qui ne s'accordent jamais si bien ensemble que dans le silence.

13. Il y a des conjonctures dans lesquelles on ne peut plus faire que des fautes ; mais la fortune ne met jamais les hommes dans cet état, qui est de tous le plus malheureux, et personne n'y tombe que ceux qui s'y précipitent par leur faute.

14. Il sied plus mal à un Ministre de dire des sottises, que d'en faire.

15. Les avis que l'on donne à un Ministre passent pour des crimes, toutes les fois qu'on ne lui est point agréable.

16. Aupres des Princes, il est aussi dangereux, et presq' aussi criminel, de pouvoir le bien, que de vouloir le mal.

17. Il est bien plus naturel à la peur de consulter que de décider.

18. Cette circonstance paroît ridicule ; mais elle est fondée. A Paris, dans les émotions populaires, les plus échauffés ne veulent pas, ce qu'ils appellent, *ses desheurer*.

19. La flexibilité est de toutes les qualités la plus nécessaire pour le maniement des grandes affaires.

20. On a plus de peine dans les Partis, de vivre avec ceux qui en sont, que d'agir contre ceux qui y sont opposés.

21. Les plus grands dangers ont leurs charmes, pour peu que l'on apperçoive de gloire dans la perspective des mauvais succès. Les médiocres dangers n'ont que des horreurs, quand la perte de la réputation est attachée à la mauvaise fortune.

22. Les extrêmes sont toujours fâcheux. Mais ce sont des moyens sages quand ils sont nécessaires : ce qu'ils ont de conso-

lant c'est qu'ils ne sont jamais médiocres, et qu'ils sont décisifs quand ils sont bons.

23. Il y a des conjonctures où la prudence même ordonne de ne consulter que le chapitre des accidens.

24. Il n'y a rien dans le monde qui n'ait son moment décisif ; et le chef d'œuvre de la bonne conduite, est de connoître et de prendre ce moment.

25. L'abomination joint au ridicule fait les plus dangereux et le plus irrémédiable de tous les composés.

26. Les gens foibles ne plient jamais quand ils le doivent.

27. Rien ne touche et n'émeut tant les peuples et même les Compagnies, qui tiennent beaucoup du peuple, que la variété des spectacles.

28. Les exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les hommes, que ceux de leur siècle : nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voyons ; et peut être que le Consulat du Cheval de Caligula ne nous auroit pas tant surpris que nous nous l'imaginons.

29. Les hommes foibles se laissent aller ordinairement au plus grand bruit.

30. Il ne faut jamais contester ce qu'on ne croit pas pouvoir obtenir.

31. Le moment où l'on reçoit les plus heureuses nouvelles, est justement celui où il faut redoubler son attention pour les petites.

32. Le pouvoir dans les peuples est fâcheux, en ce qu'il nous rend responsables de ce qu'ils font malgré nous.

33. L'une des plus grands inconvénients des guerres civiles, est, qu'il faut encore plus d'application à ce que l'on ne doit pas dire à ses amis, qu'à ce que l'on doit faire contre ses ennemis.

34. Il n'y a point de qualité qui dépare tant un grand homme, que de n'être pas juste à prendre le moment décisif de la réputation. L'on ne le manque presque jamais que pour mieux prendre celui de la fortune ; c'est en quoi l'on se trompe, pour l'ordinaire, doublement.

35. La vue la plus commune dans les imprudences, c'est celle que l'on a de la possibilité des ressources.

36. Toute Compagnie est peuple ; ainsi tout y dépend des instans.

37. Tout ce qui paroît hazardeux, et qui pourtant ne l'est pas presque toujours sage.

38. Les gens irresolus prennent toujours, avec facilité, les ouvertures qui les mènent à deux chemins, et qui par conséquent ne les pressent pas d'opter.

39. Il n'y a point de petits pas dans les grandes affaires.

40. Il y a des tems où certaines gens ont toujours raison.

41. Rien ne persuade tant les gens qui ont peu de sens que ce qu'ils n'entendent pas.

42. Il n'est pas sage de faire dans les factions, où l'on n'est que sur la défensive, ce qui n'est pas pressé. Mais l'inquiétude des subalternes, est la chose la plus incommode dans ces rencontres ; ils croient que, dès qu'on n'agit pas, on est perdu.

43. Les chefs dans les factions n'en sont les maîtres, qu'autant qu'ils savent prévenir ou appaiser les murmures.

44. Quand la fraïeur est venue à un certain point, elle produit les mêmes effets que le témérité.

45. Il est aussi nécessaire de choisir les mots dans les grandes affaires, qu'il est superflu de les choisir dans les petites.

46. Rien n'est plus rare ni plus difficile aux Ministres qu'un certain ménagement dans le calme qui suit immédiatement les grandes tempêtes, parce que la flatterie y redouble, et que la défiance n'y est pas éteinte.

47. Il ne faut pas nous choquer si fort des fautes de ceux qui sont nos amis, que nous en donnions de l'avantage à ceux contre lesquels nous agissons.

48. Le talent d'insinuer est plus utile que celui de persuader, parce que l'on peut insinuer à tout le monde, et que l'on ne persuade presque jamais personne.

49. Dans les matières qui ne sont pas favorables par elles-

mêmes, tout changement qui n'est pas nécessaire est pernicieux parce qu'il est odieux.

50. Il faut faire voir à ceux qui sont naturellement foibles toutes fortes d'abîmes : parce que c'est le vrai moien de les obliger de se jeter dans le premier chemin qu'on leur ouvre.

51. L'on doit hazarder le possible toutes les fois que l'on se sent en état de profiter même du manquement de succès.

52. Les hommes irrésolus se déterminent difficilement pour les moïens, quoique même ils soient déterminés pour la fin.

53. C'est presque jeu sur, avec les hommes fourbes, de leur faire croire que l'on veut tromper ceux que l'on veut servir.

54. L'un des plus grands embarras que l'on ait avec les Princes, c'est que l'on est souvent obligé, par la considération de leur propre service, de leur donner des conseils dont on ne peut pas leur dire les véritables raisons.

55. Quand on se trouve obligé de faire un discours que l'on prévoit ne devoir pas agréer l'on ne peut lui donner trop d'apparence de sincérité : parce que c'est l'unique moien de l'adoucir.

56. On ne doit jamais se jouer avec la faveur : on ne la peut trop embrasser quand elle est véritable ; on ne la peut trop éloigner quand elle est fausse.

57. Il y a de l'inconvenient à s'engager sur des suppositions de ce que l'on croit impossible ; et pourtant il n'y a rien de si commun.

58. La plûpart des hommes examinent moins les raisons de ce qu'on leur propose contre leur sentiment, que celles qui peuvent obliger celui qui les propose de s'en servir.

59. Tout ce qui est vuide, dans les tems de faction et d'intrigue, passe pour mystérieux dans les esprits de ceux qui ne sont pas accoutumés aux grandes affaires.

60. Il n'est jamais permis à un inférieur de s'égalér en paroles à celui à qui il doit du respect, quoi qu'il s'y égale dans l'action.

61. Tout homme que la fortune seule, par quelque accident,

a fait homme public, devient presque toujours avec un peu de tems un particulier ridicule.

62. La plus grande imperfection des hommes est, la complaisance qu'ils trouvent à se persuader que les autres ne sont point exempts des défauts qu'ils, se reconnoissent à eux mêmes.

63. Il n'y a que l'expérience qui puisse apprendre aux hommes à ne pas préférer ce qui les pique dans le present, à ce qui les doit toucher bien plus essentiellement dans l'avenir.

64. Il faut s'appliquer, avec soin, dans les grandes affaires encore plus que dans les autres, à se défendre du goût qu'on trouve pour la plaisanterie.

65. On ne peut assez prefer les moindres mots, dans les grandes affaires.

66. Il n'y a que la continuation du bonheur qui fixe la plupart des amitiés.

67. Quiconque assemble le peuple, l'émeut.

TRANSLATION

Of Cardinal DE RETZ's Political Maxims.

1. **I**T is often madness to engage in a conspiracy; but nothing is so effectual to bring people afterwards to their senses, at least for a time. As in such undertakings, the danger subsists, even after the business is over; this obliges to be prudent and circumspect in the succeeding moments.

2. A middling understanding, being susceptible of unjust suspicions, is consequently, of all characters, the least fit to head a faction;—as the most indispensable qualification in such a Chief is, to suppress, in many occasions, and to conceal in all, even the best-grounded suspicions.

3. Nothing animates and gives strength to a commotion, so much as the ridicule of him against whom it is raised.

4. Among people used to affairs of moment, secrecy is much less uncommon than is generally believed.

5. Descending to the Little, is the surest way of attaining to an equality with the Great.

6. Fashion, though powerful in all things, is not more so in any, than in being well or ill at Court. There are times, when disgrace is a kind of fire, that purifies all bad qualities, and illuminates every good one. There are others, in which the being out of favour is unbecoming a man of character.

7. Sufferings, in people of the first rank, supply the want of virtue.

8. There is a confused kind of jumble, which practice sometimes teaches; but is never to be understood by speculation.

9. The greatest powers cannot injure a man's character, whose reputation is unblemished among his party.

10. We are as often duped by diffidence as by confidence.

11. The greatest evils are not arrived at their utmost period, until those who are in power have lost all sense of shame. At such a time, those who should obey shake off all respect and subordination. Then is lethargic indolence roused; but roused by convulsions.

12. A veil ought always to be drawn over whatever may be said or thought concerning the rights of the People, or of Kings; which agree best when least mentioned*.

13. There are, at times, situations so very unfortunate, that whatever is undertaken must be wrong. Chance alone never throws people into such dilemmas; and they happen only to those who bring them upon themselves.

14. It is more unbecoming a Minister to say, than to do silly things.

15. The advice given to a Minister, by an obnoxious person, is always thought bad.

16. It is as dangerous, and almost as criminal, with Princes, to have the power of doing good, as the will of doing evil.

* This Maxim, as well as several others, evidently prove they were written by a man subject to despotic government.

17. Timorous minds are much more inclined to deliberate than to resolve.

18. It appears ridiculous to assert, but it is not the less true, that at Paris, during popular commotions, the most violent will not quit their homes past a stated hour.

19. Flexibility is the most requisite qualification for the management of great affairs.

20. It is more difficult for the member of a faction to live with those of his own party, than to act against those who oppose it.

21. The greatest dangers have their allurements, if the want of success is likely to be attended with a degree of glory. Middling dangers are horrid, when the loss of reputation is the inevitable consequence of ill success.

22. Violent measures are always dangerous, but when necessary, may then be looked upon as wise. They have, however, the advantage of never being matter of indifference; and, when well concerted, must be decisive.

23. There may be circumstances in which even prudence directs us to trust entirely to chance.

24. Every thing in this world has its critical moment; and the height of good conduct consists in knowing, and seizing it.

25. Profligacy, joined to ridicule, form the most abominable, and most dangerous of all characters.

26. Weak minds never yield when they ought.

27. Variety of sights have the greatest effect upon the mob, and also upon numerous assemblies, who, in many respects, resemble mob.

28. Examples taken from past times have infinitely more power over the minds of men, than any of the age in which they live. Whatever we see grows familiar; and perhaps the Consulship of Caligula's Horse might not have astonished us so much as we are apt to imagine.

29. Weak minds are commonly overpowered by clamour.

30. We ought never to contend for what we are not likely to obtain.

31. The instant in which we receive the most favourable accounts is just that wherein we ought to redouble our vigilance, even in regard to the most trifling circumstances.

32. It is dangerous to have a known influence over the people; as thereby we become responsible even for what is done against our will.

33. One of the greatest difficulties in civil war is, that more art is required to know what should be concealed from our friends, than what ought to be done against our enemies.

34. Nothing lowers a great man so much, as not seizing the decisive moment of raising his reputation. This is seldom neglected, but with a view to fortune: by which mistake, it is not unusual to miss both.

35. The possibility of remedying imprudent actions is commonly an inducement to commit them.

36. Every numerous assembly is mob; consequently every thing there depends upon instantaneous turns.

37. Whatever measure seems hazardous, and is in reality not so, is generally a wise one.

38. Irresolute minds always adopt with facility whatever measures can admit of different issues, and consequently do not require an absolute decision.

39. In momentous affairs, no step is indifferent.

40. There are times in which certain people are always in the right.

41. Nothing convinces persons of a weak understanding so effectually, as what they do not comprehend.

42. When Factions are only upon the defensive, they ought never to do that which may be delayed. Upon such occasions, nothing is so troublesome as the restlessness of subalterns, who think a state of inaction total destruction.

43. Those who head factions have no way of maintaining their authority, but by preventing or quieting discontent.

44. A certain degree of fear produces the same effect as rashness.

45. In affairs of importance, the choice of words is of as much consequence, as it would be superfluous in those of little moment.

46. During those calms which immediately succeed violent storms, nothing is more difficult for Ministers, than to act properly; because, while flattery increases, suspicions are not yet subsided.

47. The faults of our friends ought never to anger us so far, as to give an advantage to our enemies.

48. The talent of insinuation is more useful than that of persuasion; as every body is open to insinuation, but scarce any to persuasion.

49. In matters of a delicate nature, all unnecessary alterations are dangerous, because odious.

50. The best way to compel weak-minded people to adopt our opinion, is to frighten them from all others, by magnifying their danger.

51. We must run all hazards, where we think ourselves in a situation to reap some advantage, even from the want of success.

52. Irresolute men are diffident in resolving upon the Means, even when they are determined upon the End.

53. It is almost a sure game, with crafty men, to make them believe we intend to deceive those whom we mean to serve.

54. One of the greatest difficulties with Princes, is the being often obliged, in order to serve them, to give advice the true reasons of which we dare not mention.

55. The saying things which we foresee will not be pleasing can only be softened by the greatest appearance of sincerity.

56. We ought never to trifle with favour. If real, we should hastily seize the advantage; if pretended, avoid the allurements.

57. It is very inconsequent to enter into engagements upon suppositions we think impossible, and yet it is very usual.

58. The generality of mankind pay less attention to arguments urged against their opinion, than to such as may engage the disputant to adopt their own.

59. In times of faction and intrigue, whatever appears incert is reckoned mysterious by those who are not accustomed to affairs of moment.

60. It is never allowable, in an inferior, to equal himself in words to a superior, although he may rival him in actions.

61. Every man whom chance alone has, by some accident, made a public character, hardly ever fails of becoming, in a short time, a ridiculous private one.

62. The greatest imperfection of men is, the complacency with which they are willing to think others not free from faults of which they are themselves conscious.

63. Experience only can teach men not to prefer what strikes them for the present moment, to what will have much greater weight with them hereafter.

64. In the management of important business, all turn to railery must be more carefully avoided than in any other.

65. In momentous transactions, words cannot be sufficiently weighed.

66. The permanency of most friendships depends upon the continuity of good fortune.

67. Whoever assembles the multitude, will raise commotions.

CCCCXXXVI.

Lord CHESTERFIELD's Remarks upon the foregoing
MAXIMS.

I HAVE taken the trouble of extracting and collecting, for your use, the foregoing Political Maxims of the Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs. They are not aphorisms of his invention, but the true and just observations of his own experience, in the course of great business. My own experience attests the truth of them all. Read them over with attention, as here above, and then read with the same attention, and *toute de suite*, the Memoirs; where you will find the facts and characters from whence those observations are drawn, or to which they are applied; and they will reciprocally help to fix each other in your mind. I hardly know any book so necessary for a young man to read and remember. You will there find how great business is really carried on; very differently from what people, who have never been concerned in it, imagine. You will there see what Courts and Courtiers really are, and observe that they are neither so good as they should be, nor so bad as they are thought by most people. The Court Poet, and the fullen, cloistered Pedant, are equally mistaken in their notions, or at least in the accounts they give us of them. You will observe the coolness in general, the perfidy in some cases, and the truth in a very few, of Court friendships. This will teach you the prudence of a general distrust; and the imprudence of making no exception to that rule, upon good and tried grounds.

You will see the utility of good-breeding towards one's greatest enemies; and the high imprudence and folly of either insulting or injurious expressions. You will find, in the Cardinal's own character, a strange, but by no means an uncommon

mixture, of high and low, good and bad, parts and indiscretion. In the character of Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans, you may observe the model of weakness, irresolution, and fear, though with very good parts. In short, you will, in every page of that book, see that strange, inconsistent creature, Man, just as he is. If you would know that period of history (and it is well worth knowing) correctly, after you have read the Cardinal's Memoirs, you should read those of Joly, and of Madame de Motteville; both which throw great light upon the first. By all those accounts put together, it appears, that Anne of Austria (with great submission to a Crowned Head do I say it) was a B——. She had spirit and courage without parts, devotion without common morality, and lewdness without tenderness, either to justify or to dignify it. Her two sons were no more Lewis the Thirteenth's than they were mine; and if Buckingham had staid a little longer, she would probably have had another by him.

Cardinal Mazarin was a great knave, but no great man; much more cunning than able; scandalously false, and dirtily greedy. As for his enemy, Cardinal de Retz, I can truly call him a man of great parts, but I cannot call him a great man. He never was so much so as in his retirement. The ladies had then a great, and have always had some share in State affairs in France: the spring and the streams of their politics have always been, and always will be, the interest of their present Lover, or their resentment against a discarded and perfidious one. Money is their great object; of which they are extremely greedy, if it coincides with their arrangement with the Lover for the time being: but true glory, and public good, never enter into their heads. They are always governed by the man they love, and they always govern the man who loves them. He or she, who loves the most, is always governed by him or her who loves the least. Madame de Montbazon governed Monsieur de Beaufort, who was fond of her; whereas she was only proud of his rank and popularity. The *Drudi* for the time being, always govern-

ed Madame and Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, and steered their politics. Madame de Longueville governed her brother the Prince de Conti who was in love with her; but Marillac, with whom she was in love, governed her. In all female politics, the head is certainly not the part that takes the lead; the true and secret spring lies lower and deeper. La Palantine whom the Cardinal celebrates as the ablest and most sensible woman he ever met with, and who seems to have acted more systematically and consequentially than any of them, starts aside however, and deviates from her plan, whenever the interests or the inclinations of La Vieuville, her Lover, require it. I will add (though with great submission to a late friend of yours at Paris) that no woman ever yet either reasoned or acted long together consequentially; but some little thing, some love, some resentment, some present momentary interest, some supposed flight, or some humour, always breaks in upon and oversets their most prudent resolutions and schemes.

CCCCXXVII.

CONSIDERATIONS *upon the Repeal of the Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement.*

THE particular Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement, and now to be repealed, was marked out as peculiarly sacred by the first Parliament, and that no uncomplaisant one, of the late King, by enacting, that that Limitation should be inserted in all future acts of Naturalization; and it was so, even in the act for naturalizing the Prince of Orange, the King's son-in-law.

But, it seems, Messieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and others, are now to receive a mark of distinction which the King's son-in-law could not then obtain: But, can the same indulgence, hereafter, ever be refused to foreign Protestant Princes, of the highest birth, and greatest merit, and, many of them, nearly related to his Majesty and the Royal Family; who may, very probably, prefer the British service to any other?

The poor military arguments, urged in justification of the Repeal of this most sacred Law, are too trifling to be the true ones, and too wretched to be seriously answered, unless by the unfortunate British Officers; who are hereby, in a manner, declared and enacted to be incapable of doing the duty of Captains, Majors, &c.

Some other reason, therefore, must be sought for; and, perhaps, it is but too easily found.

May it not be *periculum faciamus in anima vili*? If this goes down, it shall be followed; some foreign Prince, of allowed merit, shall make the first application to the Crown, and to the Parliament, for the same favour which was shewn to Messieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and Company. Can either of them, in common decency, refuse it? Besides that, perhaps a time may come,

when Generals, and superior Officers, may be as much wanted in England, as great Captains and Majors are now wanted in America.

Great evils have always such trifling beginnings, to smoothe the way for them insensibly; as Cardinal de Retz most justly observes, when he says, that he is persuaded, that the Romans were carried on by such shades and gradations of mischief and extravagancy, as not to have been much surpris'd or alarmed, when Caligula declared his intention of making his horse Consul. So that, by the natural progression of precedents, the next generation may probably see, and even without surprize or abhorrence, Foreigners commanding your troops, and voting the supplies for them in both Houses of Parliament.

As to the pretended utility of those Foreign Heroes, it is impossible to answer such arguments seriously. What experience evinces the necessity: Cape Breton, the strongest place in America, was very irregularly taken, in the last war, by our irregular American troops. Sir William Johnson lately beat, and took most irregularly, the regular General Dieskau, at the head of his regular forces; and General Braddock, who was most judiciously selected out of the whole British army to be our *Scipio Americanus*, was very irregularly destroyed, by unseen, and to this day unknown, enemies.

How will these foreign Heroes agree with the English Officers of the same Corps, who are, in a manner, by Act of Parliament, declared unfit for their business, till instructed in it by the great foreign Masters of Homicide. Will they not even be more inclined to advise, than to obey their Colonel; to interpret, than to execute his orders? Will they co-operate properly with our American troops and Officers, whom they will certainly look upon, and treat, as an inexperienced and undisciplined rabble? Can it possibly be otherwise? or can it be wondered at, when those Gentlemen know, that they are appointed Officers by one Act of Parliament, and at the expence of another, the most sacred of the statute-book?

O! but there is to be but one half of the Officers of this thundering Legion who are to be Foreigners: so much the worse; for then, according to the principle laid down, it can be but half disciplined. Besides, the less the object, to which a very great object is sacrificed, the more absurd, and the more suspicious such a sacrifice becomes. At first, this whole legion was to consist of all Foreigners, Field-officers and all; which, upon the principle of the absolute utility and necessity of Foreign Officers, was much more rational; but, thus mitigated, as it is called, is a thousand times more absurd. And how does it stand now? Why truly, the sacred Act of Settlement is to be repealed, and in the tenderest part, for the sake of some foreign Captains and Majors, who are to be commanded by British superior Officers, who, by this Act of Parliament, are supposed not to know their trade.

One has heard (but one hears a thousand false reports) that this absurd scheme was, some time ago, quashed by his Majesty's own prudence and goodness; and, from the rightness of the thing, I am inclined to believe that it is true: and I am sure I will not suppose, that ever that might be among the reasons for resuming it in this shape, and forcing it down the throats of the reluctant Nation: but this is certain, that it was once dropped, and at some expence too. The foreign Heroes were contented with Money instead of Laurels, and were going away about their own business; but perhaps a condescension to the unanimous wishes of the whole *people of England, at least*, was looked upon as a dangerous precedent, and the repeal of the Act of Settlement as an useful one. But, however, I will have candour enough to believe, that this was merely an absurd, wrong-headed measure; for, if I did not, I must think it the wickedest that ever was pushed.

CCCCXXXVIII.

A X I O M S I N T R A D E.

TO sell, upon the whole, more than you buy.

To buy your materials as cheap, and to sell your manufactures as dear as you can.

To ease the manufacturers, as much as possible, of all taxes and burthens.

To lay small or no duties upon your own manufactures exported, and to lay high duties upon all foreign manufactures imported.

To lay small or no duties upon foreign materials that are necessary for your own manufactures; but to lay very high duties upon, or rather totally prohibit, the exportation of such of your own materials as are necessary for the manufactures of other countries; as Wool, Fullers-earth, &c.

To keep the interest of money low, that people may place their money in trade.

Not to imagine (as people commonly do) that it is either prudent or possible to prohibit the exportation of your gold and silver, whether coined or uncoined. For if the balance of trade be against you, that is, if you buy more than you sell, you must necessarily make up that difference in money; and your Bullion or your Coin, which are in effect the same thing, must and will be exported, in spite of all laws. But if you sell more than you buy, then foreigners must do the same by you, and make up their deficiency in Bullion or Coin. Gold and silver are but merchandize, as well as Cloth or Linen: and that nation that buys the least, and sells the most, must always have the most money.

A free trade is always carried on with more advantage for

the public, than an exclusive one by a company. But the particular circumstances of some trades may sometimes require a joint stock and exclusive privileges.

All monopolies are destructive to trade.

To get as much as possible the advantages of manufacturing and freight.

To contrive to undersell other nations in foreign markets.

CCCCXXXIX.

To the King's most Excellent MAJESTY,

*The humble PETITION of PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD,
Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter,*

SHEWETH,

THAT your Petitioner, being rendered, by deafness, as useless and insignificant as most of his equals and contemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to share your Majesty's Royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled either to save, or spend, as he shall think proper, more than he can do at present.

That your Petitioner having had the honour of serving your Majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby entitled to a lucrative retreat from business, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; that is, leisure and a large pension.

Your Petitioner humbly presumes, that he has, at least, a common claim to such a pension; he has a vote in the most august assembly in the world; he has at the same time (though he says it) an elevation of sentiment, that makes him not only desire, but (pardon dread Sir, an expression you are used to) *insist* upon it.

That your Petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to

ſpeak advantageouſly of himſelf: but, as, after all, ſome juſtice is due to one's-ſelf, as well as to others, he begs leave to repreſent, That his loyalty to your Maſteſty has always been unſhaken, even in the worſt of times; That, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of, at leaſt, three thouſand undiſciplined men, the flower of the Scottiſh Nobility and Gentry, your Petitioner did not join him, as unqueſtionably he might have done, had he been ſo inclined: but, on the contrary, raiſed ſixteen companies of one hundred men each, at the public expence, in ſupport of your Maſteſty's undoubted right to the Imperial Crown of theſe realms; which diſtinguiſhed proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your Maſteſty's Petitioner is well aware, that your Civil Liſt muſt neceſſarily be in a low and languid ſtate, after the various, frequent, and profuſe evacuations which it has of late years undergone; but, at the ſame time, he preſumes to hope, that this argument, which ſeems not to have been made uſe of againſt any other perſon whatſoever, ſhall not, in this ſingle caſe, be urged againſt him; and the leſs ſo, as he has good reaſon to believe, that the deficiencies of the Penſionfund are by no means the laſt that will be made good by Parliament.

Your Petitioner begs leave to obſerve, That a ſmall Penſion is diſgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a ſhameful neceſſity on one part, and a degrading ſort of charity on the other; but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one ſide, on the other regard and eſteem; which, doubtleſs, your Maſteſty muſt entertain, in the higheſt degree, for thoſe great perſonages, whoſe reſpectable names ſtand upon your Eleemoſynary liſt. Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly perſuades himſelf upon this principle, that leſs than three thouſand pounds a year will not be propoſed to him; if made up gold, the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your Petitioner perſuades himſelf, that your Maſteſty will

not suspect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, interested motive, of which he has always had the utmost abhorrence. No, Sir, he confesses his own weakness; Honour alone is his object; Honour is his passion; Honour is dearer to him than life. To Honour he has always sacrificed all other considerations; and upon this generous principle, singly, he now solicits that honour, which, in the most shining times, distinguished the greatest men of Greece; who were fed at the expence of the public.

Upon this Honour, so sacred to him as a Peer, so tender to him as a Man, he most solemnly assures your Majesty, that, in case you shall be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worst measure that the worst Minister can ever suggest to your Majesty: but, on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in honour to declare, that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the best and wisest measures that your Majesty yourself can ever dictate.

And your Majesty's Petitioner shall ever pray.

CCCCXL.

A F R A G M E N T.

A CHAPTER of the Garter is to be held at St. James's next Friday; in which Prince Edward, the Prince of Orange, the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea, and Cardigan, are to be elected Knights Companions of the Order of the Garter. Though solely nominated by the Crown, they are said to be elected; because there is a pretended election. All the Knights are summoned to attend the Sovereign at a Chapter, to be held on such a day, in order to elect so many new Knights into the vacant Stalls of the deceased ones; accordingly they meet in the Council Chamber, where they all sit down according to their seniority, at a long table, where the Sovereign presides. There every Knight pretends to write a list of those for whom he intends to vote; and, in effect, writes down nine names, such as he thinks proper, taking care, however, to insert the names of those who are really to be elected; then the Bishop of Salisbury, who is always the Chancellor of the Order, goes round the table, and takes the paper of each Knight, pretends to look into them, and then declares the majority of votes to be for those persons who were nominated by the Crown. Upon this declaration, two of the old Knights go into the outward room, where the new ones are attending, and introduce them, one after another, according to their ranks. The new Knight kneels down before the King, who puts the ribband about his neck: then he turns to the Prince of Wales, or, in his absence, to the oldest Knight, who puts the Garter about his leg. This is the ceremony of the Chapter: that of the installation, which is always performed in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, completes the whole thing: for till then the new Knights cannot wear the Star, unless by a particular dispensation from the Sovereign, which is very seldom granted.

All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the out-works of Manners and Decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence, which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good-breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them. The knowledge of the world teaches one to deal with different people differently, and according as characters and situations require. The *versatile ingenium* is a most essential point; and a man must be broke to it while he is young. Have it always in your thoughts, as I have you in mine. Adieu.

P. S. This moment I receive your letter of the 15th N. S. with which I am very well pleased; it informs me, and what I like still better, it shews me that you are informed.

CCCCXLI.

A F R A G M E N T.

YOUR riding, fencing, and dancing, constantly at the Academy, will, I hope, lengthen you out a little; therefore, pray take a great deal of those exercises: for I would very fain have you be at least five feet eight inches high, as Mr. Harte once wrote me word that he hoped you would. Mr. Pelham likewise told me, that you speak German and French as fluently and correctly as a Saxon or a Parisian. I am very glad of both: take care not to forget the former; there is no danger of your forgetting the latter. As I both thank and applaud you for having, hitherto, employed yourself so well abroad, I must again repeat to you, that the manner in which you shall now employ it at Paris will be finally decisive of your fortune, figure, and character in the world, and consequently of my esteem and kindness. Eight or nine months determine the whole; which whole is very near complete. It consists of this

only: to retain and increase the learning you have already acquired; to add to it the first more useful knowledge of the World; and to adorn both, with the Manners, the Address, the Air, and the Graces, of a Man of Fashion. Without the last, I will say of your youth and your knowledge, what Horace says to Venus:

Parus comis sine te Juventas,

Mercuriusque.

The two great subjects of conversation now at Paris are, the dispute between the Crown and the Clergy, and between the Crown and the States of Brittany: inform yourself thoroughly of both; which will let you into the most material parts of the French history and constitution. There are four letters printed, and very well written, against the pretended rights and *immunities* of the Clergy; to which there is an answer, very well written too, in defence of those *immunities*. Read them both with attention; and also all representations, memorials, and whatever shall appear for or against the claims of the States of Brittany. I dare say, that ninety-nine in a hundred, of the English at Paris, do not give themselves the trouble of inquiring into those disputes; but content themselves with saying, "that there is a confounded bustle and rout between the King and the Priests, and between the King and the States of Brittany; but that, for their parts, they do not trouble their heads about them; fight dog, fight bear. But with submission to them, these are objects worthy the attention and inquiries of a man of sense and business.

Adieu, my dear child!

Yours tenderly.

We have been favoured with the following Letters written by the late Earl of CHESTERFIELD to different persons.

L E T T E R CCCCXLII.

LETTRE de Recommandation, en faveur de Madame Cleland, adressée à Madame de Tencin.

Landres, 20 Aoust, V. S.

COMBATTU par des mouvemens bien différens, j'ai long-tems ballancé, avant que d'oser me déterminer, à vous envoïer cette lettre. Je sentoïis toute l'indiscrétion d'une telle démarche, et à quel point c'étoit abuser de la bonté que vous avez eu pour moi, pendant mon séjour à Paris, que de vous la redemander pour un autre: mais sollicité vivement par une Dame que son mérite met à l'abri des refus, et porté, d'ailleurs, à profiter du moindre prétexte pour rapeller un souvenir qui m'est si précieux, que le vôtre; le penchant (comme il arrive presque toujours) a triomphé de la discrétion: et je satisfais en même tems à mes propres inclinations et aux instances de Madame Cleland, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre.

Je sçais par experience, Madame (car j'en fais moi-même un exemple) que ce n'est pas la premiere affaire de la sorte, à laquelle votre réputation, qui ne se renferme point dans les bornes de la France, vous a exposée: mais je me flatte, aussi, que vous ne la trouverez pas la plus désagréable. Un mérite supérieur, un esprit juste, délicat, orné par la lecture de tout ce qu'il y a de bon dans toutes les langues et un grand usage du monde, qui ont acquis à Madame Cleland l'estime et la considération de tout ce qu'il y a d'honnêtes gens ici, me rassurent sur la liberté, que je prends, de vous la recommander; et me persuadent même que vous ne m'en sçauvez pas mauvais gré.

Si vous me demandez, par hafard, pourquoi elle m'a choifi pour fon introducteur chez vous, et pourquoi elle a crû, que je m'étois acquis ce droit là; je vous dirai naturellement, que c'est moi, qui en fuis caufe. En cela j'ai fuivi l'exemple de la plupart des voïageurs, qui, à leur retour, fe font valoir chez eux par leurs prétendues liaifons avec ce qu'il y a de plus diftingué, chez les autres. Les Rois, les Princes, et les Miniftres, les ont toujours conblé de leurs grâces. Et moiënnant ce faux étalage d'honneurs qu'ils n'ont point recû, ils acquièrent une confidération qu'ils ne méritent point.

J'ai vanté vos bontés pour moi; je les ai exagérées même, s'il étoit poffible; et enfin, pour ne vous rien cacher, ma vanité a pouffé l'effronterie au point même de me donner pour votre ami favori, et enfant de la maifon. Quand Madame Cleland m'a pris au mot, et m'a dit; "Je vais bientôt en France; je n'y ambitionne rien tant, que l'honneur de connoître Madame de Tencin; vous qui êtes fi bien là, il ne vous coutera rien de me donner une lettre pour elle."

Le cas étoit embaraffant: car, après ce que j'avois dit, un refus auroit été trop choquant à Madame Cleland, et l'aveu, que je n'étois pas en droit de le faire, trop humiliant pour mon amour propre. Si bien que je me fuis trouvé réduit à rifquer le paquet, et je crois même que je l'aurois fait, fi je n'avois pas eu l'honneur de vous connoître du tout, plutôt que de me donner le démenti fur un article fi fenfible.

Aïant donc franchi le pas; je voudrois bien en profiter, pour vous exprimer les fentimens de reconnoiffance que j'ai, et que j'aurai toujours des bontés que vous m'avez temoigné à Paris; je voudrois auffi vous exprimer tout ce que je penfe des qualités qui diftinguent votre cœur et votre efprit, de tous les autres: mais cela me mèneroit également au delà des bornes d'une lettre, et au deffus des mes forces.

Je fouhaitteroïs que Monsieur de Fontenelle voulut bien s'en charger pour moi. Sur cet article, je puis dire, fans vanité, que nous penfons de même; avec cette différence, qu'il vous le

diroit avec cet esprit, cette délicatesse, et cette élégance, qui lui sont propres, et seules convenables au sujet.

Permettez donc, Madame, que destitué de tous ces avantages de l'esprit, je vous assure simplement des sentimens de mon cœur, de l'estime, de la vénération, et de l'attachement respectueux, avec lequel je ferai toute ma vie, Madame,

Votre, &c.

Je crois que vous me pardonnerez bien, si je vous supplie de faire mes complimens à Monsieur de Fontenelle.

*LETTER of Recommendation in favour of Mrs. Cleland, to
Madame de Tencin.*

London, August 20, O. S.

AGITATED by various thoughts, I have long been in suspense, before I durst resolve to send this letter. I felt all the indiscretion of such a step, and how much it would be trespassing upon the goodness I had experienced from you during my stay at Paris, to require the same for another. A lady, whose merit secures her from a refusal, has entreated me in the most pressing manner, and my own inclinations have concurred, to make use of the first opportunity to recall a remembrance which will always give me pleasure; so that inclination having (as it generally happens) overpowered discretion, my own wishes, and Mrs. Cleland's desires, will both be gratified, by her having the honour of presenting this letter to you.

I know, Madam, by experience, and am myself a proof, that this is not the first affair of that kind, which your reputation, not confined within the limits of France, has brought upon you; but I flatter myself that you will not look upon this as the most disagreeable. Superior merit, exquisite and refined sense, adorned by the knowledge of the best authors in every language, and a thorough usage of the world, have acquired Mrs. Cleland the esteem and consideration of all people of most merit here.

These motives encourage me to take the liberty of recommending her to you, and even persuade me that you will not be offended at it.

If, by chance, you should ask why this Lady has made choice of me to be her introducer towards you, and how she came to believe that I had any such right; I will candidly own, that I myself have been the cause of it: and, in this respect, I have followed the example of most travellers; who, at their return to their own country, endeavour to raise their reputation, by boasting of imaginary connections with the most distinguished people abroad. Kings, Princes, and Ministers, have always loaded them with favours: in consequence of those boasted honours, which they never received, they often acquire a degree of consideration which they do not deserve.

I have boasted of your goodness to me; I have even, if possible, exaggerated it; and, in short (not to conceal any thing from you) Vanity has even drove me to declare that I was your favourite friend, and domesticated in your house. Mrs. Cleland immediately seized this opportunity to say, "I am going to France soon; I wish for nothing so much, as to have the honour of knowing Madame de Tencin: since you are so much connected, you can easily give me a letter for her."

This was an intricate affair; for, after what I had said, Mrs. Cleland might have been shocked by a refusal, and my self-love would have been too cruelly hurt, if I had owned that I had no right to do any such thing. So that I find myself under a necessity of running all hazards; and I really believe, that, even if I had not been known to you at all, I should still have done it, rather than have confessed so mortifying a thing.

As the first step is now taken, I wish to make the best use of it, by expressing to you the sentiments of gratitude which I have, and ever shall retain, for your goodness to me, during my stay at Paris. I wish it were in my power to tell you also, what I think of those perfections, which distinguish your heart and your mind so eminently from all others; but this would carry me beyond

the bounds of a letter, and is, indeed, more than I know how to express. Mr. de Fontenelle might undertake this for me ; for, to say the truth, I know that our opinions upon that subject coincide ; with this difference only, that he would express those sentiments with all that energy, delicacy, and elegance, so peculiar to him, and so very proper for the subject.

Permit me then, Madam, though destitute of all those advantages of mind, to assure you simply of the sentiments of my heart ; and of the esteem, veneration, and respectful attachment, with which I shall always remain Yours, &c.

P. S. I am persuaded that you will forgive my troubling you to make my compliments to Mr. de Fontenelle.

CCCCXLIII.

L E T T E R.

Londres, 1 Janvier, V. S.

MADAME,

JE ne suis pas diseur de bonne aventure, ains au contraire ; car je vous annonce que ces quatre billets, que j'ai choisi avec tant d'attention, et que j'estimois, l'un portant l'autre, à vingt mille pièces au moins, se sont avises d'être tous blancs.

Je ne me console de vôtre malheur que par les belles réflexions qu'il me fait faire, et par la morale utile que j'en tire, pour le reste de mes jours.—Oui ! Je vois bien, à présent, que toute la prudence humaine, les mesures les plus sages, et les projets les mieux concertés sont frivoles, si la Fortune, cette Divinité inconstante, bisarre et *feminine*, n'est pas d'humeur à les favoriser. Car que pouvoit-on faire de plus que je n'ai fait, et qu'en pouvoit-il arriver de moins ?

Se donnera-t'on, après cela, du mouvement, formera-t'on des plans, et s'inquiétera-t'on, pour les choses de ce monde ? J'ose dire, que si ces réflexions, aussi judicieuses que nouvelles, sont la

même impression sur votre esprit qu'elles ont fait sur le mien, elles vous vaudront plus, que tout ce que vous auriez pu gagner dans la lotterie.

Vous êtes bien querelleuse, Madame ; jusqu'à m'accorder un talent, que je n'ai pas, pour pouvoir, après, me reprocher de ne le pas employer avec vous ; et je m'épuise, dites vous, en *bon ton*, avec Madame de Monconseil. Quelle accusation injuste, et dénuée de toute vraisemblance ! Un Milord Anglois avec le bon ton ! Ce sont deux choses absolument contradictoires : ou, pour m'expliquer plus clairement, et simplifier mon idée ; ce sont deux Etres hétérogènes, dont l'existence de l'un implique, nécessairement la privation de l'autre.

Me voici donc justifié dans toutes les formes de la logique ; et si vous n'en êtes pas contente, Madame de Monconseil, qui a en main mes pièces justificatives, pourra vous en convaincre. Au reste ; si j'en possédois tant soit peu, ce nouvel an me fourniroit une belle occasion de l'étaler. Et quoique depuis plus de cinq mille ans, toute la terre ait traité ce sujet ; je vous dirois quelque chose de nouveau, de galant, et d'obscur, dont on ne s'est jamais avisé auparavant : votre mérite, et les sentimens de mon cœur, y feroient alembiqués, jusqu'à la plus fine quintessence.

TRANSLATION.

London, January 1, O. S.

MADAM,

I HAVE no skill in fortune-telling : for I must acquaint you, that the four lottery-tickets I had chosen with so much care, and valued one with another at the rate of (at least) twenty thousand pounds, are all come out blanks.

My only consolation in this misfortune is, the fine reflections which it occasions, and the most useful moral drawn from it, for the rest of my days. Now, I plainly see that all human prudence, the wisest projects, and the best concerted schemes

are vain and frivolous; if Fortune, that capricious, inconstant, and *feminine* Deity, is not disposed to favour them: for what more could have been done than I did, and what less could have happened?

After such a reverse, shall we ever take pains, form projects, or be uneasy concerning worldly events? I will venture to say, that if such reflections, equally judicious as new, make the same impression upon your mind, that they do upon mine, they will be more valuable, than all you could have won in the Lottery.

Surely, Madam, you must have a great inclination to quarrel, since you allow me to be in possession of a talent which I really have not; in order to reproach me with not availing myself of it towards you, while, say you, "I exhaust that talent of saying agreeable things in favour of Madame de Monconseil." What an unjust accusation, and how void of all probability! An English Lord, and say things in fashionable French phrases! This is quite contradictory; or, to explain myself more clearly, and to simplify my idea, I must answer, that they are two heterogeneous Beings; the existence of the one necessarily implying the non-existence of the other.

Now I think my justification complete, according to all the rules of logic; but, if, that does not suffice, Madame de Monconseil has it in her power to convince you, by producing my letters.

Was I possessed of the talent you suppose, the New-year would be a proper occasion to display it on; and, although that subject has been treated by the whole world, for above five thousand years, yet I should then say something new, gallant, and unintelligible, which never before was thought of. Your merit, and the sentiments of my heart, would then be distilled to the most refined quintessence.

CCCCXLIV.

L E T T E R.

A Londres, 9 Fevrier, O. S.

A DIEU donc toute coquetterie, de part et d'autre, et vive la vrai et solide amitié ! Heureux ceux qui peuvent s'y attendre : c'est le gros lot, dans la lotterie du monde, contre lequel il y a des millions de billets blancs.

S'il pouvoit y avoir quelque chose de flatteur dans mon amitié ; je dirois, que nous pourrions nous flatter que la nôtre feroit également vrai et durable ; puisqu'elle est à l'abri de tous ces petits incidens, qui brouillent la plûpart des autres. D'abord, nous sommes de différent sexe, article assez important ; et qui nous garantit de ces défiances et de ces rivalités, sur les objets les plus sensibles, et contre lesquels la plus belle amitié du monde ne tient point. En second lieu ; il n'entre point d'amour dans nôtre fait ; qui, quoique, à la verité, il donne un grand feu à l'amitié, pendant un certain tems, la flamme de l'un venant à s'éteindre, on voit bientôt les cendres de l'autre. Et enfin (ce qui me regarde uniquement) nous ne nous voïons pas trop. Vous ne me connoïez que par mon bon côté ; et vous ne voïez pas ces moments de langueur, d'humeur, et de chagrin, qui causent, si souvent, le dégoût ou le repentir des liaisons qu'on a formé, et qui font, qu'on se dit à soi-même ; L'auroit-on crû ? Qui l'auroit dit ? Comme on peut se tromper aux dehors ? Et la perspective, dans laquelle vous me voïez, m'est si favorable, qu'elle me console un peu *della lontananza*, ou je suis obligé de vous chercher.

Une caillete, a beaux sentimens, critiqueroit impitoïablement ceux-ci comme tres *indélicats* ; mais en font-ils moins naturels pour cela ? Et ne sommes nous pas, pour la plûpart, redevables de nos vertus à des situations et des circonstances un peu fortuites ? Au moins j'ai assez d'humilité pour le croire ; et (si je voulois dire toute la verité) assez d'expérience, de moi-même, pour

le sçavoir. En tous cas ; tel que je suis, je vous suis aquis, et vous voïez que je suis de trop bonne foi pour vous surfaire dans le prix de l'acquisition que vous avez faite.

Vous avez beau faire les honneurs de vôtre païs, et désavouer vôtre propriété exclusive des Graces ; il faut convenir, pourtant, que la France est leur séjour, ou plutôt leur païs natal. Si elles pouvoient se fâcher contre vous, dont il y a peu d'apparence ; elles feroient piquées, au point de vous quitter, de ce que vous les envoïez promener dans un païs, ou elles ne connoissent, ni ne sont connues de personne : et si par hasard je les connoissois, ce ne seroit que pour les avoir vûes si souvent chez vous.

Il est bien sur que les Graces sont un don de la nature, qu'on ne peut pas acquérir ; l'art en peut relever l'éclat, mais il faut que la nature ait donné le fond. On voit cela en tout. Combien de gens ne dansent-ils pas parfaitement bien, mais sans grace ; comme il y en a qui dansent très mal avec beaucoup : combien trouve-t-on d'esprits vigoureux et délicats, qui instruits et ornés par tout ce que l'art et l'étude peuvent faire, ne plaisent pourtant guère, faute de ces graces naturelles, qui ne s'acquièrent point : chaque païs a ses talens, aussi bien que ses fruits et ses denrées particulieres. Nous pensons *cru*ez, et nous approfondissons ; les Italiens pensant *haut*, et se perdent dans les nûes : vous tenez le milieu ; on vous voit, on vous suit, on vous aime.

Servez vous, Madame, de tout ce que cet esprit et ces graces, que je vous connois, peuvent faire en ma faveur, et dites, je vous en supplie, tout ce qu'elles vous suggéreront, à Monsieur de Matignon, de ma part. Mon cœur ne vous désavouera pas sur tout ce que vous pourrez lui dire de plus fort, à propos dumariage de Mademoiselle sa fille : mais ne vous bornez pas à ce seul article, car il n'y en a pas un, au monde, qui peut le regarder, auquel je ne prendrois pas également part. Ce seroit abuser de sa bonté que de lui écrire moi-même : une messagère comme vous me fera bien plus d'honneur, et à lui plus de plaisir.

Adieu, Madame. Je rougis de la longueur de ma lettre.

TRANSLATION.

London, February 9, O. S.

A DIEU then to allcoquetry, on both sides, and prosperity to a real and solid friendship! In this lottery of the world, happy are those who can obtain that greatest prize, to which there are millions of blanks. If any thing could be pleasing in my friendship, I would urge that we have reason to flatter ourselves, that with us friendship may be equally true and permanent, since ours will be unattended by all those little incidents, which are the bane of others. We are of different sexes; an important article, and such a one as prevents those suspicions, and sentiments of rivalry, which the finest friendships that ever were formed cannot withstand. Secondly, we are free from love, which, though it may, during a time, add warmth to friendship; yet when the flames of the one begin to extinguish, you soon perceive the ashes of the other. And lastly, (but this relates only to myself) we do not see one another too frequently. You view me in the best light, and do not perceive those moments of languor, caprice, or ill-humour, which are so generally the occasion of dislike, cause us to repent of the connections we have formed, and are the motives that occasion our saying, Who would have thought it? Who could have imagined it? How one may be deceived by outward appearances! The distant point from which you view me is so very favourable, that it affords me some consolation for being under the necessity of remaining so far from you.

A trifling woman, with pretensions to refined sentiments, would criticise these unmercifully, as very indelicate; but are they the less natural? And are not most of us beholden for our virtue to particular circumstances, or to accidental causes? As for me, I have humility to own, and (were I to tell the whole truth) self-experience to confirm it. At all events, such as I am you may dispose of me; and you see I am too ingenuous to deceive you, by enhancing the merits of the person who is entirely yours.

It is in vain you strive to do the honours of your country, by disavowing your exclusive right to the Graces; for it must be confessed that France is their abode, or rather their native country. It is highly improbable that they can be angry with you: but were that possible, they would be provoked to leave you, as a punishment for sending them a rambling, into a country where they neither know, nor are known by any mortal. If, by chance, I had any knowledge of those Goddeses, it could only be from having seen them so frequently with you. It is true, that the Graces cannot be acquired; art may add to their lustre, but nature must have given them. It is the same in every thing. How many people are there who dance exceedingly well, but ungracefully; and what numbers who dance very ill, and yet gracefully? Do we not see frequently people with great and good sense; who, though instructed and adorned by knowledge and study, yet never can please, for want of those natural Graces, not to be acquired?

Every country has talents peculiar to it, as well as fruits, or other natural productions. We here think deeply and fathom to the very bottom. Italian thoughts are sublime, to a degree beyond all comprehension. You keep the middle path, and consequently are seen, followed, and beloved.

I beg of you, Madam, make use of all that sense, and those Graces, which I know you to be possessed of, in my favour, by telling Mr. de Matignon, whatever they may inspire you, from me. The most friendly things you can say to him upon the marriage of his daughter, will best explain the sentiments of my heart. But do not confine yourself to that circumstance alone, for there is no event whatever that concerns him, in which I should not take an equal share. To write myself to Mr. de Matignon would be encroaching upon his goodness; such a messenger as you, must be more honourable to me, and more pleasing to him.

Adieu, Madam. I am ashamed of the length of this letter.

CCCCXLV.

These Lines are inserted, in order to introduce the following
Letter with greater propriety.

To the EARL of CHESTERFIELD, August 7, 1763.

RECLIN'D beneath thy shade, Blackheath!

From politics and strife apart,
His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath;
And virtues smiling at his heart;

Will CHESTERFIELD the Muse allow

To break upon his still retreat?
To view, if Health still smooths his brow,
And prints his grove with xwilling feet?

'Twas this awak'd the present theme,

And bade it reach thy distant ear;
Where, if no rays of Genius beam,
Sincerity at least is there.

May pale Disease fly far aloof!

O'er venal domes its flag display!
And Health, beneath thy peaceful roof,
Add lustre to thine evening ray!

If this my fervent wish be crown'd,

I'll dress with flow'rs Hygeia's shrine;
Nor thou, with Wisdom's chaplet bound,
At any absent gift repine.

What though thou dost not grace a throne,

While subjects bend the supple knee;

No other King the Muses own,
And Science lifts her eye to thee.

Tho' deafness, by a doom severe,
Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air;
Ev'n deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was strung,
Awake to ev'ry voice around,
Thy praises by the many sung,
Would stun thee with the choral sound.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

CCCCXLVI.

L E T T E R

To EDWARD JERNINGHAM, *Esq.*

Blackheath, Aug. 12, 1768.

SIR,

I DO not know whether I can, with decency, acknowledge the favour of your poetical letter of the 7th. But Men, as well as Women, are very apt to break through decency, when desire is very strong, as mine I assure you is, to thank you for it. Could I give you as good as you bring, my thanks should be conveyed to you in rhyme and metre: but the Muses, who never were very propitious to me when I was young, would now laugh at, and be as deaf as I am to the invocation of a *septuagenary* invalid. Accept then my humblest thanks, in humble prose, for your very good verses, upon a very indifferent subject; which, should you be reproached with, you may very justly make the same answer that your predecessor, Waller, did to King Charles, after the Restoration: the King accused him of having made finer

verses in praise of Oliver Cromwell, than of himself; to which he agreed, saying, that Fiction was the soul of Poetry. Am I not generous to help you out of this scrape at my own expence? I am sensible that, before I end this letter, I ought to shew some common-place modesty at least; and protest to you that I am ashamed, confounded, and in a manner annihilated, by the praises you most undeservedly bestow upon me; but I will not, because if I did I should lie confoundedly; for every human creature has vanity, and perhaps, I have full as much as another. The only difference is, that some people disown any, and others avow it; whereas I have truth and impudence enough to say, *tu m'aduli ma tu mi piaci.*

What am I to suppose that you are now doing in Norfolk?

*Scribere quod Cassi Parmenis opuscula vincat,
An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres?*

If you stray among the hills, vales, and purling streams, it is to make your court to the Muses, who have long had such an affection for you, that (I will answer for it) they will meet you wherever you please to appoint them. If to those nine ideal Ladies you add a tenth, of real good country flesh and blood, I cannot help it: but God forbid that I should advise it! In all events, I believe you would be equal to the ten.

I am, with equal truth and esteem,

SIR,

Your most faithful, humble servant.

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I desire my respects to Lady Jerningham. But not one word of the tenth Muse.

CCCCXLVII.

L E T T E R

To DOCTOR MONSEY,

Bath, December 23, 1767.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR friend and my Governor, Mr. W—, told me that he had received a letter from you, with your kind inquiries after my health; but at the same time said, that I might e'en answer it myself; for how the devil should he know how I did, so well as I myself did? I thought there was reason in what he said; so take the account of myself from myself, as follows. When I first came here, which was just six weeks ago, I was very weak of my legs, and am so still. A fortnight ago I had a little return of my fever, which Doctor Moisy called only a *Febricula*; for which he prescribed phlebotomy, and, of course, the saline draughts. The phlebotomy did me good, and the saline draughts did me no harm, which is all I ask of any medicine, or any *medicus*. My general state of health has, ever since that, been as good as, at my age, I can hope for; that is, I have a good appetite, a good digestion, and good sleep. You will, perhaps, ask me what more I would have? I answer, that I would have a great deal more, if I could; I would have the free use of my legs, and of all my *members*. But that, I know, is past praying for. Perhaps you may be in the same case. Whom have you quarrelled with, or whom have you been reconciled to lately? The House of G—, or the house of M—? And where are you now? in Norfolk or Monmouthshire? Wherever you are, I hope you are *vastly* well; for I am, very sincerely,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

CCCCXLVIII.

L E T T E R

To Doctor Monsey.

PRAY, dear Doctor, why must I not write to you? Do you gentlemen of the Faculty pretend to monopolize writing in your prescriptions or proscriptions? I will write, and thank you for your kind letters; and my writing shall do no hurt to any person living or dying: let the Faculty say as much of theirs, if they can. I am very sorry to find that you have not been *vastly* well of late; but it is *vastly* to the honour of your skill to have encountered and subdued almost all the ills of Pandora's Box. As you are now got to the bottom of it, I trust that you have found Hope; which is what we all live upon, much more than upon Enjoyment; and without which we should be, from our boasted Reason, the most miserable animals of the Creation. I do not think that a Physician should be admitted into the College, till he could bring proofs of his having cured, in his own person, a least four *incurable* distempers. In the old days of laudable and rational Chivalry, a knight could not even present himself to the adorable object of his affections, till he had been unhorsed, knocked down, and had two or three spears or lances in his body; but, indeed he must be conqueror at last, as you have been. I do not know your Goddess Venus or *Vana*, nor ever heard of her; but if she is really a Goddess, I must know her as soon as ever I see her walk into the rooms; for, *vera inccssu patuit Dea*. It is for her sake, I presume, that you now make yourself a year younger than you are; for last year you and I were exactly of an age, and now I am turned of seventy-three. As to my body natural, it is as you saw it last; it labours under no particular distemper but one, which may very properly be called Chronical, for it is *Xpovo*; itself, that daily steals away some part of me. But I bear with philosophy these gradual depredations upon myself; and well know, that

levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas. And so good night, dear Doctor.

Bath, November 26th, 1766.

CCCCXLIX.

L E T T E R

From the Earl of CHESTERFIELD to Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, of Chelsea.

Bath, November 17, 1757.

SIR,

YOUR letters always give me pleasure and information; but your last gave me something more, for it shewed me that you were recovered from that illness, which the fears of Mr. Walsh, junior, had magnified into a dangerous one. I did not like your being sent to Hampstead for the air; that sounded very like Kensington Gravel-Pits. I am sure I need not tell you the part I take in your recovery.

As to General —'s affairs, my opinion is fixed; and I am very sure, that nothing will appear upon this examination to make me alter it. There is a mystery in it; and wherever there is a mystery, I have done; I respect, but never reason. The Ode upon that expedition is written by a master, whoever it is. The author of the verses upon the skull is certainly a poet, though he has spun out his matter too fine; half the length would have been much better. I cannot imagine why the Grub upon the Comet was laid at my door: but people have long thrown out their wit and humour under my name, by way of trial; if it takes, the true father owns his child; if it does not, the foundling is mine.

I take it for granted, that the King of Prussia's victory engrosses the thoughts of all your great politicians in town, and gives you what you call great spirits: he has shewn his abilities in it; of which I never doubted; but then—nothing, only

that there are now seven or eight thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago. France will send double that number immediately, and the match will be as unequal as it was before; since all Europe is still combined against him, I will not say, *and us*; because I think it would be impudent *for us*, now, to reckon ourselves among the Powers of Europe; I might as well reckon myself among the living, who only crawl upon the earth from day to day, exhibiting a shattered carcase, and a weakened mind.

Though these waters always do me some good, it is merely temporary; but they do by no means regenerate me. I grow deafer and deafer, consequently duller and duller; and therefore, for your sake, I will put an end to this dull letter; and assure you, with all the truth of a man who has no invention, that I am,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

CCCCL.

L E T T E R

From Lord CHESTERFIELD to Sir T. ROBINSON.

Bath, December 3, 1765.

SIR,

I ALWAYS thought myself much obliged to you for your letters from Yorkshire, while you were in the hurry both of business and pleasure; your land-steward, your tenants, and your agreeable country neighbours, employing your whole day in pleasure and profit; but I think myself still more obliged to you for your last letter, from your Monastic retreat in the midst of Ranelagh Garden; the place in the world the best calculated for serious reflections upon the vanities of this world, and the hopes of a better. There you may enjoy a philosophical and religious solitude, uninterrupted; except, now and then, by the rolling of coaches, the sound of forty instruments of music, and the much

shriller sound of the tongues of about two thousand women. This is being a *Chartreux* indeed; and in addressing myself to you, I will take care to mix no levity in my letter; but confine myself to grave and moral reflections. For instance; see the dire effects of passion, or brandy, or both, in the case of Mr. —, whose usual tranquillity and immobility have been transported to the most violent excesses of assault and battery, even upon the wife of his body; whom, I really believe, he never assaulted with so much spirit before; and if he gets the reputation of madness, he will rather be a gainer by it; for nobody ever thought it could have happened to him. We have here a great many great folks, and a great many fine folks; the former met in council, to consider how they should best serve their country in the approaching session, that being their only view; and the latter, I mean the Ladies, in the intention of serving themselves, or being served right enough by others. But all these are dispersed, or dispersing now; and, I believe, I shall follow their example soon, and take myself away from hence to London; where I am too material a part of the busy, as well as of the gallant world, to be longer absent. But whatever I am, and wherever I am, I am, very truly,

SIR,

Your very faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

THE END.

I N D E X

TO

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON.

* * *The whole Series of Letters being regularly numbered, it has been thought adviseable, that the references in this Index should be made to the Letters, rather than in the common method of Volume and Page. The few Miscellaneous Pieces at the end of Vol. IV. are referred to in the same manner.*

A.

ABERCROMBIE (General), 346.

Absent Man, how far different from a fool or a madman, 74. Is commonly either very weak or very affected, with the exception of a very few extraordinary individuals, such as Newton, Locke, and perhaps five or six more since the creation of the world, who may have had a privilege for being absent, 113. He who cannot fix his attention on the present object is fit neither for business nor pleasure, 121.

Accuracy in writing and speaking recommended, 97.

Achilles, an improper character for the hero of an epic poem, 176. Though invulnerable, always went to battle completely armed, 298.

Acquaintances, shunning them in public deemed a folly, instanced by an example, 293.

Acqua Tufana, a slow Neapolitan poison, 323.

- Act of Settlement, considerations upon the repeal of the limitations in it relative to foreigners, 437.
- Actor, what the indications of a young man's becoming considerable in that profession, 173.
- Addison (Mr.) an instance of Lord Chesterfield's high opinion of him, 128. See Alberti.
- Advice, is generally unwelcome, 112.
- Ædiles, when that office was first instituted, 21.
- Æneas, some account of, 7.
- Africa, some account of, 90. The flourishing state of the war on that continent, 335.
- Agrippa (a Roman Senator) a fable addressed by him to the Plebeians, 21.
- Ajax, some account of, 7.
- Aiguillon, (Duchess of) her character, 262.
- Air du Couven, has something extremely engaging, 301.
- Aix la Chapelle, necessary questions relative to the treaty settled there, 152. The waters of that place recommended, 300.
- Albemarle, (Earl of) Mr. Stanhope advised to be attentive to him, 238, 239. Employs Mr. Stanhope in his bureau, 244, 263. His Lordship's character, 279.
- Alberti, his description of Italy furnished Mr. Addison with most of his remarks and classical references, 218.
- Alchemy, remarks on, 164.
- Alcibiades, was commonly a Proteus for bad purposes, 299.
- Alexander the Great, an instance of his magnanimity, 23.
- Algarotti, (Count) 289. Compared to Fontenelle, 292.
- Allen (Lady) a warm puff, 317.
- Allied Powers, have commonly some secret design in view, 160.
- America, its first settlement concisely related, 39, 93. Plan of the intended operations of the late war there, 328, 333, 334, 335. The English affairs there have a promising appearance, 351, 357, 358. See Stamp Duty.
- Amusement. See Pleasures.
- Ancre (Galegai Marechale de) her just observation previous to her execution, 277.
- Ancus (Marcius) some account of, 18.
- Andalusia, a province of Spain, celebrated for its horses, 84.
- Angri, a people of Saxony, who conquered Britain, 93.
- Anna (Queen of England) some account of, 93.
- Anne of Austria, her character, 436.

- Annoy** (Comte de le) his son's remarkable accomplishments commended, 73.
- Antiquities**, should be viewed with a proper attention, but ought not to be the main objects of a judicious traveller, 197.
- Apollo**, his poetical history, 3.
- Apothecary**, story of one, who, having a fortune fallen to him, wished to quit trade, but found himself unable to exist without it, 328.
- Appearances** should be most strictly attended to in religion and morality, 212.
- Application**, the great advantages of it in the beginning of life, 102.
- A propos**, on what occasions that expression often absurdly used, 317.
- Arabia**, divided into three parts, 87.
- Arbitrary Power**, Lord Chesterfield's sentiments on it, 176.
- Architecture** (Civil and Military) an useful science, 198.
- Argyll** (John Duke of) his character as an orator, 205.
- Ariosto**, character of his poetry, 217; which will bear a comparison with Homer's, 273.
- Aristides**, some account of, 51.
- Aristippus**, his opinion of bringing up a son to learning, 30.
- Art of Flattery**, an innocent species of it recommended, 182, 183.
- Art of Pleasing**. See *Pleasing*.
- Aruspices**, their office at Rome, 17.
- Asia**, some account of, 85. Geographical description of Asia. *ibid.* The first great monarchies had their rise there, namely, the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians, *ibid.* The war there settled, by Capt. Clive, to the satisfaction of this country, 355.
- Aspinwall** (Mr. Stanhope) a relation to Lord Chesterfield, 282.
- Appointed King's Minister** to the Dey of Algiers, *ibid.*
- Assurance**, steadily exerted, with a seeming modesty, a most useful qualification in every part of life, 232.
- Astronomy**, a study of great importance, 170.
- Athens**, if not the mother, was at least the nurse, of all the arts and sciences, 11. This subject continued, 12. The Athenians the greatest men of antiquity, *ibid.*
- Attention**, an indispensable requisite in every sort of learning, 32. A want of it is either folly or madness, 74. Nothing to be done well without a man can command it from one thing to

- another, as occasion requires, 102. Strongly recommended, 130.
- Attentions, a necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing, 156. A tribute which all women expect, 158. Ought never to be omitted, 187.
- Atterbury (Bishop of Rochester) the cause of the Duke of Ormond's absconding, 293.
- Attic Salt, origin of that expression, 11. Recommended to Mr. Stanhope, 120.
- Attilus Regulus, remarkable instance of his probity, 24.
- Avaux (Mons de) his adroitness as a negotiator commended, 243, 290. His letters excellent, 265.
- Avarice, its fatal effects instanced in the story of Hippomenes and Atalanta, 29.
- Augurs, their office at Rome, 17.
- Avoir du monde, a very just and happy expression, 277.
- Aurora, why called the harbinger of day, 59.
- Authors, the best of them are generally the severest critics on their own works, 109, 253.
- Aukwardness, from what cause it proceeds, and the embarrassments it occasions, instanced in the portrait of an aukward man, 74. An aukwardness of expression and words should be studiously avoided, 75, 144. Very alienating, 154. Gradations in it, 235. A more real disadvantage than it is generally thought to be, 434.
- Axioms in trade, 438.

B.

- Badinage, an art by no means to be despised, 248.
- Baltic, an English squadron to be sent thither, to divert the Swedes, 328.
- Bashfulness the characteristic of an Englishman, 44, 69. See *Mauvaise honte*.
- Bath (Earl of) his death, and will, the subject of general conversation, 379. Particulars of his immense fortune, and of his Lordship's character, *ibid*.
- Bayard (Chevalier) had the honour of knighting Francis the First of France, 348.
- Beaufort, (Mons. de) governed by Madamede Montbazon, 436.
- Beauty, the subject on which most women are openest to flattery, 129.

- Bedford (Duke of) formed, in 1767, a new ministry, 417.
- Behaviour and learning should be inseparable, 80.
- Bellegarde (Abbé de) his *Art de plaire dans la Conversation* commended, 111.
- Bentley (Dr.) supposed to have been the most learned man in England, 232.
- Berkeley (Bp.) Remark on his *Treatise on Matter*, 164.
- Berkenrode (Madame de) a favourite of Mr. Stanhope's, 240.
- Berlin, a splendid court, 164. Frenchified, 278. The politest and most shining Court in Europe, and the most useful one a young man can visit, 282, 302. The military government on a better footing than in any other country in Europe, 174. The arts and wisdom of government conspicuous there, 284.
- Bernis (Cardinal) his disgrace sudden, and the reasons for it as little understood as those of his elevation, 349.
- Bestucheff, to what his disgrace was probably owing, 332.
- Bible, almost every place mentioned therein makes a part of Turkey, 85.
- Bibliomanie, should be guarded against, 220.
- Bielefeldt's Letters, a publication containing many notorious lyes, 379.
- Bienfance, a most necessary part of the knowledge of the world, 259.
- Billet-doux, the manner how it should be written, 29.
- Bissy (Messieurs de) Mr. Stanhope intrusted to their care, 248.
- Blackheath, all the fruit there in 1756 destroyed by unseasonable weather, 333.
- Blake (Admiral). See *Weight of Metal*.
- Blot (Madame de) though excessively pretty, yet constant to her husband, 250. An attachment to her recommended, *ibid.* 251, 253, 255, 258. A piece of mohair presented to her, 262.
- Boccage (Monf. and Madame de) an attention to them enjoined to Mr. Stanhope, 238, 242. Monf. Boccage's character of Mr. Stanhope, 276.
- Bochart (Monf.) gives Lord Chesterfield a good account of Mr. Stanhope, 115.
- Bœotian, why that term applied to a stupid fellow, 53.
- Boerhaave, his physical advice to Lord Chesterfield, 353.
- Bolingbroke (Lord) his character, 202. His Letters on Patriotism extolled, 207. His Remarks on the History of Eng-

- land, 239. The amazing superiority of his style 247. His Letters on the Use of History, 271. His Philosophical works, 305.
- Bon Mots, should be cautiously used in conversation, 129. Rule of conduct in respect to them, 183.
- Books, an acquaintance with them indispensable even to a man of the world, 113. How far a taste for curious books, or scarce and valuable tracts, is commendable, 170, 220. In what manner a casual loss of application to books may be supplied, 183. Many lose a great deal of time by frivolous reading, 216, 280. Looking too close to them, an ugly trick, and detrimental to the eyes, 71.
- Borghese (Princess) at the head of the *beau-monde* at Rome, 218.
- Boroughs, their price raised from five-and-twenty hundred pounds to twice that sum, 416. Two seats for a borough sold for nine thousand pounds, 421.
- Bos (Abbé de) his *Reflexions sur la Poësie et la Peinture*, commended, 406.
- Bothmar (Count) had a very bad species of the small-pox, 334.
- Bouchet (Madame du) objected to some particulars relative to the funeral of Mr. Stanhope, 423. Lord Chesterfield saw no reason to retract, in general, an opinion he had given her, 428.
- Bouhours (Pere) his *Manière de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit* commended, 121, 138, 217. And his *Suite des Pensées ingénieuses*, 217.
- Bradford family, their estates in possession of the Pulteneys, 379, 414.
- Brown (Lady) had the gout in her eye, 360.
- Bruhl (Count) much in fashion in England, 386. Married the Dowager Countess of Egremont, 411.
- Brunswick (Ferdinand Prince of) played a prudent and a saving game, 323. A blue ribband intended for him, 347, 348, 331. His critical situation, 352, 354. The blue ribband given to the Hereditary Prince was a mark of very remarkable distinction shewn to the family, 395.
- Brussels, the chief town of Brabant, 72. Famous for camblets and fine laces, *ibid.* Enjoys some singular privileges, 73.
- Bruyere (M. de la) his characters recommended, 161, 242, 256. One of his maxims commended, 313.

- Buccleugh (Duke of) to be married to Lady Betty Montague, 408.
- Bullfinch, its docility recommended to Mr. Stanhope's imitation, 50. Ode on the death of one, 154.
- Burrish (Mr.) furnished Mr. Stanhope with recommendatory letters to Munich, 300.
- Busbequius, gives a good account of the manners of the Turks, 301.
- Business, those who see only the outside of it pant after its hidden charms, 141. Easily reconcileable with pleasure, 181, 189, 310. Business in one half of the day is the best preparative for pleasure in the other half, 328.
- Buffy Rabutin. See Sevigné.
- B * * * (Lord) played *un dessus des cartes*, 372. Likely to accommodate matters with Mr. Pitt. 382. The opposition propose publicly to attack his Lordship in parliament, 391. Probably outwitted his antagonist into a peerage, 402. In politics, affected to be invisible, 414.

C.

- Cæsar, why more pleasing than Cato, 210.
- Cagnoni (Mons.) a very able man of business, 174.
- Calais, the last town the English kept possession of in France, 72.
- Calendar. See New Style.
- Calprenede, the best of all the old romances, 278.
- Cambridge, not a seminary of politeness, 213, 244, 289.
- Camillus, an instance of his greatness of soul, 22.
- Canton, a sea-port in China, from whence all our tea and china is brought, 89.
- Capello (Mons. and Madame) an intimacy in their family recommended to Mr. Stanhope, 196, 199.
- Capitals, universally the residence of arts and sciences, 188, 198.
- Captains of Foot, few of them but what are better company than Descartes or Newton, 288.
- Cardinals, their number and authority, 113. A preference expected by them pointed out, 187.
- Carving a necessary accomplishment, 163.
- Cassandra, some account of that romance, 7. It cannot be too much abridged, 278.
- Casse (Madame de) handsome, and invincibly modest, 254, 256.
- Cases, two never exactly alike, 281.

- Catiline, his conspiracy an unhappy subject for tragedy, 274.
- Cato the Cenſor, regretted only three actions in his life, 9.
- Cenſors, when firſt inſtituted, 21. Lord Cheſterfield aſſumed a ſimilar character in his directions to Mr. Stanhope, 204.
- Ceremonies, though ſilly things in themſelves, yet are neceſſary to be known, 440. See *Forms*.
- Chambermaids, have ſometimes cauſed ſuch revolutions at courts, as have produced ſtill greater changes, 283.
- Charlemagne, his crown ſtill ſhewn in the cathedral at Bruffels, 73.
- Charles I. (King of England) his character, 93.
- Charles II. (King of England) his character, 93. In what particular his reign meritorious, 217.
- Charles V. (Emperor of Germany, and King of Spain) a ſhort account of, 66. A ſaying of his, 215.
- Charles VI. (Emperor of Germany) ſome account of him, and his ſucceſſor the Queen of Hungary, 76.
- Charles IX. (King of France) commiſſioned Viſcount Dort to murder the Huguenots at Bayonne, 228.
- Charles XII. (King of Sweden) his heroiſm admired, but the man nowhere beloved, 210.
- Charlotte, (Queen) her character, 388.
- Chartres (Colonel) thoroughly ſenſible of the diſadvantages attending the loſs of character, 212.
- Chatham (Earl of). See Pitt.
- Chemiſts, as they extract ſome ſpirit out of every ſubſtance, ſo a ſenſible man elicits ſomething which is worth knowing out of every being that he converſes with, 135.
- Cheſterfield (Earl of) his motives for writing the Letters in this Collection, *Advertiſement*. Objections obviated, *Poſtſcript to Advertiſement*. Ceasing to dictate as a parent, his Lordſhip aſſumes the character of an indulgent friend, 112. After ſtrictly ſcrutinizing his ſon, candidly tells him the faults he hath diſcovered, 113. The poſt of Secretary of State in ſome meaſure inflicted on him, 116. Deſires Mr. Stanhope to make him the confidant of his amuſements, 117, 132. The errors attending the younger part of his Lordſhip's life aroſe from an ambition of being eſteemed *a man of pleaſure*, 119. When with Addiſon and Pope, thought himſelf in company as much above him as if he had been with all the Princes in Europe, 128. Renews his entreaties to Mr. Stanhope, to conſider him in the character of a friend, 132. Uſed to call the

Irish his countrymen, 136. Happy in resigning his office, 139. Purchased the hall pillars, stair-case &c. of Canons, 157. Received benefit from the Bath waters, 165. Always rose early in a morning, 171. Sent Mr. Stanhope his own diamond buckles, 186. Writes an imaginary dialogue between Mr. Stanhope and a dissipated Englishman, 193. His strict attention to purity of language, 206. Differs from Cicero in his definition of an orator, *ibid.* His definition of prose and poetry, 25. His embarrassment on entering the gay world, how shaken off, 213. Built a new picture-gallery at Blackheath, 226. Brought into parliament a bill for reforming the calendar, 244, 249. Tells Mr. Stanhope what perfections he shall expect from him when they meet, 246. Convinced of the importance of eloquence, applied himself early to it, 247. Commends Mr. Stanhope to purchase for him two pictures by Titian, 251. Sends three pieces of mohairs to Paris, 259. His own account of his entrance into the great world, 261. A *bon mot* of his Lordship's, 278. His uncommon anxiety for Mr. Stanhope's acquiring every perfection, 279. A remarkable instance of his Lordship's inclination to please, when first he was embassador in Holland, 282. Is fearful lest his own former passion for play should operate to the prejudice of Mr. Stanhope's character, 283. Acknowledges his own success in life to be more owing to *les manières*, than to any superior degree of merit or knowledge, 285. Cut off by deafness from the pleasures of society, 289. His adroitness, in 1744, at the Hague, 291. Acknowledges his juvenile weaknesses, 294. Left off buying pictures in the way of *virtù*, 295. Regrets his neglect of the art of pleasing in his youth, 296. Receives a present from the Electress Palatine, in return for some fans which he had sent her, 297. Digested a set of Maxims for the use of Mr. Stanhope, 298. Describes the weariness occasioned by the company of a worthy relation, who was sensible and learned, but deficient in knowledge of the world, in manners, and in address, 299. His remarks on Oriental history, particularly that of the Jews, 301. Had an extraordinary barbet brought him from France, *ibid.* Reading becomes his only refuge, 305. What his practice at Cambridge, on meeting with shining pieces of eloquence, 307. His great object was, to be at all events a speaker in parliament, 308. Describes his first entrance into the House of Commons, *ibid.*

Retirement, which was his choice when in health and spirits, at length became indispensable, 309. His conduct when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, *ibid.* Wishes only to be the counsellor and minister of Mr. Stanhope's rising ambition, 309. Spoke in Parliament before he was of age, and experienced on that occasion the indulgence of the House, 311. What the motive of his playing whilst at Bath, 314. Foresaw the secret aim of the treaty in 1746 between the two empresses, 315. Received benefit from the Bath waters, 323. Laments the situation of his country, 324. His way of life at Bath, *ibid.* The melancholy state of his health, 332. Sends Mr. Stanhope some quadrille tables, 335. Is not anxious to prolong life, but wishes to mitigate its evils, 343. When, and why, he learnt the Spanish language, 352. Nourished at Blackheath, by an ass, a cow, and a goat, *ibid.* Vertumnus and Pomona propitious to him, 353. In what manner he bore disappointments, 355. Enables Mr. Stanhope to extricate himself from some pecuniary inconveniences, *ibid.* Blackheath properly his habitation, 359. Is attacked for the first time by some symptoms of the stone and gravel, 369. Fixed a separation between his brother and his wife, 371. Difficulties attending that negotiation, 372. At seventy years of age, found nothing either worth desiring or fearing, 375. Sends Mr. Stanhope five hundred pounds, for one quarter of a year's allowance, 380. Reduced to the miserable situation of the Sphinx's riddle, 394. Sends Mr. Stanhope two hundred pounds for a Christmas-box, 395. Gave his proxy for repealing the American stamp-act, 397. Imagined he had some skill in medicine, 402. His disorder in 1732 was a febrile humour which fell into his legs, 405. The South of France, in 1741, snatched him from the grave, 407. His prescription for the head-ach, 415. Continues very lame and weak, and despairs of ever getting any strength in his legs, 418. Calls himself a very good quack, 419. Relied too much on the promise of a great minister, *ibid.* Sends Mr. Stanhope some of the Duchess of Somerset's snuff, 422. Approves of the manner in which his son was buried, and wishes to see Mrs. Stanhope and her two children, 351. Takes upon himself the whole charge of the children, 424. Fixes them at school with Mons. Perny. 425. Gives Mrs. Stanhope, from Bath, a description of his own state of health, 426, 427. His observations on the planting of pines and oaks, 429. His remarks on the Maxims of Cardinal de Retz, 433. Maxims by his Lordship,

434. His humourous petition to King George the Second, 439. Recommends Mrs. Cleland to Madame de Tencin, 442. Had no skill in fortune-telling, 443. Exchanges coquetry for friendship, 444. Acknowledges the favour of Mr. Jerningham's elegant verses, 446. The Grub-street writers fathered their productions on his Lordship, 449. Acknowledges the civilities of Sir Thomas Robinson, *ibid.* 450.
- Chevalier des Ordres du roi, origin of that title, 270.
- Chevreuse (Madame and Mademoiselle de) governed by the Druidi for the time being, 436.
- Chigi (Cardinal) what a remarkable particularity in him, 190.
- Childe (Sir Josiah) his little book on trade commended, 239.
- China, conquered by the Tartars 89. Reckoned the most populous country in the world, *ibid.* Its Emperors, absolute as they are, govern with justice and equity, 221.
- Chronology, its nature and use, 34, 40.
- Chudleigh (Miss) visited Mr. Stanhope at Dresden, 391, 392. Her absence from the Duke of Kingston a dangerous experiment, but it succeeded well, 393. Well versed in the arts of Courts, 390.
- Cicero, no man succeeded better as an orator, 10. His epistles are the most perfect model of good writing, *ibid.* Particularly those to Atticus, 123. His philosophical works highly admired, 312.
- Civility, particularly due to all women, 95.
- Civilities, of inferiors and rustics often troublesome and disgusting to men of rank, 26.
- Classical works, a gentleman should understand those of every language, 273.
- Claudian, his encomiums on virtue, 68.
- Clairaut (Mons.) gives Lord Chesterfield a friendly account of Mr. Stanhope, 297.
- Cleanliness, an indispensable duty, 186.
- Cleland (Mrs.) recommended by Lord Chesterfield to Madame de Tencin, 442.
- Clerci (Madame) her house at Milan the resort of people of fashion, 215.
- Clive (Captain). See Asia.
- Code Frederique, its good effects, 305.
- Coderc (Mons.) instructed Mr. Stanhope in modern history, geography and chronology, 96.

- Colas (an ignorant, insignificant Frenchman) epigram on his death, 48.
- Cold Bath, prejudicial in arthritic or rheumatic cases, 397.
- Collana, what it originally was, and what it now is, 217.
- Colman (Mr.) Remarks on his Comedy (the Jealous Wife) 359.
- Commendations from men of merit, the greatest pleasure any body can feel, 101. Observation of Tacitus on the same, *ibid.*
- Commerce, remarks on that of France, 236.
- Commissions, a man should avoid the charging himself with such as are trifling, 264.
- Common-place observations, the ordinary topics of wittlings and coxcombs, 150.
- Company. Two sorts of good company; and every man has it in his power, by deserving it, to get into the best, 128. Rules for conversation in mixed companies, 129. General directions for conduct in company, 166, 167. Nothing forms a young man so much as respectable and superior company, 274.
- Comte de Gabalis (two little volumes so called) contains the extravagancies of the Jewish Rabbins, used to this day by the Cabalists and Rosicrucians, 164.
- Congreve (Mr.) points out a sort of critics to whom authors are accidentally obliged, 282.
- Connections, what sort of them most eligible, 231.
- Conscience, nothing so comfortable as a good one, 41. A bad one represented by an allegory, *ibid.*
- Consciousness, the term defined, 41.
- Consular Government, its institution a remarkable epocha in the Roman History, 20.
- Confus, the God of Counsel, 18.
- Contempt, nothing more impatiently borne, or less forgiven, 113. Wrongs may be forgiven, but contempt never is, 155. It should therefore most carefully be concealed, 161.
- Conti (Prince of) governed by his sister, 436.
- Convent. See Air du Convent.
- Conversation, how conducted by a well-bred man, 111.
- Conway (General) his character, 389. Desired by the King to keep the seals till a successor could be appointed, 413, 417.
- Corinth, its commerce considerable, 53.
- Corneille, the restorer of true taste in France, 237.
- Corficans, a short account of, 320.
- Cosel (Countess) commissions Mr. Stanhope to sell some diamonds for her, 383.

- Cotterel (Sir Clement) why sent to Holland, to invest the Prince of Orange with knighthood, 349.
- Cotton grows upon shrubs or bushes about three feet high, 88.
- Covetousness, exemplified by an anecdote, 28.
- Countenance, should always be kept unmoved and unembarrassed, 183. People unused to the world have babbling countenances, 277. See Douceur.
- Country, to die in defence of it, the most glorious of all actions, 13.
- Courland (Duchess of) extremely well-bred, 135, 136.
- Courtier, without parts and knowledge, the most frivolous of human beings, 150. Not more adroit in dissimulation than many a country farmer, *ibid.* His employment is as much a trade as a shoe-maker's, 283.
- Courts, the best schools for teaching the manners of the world, 148. Remarks on them, 190, 191. The best key to characters, 257. Merit without favour does little there, 283. Their *manières* personal, local, and temporal, 289. The theatre of war to a negotiator, 298.
- Cowper (Lord Chancellor) in what his strength as an orator consisted, 205.
- Cranmer (Mr.) a very sensible merchant, 173.
- Craven (Lord) the professed and valorous knight-errant to the Queen of Bohemia, 375. Mr. Harte had free access to his Lordship's papers, *ibid.*
- Crebillon the Younger, his literary character, 237, 248. Allusions to a sentimental novel of his, 253. An absurdity in one of his tragedies, 274.
- Cromwell (Oliver) his act of navigation gave a severe blow to a considerable article of the Dutch profits, 433.
- Cumberland (Duke of) Remarks on the generosity which his Royal Highness concluded with Marshal Richelieu, 319. His arrival in England expected to make a bustle, 320. Resigned his commission, 322. No probability of his resuming his employments, 323. Talked of bringing his convention under the cognizance of the parliament, 324.
- Curiosity, by what means it may be gratified without appearing impertinent, 141.
- Curius, his disinterestedness, 47.
- Customs. See Forms.
- C——e (Madam) elopes from her husband, and comes to London with a jeweller, 350.

D.

- Dancing, how far a necessary qualification, 104. Though a trifle in itself, gives habitually a genteel carriage, 163.
- Dante, his language obscure and difficult, 217.
- Daphne, why changed into a laurel, 8.
- Dauphin, why the heir apparent of France so called, 79.
- Day of Judgment, a poem of Dr. Swift's, under that title, 287.
- Decemviri, elected for the institution of new laws in the year of Rome 300, the Romans before that period having no written statutes, 22.
- Decency, one of the most important points of life, what it properly is, 31.
- Degenfeldt (Madame) a Dutch beauty, 300.
- Demagogues, should be cautious of assembling the populace unnecessarily, 162.
- Demosthenes, some account of, 11. Became a celebrated orator, notwithstanding he laboured under many natural disadvantages, 77, 105, 207. His definition of the requisites for an orator, 71.
- Denmark (King of) well paid by France for his neutrality, 352.
- Description, its importance in poetry, 57, 58.
- Devonshire (Duke of) laboured hard to reconcile the Ministry, 323. His resignation an important event, 362.
- De Witt (Pensionary) by what means he was enabled to pursue pleasure amidst a multiplicity of business, 121, 211, 283.
- Diamonds, an article nobody would purchase without seeing, 383.
- Dictator, the origin of that office at Rome, 19.
- Dido, her history epitomised, 4.
- Diet of the Empire, what it is, and where held, 73.
- Diogenes ridicules the inhabitants of Megara for their indolence and neglect of education, 30. A wise man for despising ceremonies, but a fool for shewing that he did so, 104.
- Disaffected, how the term is used, 103.
- Disappointments, easily borne by a wise man, 355.
- Disimulation, no business can be carried on without some degree of it, 183. See Simulation.
- Distich made upon the good fortune of the House of Austria in their marriages, 76.

- Dorchester (Lady) an odd saying of hers, 171.
 Dorset (Duke of) remarks on his administration in Ireland, 309.
 Dort (Viscount) his spirited letter to Charles IX. of France, when commissioned to murder the Hugonots at Bayonne, 228.
 Douceur of Countenance recommended, 301.
 Dresden, the price of the necessaries of life exorbitant in that city, 380.
 Dress, in what the difference of it between a man of sense and a fop consists, 104. An attention to it recommended, 113. What the fashionable dress for gentlemen in the year 1748. 173. A man's sense and character may be judged from it, *ibid.* Rules for it, 201. One of the various ingredients that contribute to the art of pleasing, 261.
 Drinking, how an excess in it may be decently avoided, 284.
 Du Clos, a reflection of his mentioned with approbation, 251.
 Dunkirk, belonged formerly to the Spaniards, taken by Oliver Cromwell, and sold to France, 72.
 Du Pin (Madame) had beauty, art, and reading, 252. An arrangement with that lady recommended, 255, 256, 270.
 Duval (Mons.) recommended to Mr. Stanhope, 416. Gives Lord Chesterfield an account of Leipzig and of Mr. Stanhope, 158. His challenge to the latter gentlemen in rhyme, 171.

E.

- Eathquakes, in the year 1750, two were felt at London in twenty-eight days, 220.
 Education, its importance, 147.
 Edward I. II. III. IV. V. (Kings of England) their characters, 93.
 Edward VI. succeeded to the throne at nine years old, and died at fifteen, 93.
 Egotism, should be banished from conversation, 129. Is as proper and satisfactory amongst intimate friends, as it is impertinent and ill-placed amongst strangers, 328.
 Egremont (Earl of) died of an apoplexy, 370. His Countess was afterwards married to Count Brühl, 411.
 Einsiedlen (Count de) questioned very closely by Lord Chesterfield, 188.
 Elections, the frenzy of them carried in 1768 to an amazing height in this kingdom, 421.
 Eliot (Mr.) gives a favourable account of Mr. Stanhope, 159.

- His concern at the loss of his father, 169. His friendship brought Mr. Stanhope into parliament, 307, 309.
- Elizabeth (Queen of England) her character, 93.
- Ellis (Mr.) nephew to Lord Chesterfield, 400. A red ribband and a negotiation into Spain intended for him, *ibid.*
- Eloquence, more necessary, from the nature of the English constitution, in this country than in any other, 205, 207. The works of Cicero and Plato have been preserved to posterity by their eloquence, 312.
- Employment, whether in business or in pleasure, should be attended to, 130.
- Emulation, a sensible pleasure and a warrantable pride, 112.
- England, originally called Britain, 95. Invaded by the Danes, *ibid.* What the two great epochs in its history, 153. The only monarchy in the world that can properly be said to have a Constitution, 221. In the year 1764, appeared supinely tame to the insults of France and Spain, 381, 383.
- English, a mauvaise honte, and an awkward bashfulness, or embarrassment, their distinguishing character, 44, 69, 293. Spoken badly by almost all English people who have no learning, 92. Why foreign travel is generally useless to them, 111. Are very often, even in parliament, incredibly ignorant of foreign affairs, 139. Which the best of their authors, 211, 273. The English coffee-house at Paris a most degrading place, 222. Character of the Milors Anglois there, 223. Their gallantries (in foreign countries) have a low turn, 227. Every porter in England is a consummate politician, 248.
- Entregent, a French term for the polite jargon of good company, 163.
- Envy, a mean and most tormenting passion, 32. Beautifully described by Ovid, 56.
- Eon (M. de). See Guerchy.
- Epitaph, on Colas, a vain obscure Frenchman, 106. On a virtuous and a beautiful young lady, *ibid.*
- Epithets, what they are, 32. Illustrated by a striking passage from Ovid, 58.
- Error, is properly the object of compassion, not of persecution or of ridicule, 126.
- Essex (Earl of) on the point of marriage with Miss Bladen, 429.
- Estrade (Comte de) his character as an ambassador, 281.
- Estrade (Monf. de) his Letters commended, 230.

Eugenia (a tragedy by Mr. Francis) its reception on the English stage, 272, 273.

Exchange, the technical terms of it easily acquired, 320. A dull, but useful knowledge, 350.

F.

Fabricius, his remarkable moderation, 47.

Fagel (the Greffier) his character, 433.

Familiarity, should not be indiscriminate, 190.

Fashion. See Dress.

Favours, the greatest, by being awkwardly conferred, may give offence, 249.

Female politics, do not originate from the head, 436.

Fenelon (Archbishop of Cambray) some remarks on his general character, and particularly on his conduct in respect to Madame Maintenon, 295.

Ferdinand. See Brunswick.

Firmian (Baron) his panegyric on Mr. Stanhope, 191.

Flappers, their office at Laputa, 131, 194.

Flattery, allowable with women, 95. In what manner it should be used, 129, 182, 183. Every woman may be gained by any sort of it, and every man by some sort or other, 275. Though a base coin, is the necessary pocket-money at Court, 434. See Beauty, Understanding.

Fleming (Count) well calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, 381. Though a hot man, a wise one, 387. His death, 413.

Folly. See Weakness.

Fontenelle (Abbé) his *Pluralité des Mondes* informing and pleasing, 170, 249.

Foreign Business, the immediate object of Mr. Stanhope's destination, 238.

Foreign Ministers, in what manner they should transact business, 164. Their profession has an agreeable peculiarity in it, 248. The French greatly superior to the English in this department, *ibid.* Should never be under the necessity of trusting to a translator for any European language, 285. Can never be good men of business, unless they are also agreeable men of pleasure, 290. The political differences of their Courts should never influence their personal behaviour, 327. Instructive maxims for them, 434.

Foreign Travel. See Travelling.

Forgetfulness, proceeds singly from want of attention, 71.

- Forms, their difference in different nations should be attended to, 125, 194, 289.
- Fortification, how far a knowledge of that science necessary to a gentleman, 156, 181.
- Fox (Mr. Henry) on the death of Mr. Pelham, talked of for prime minister, 310. Some traits of his character, *ibid.* Declared Secretary of State, 311. Resigned the day following, 312. Endeavoured to reconcile the Ministry, 323.
- Foxhunters, a species of beings appropriated to this kingdom, 262.
- France, the names of the twelve provinces into which it is divided, with a short account of each, 82. Nobody there bows to the King, or kisses his hand, 125. What a remarkable period in its history, 152. Possesses peculiar advantages over other countries, 160. Their monarchs gentle from custom, though without any constitutional bar to their will, 221. What parts of the history of that kingdom most necessary to be studied, 241. Remarks on its commerce, 236, 260; on its parliaments, 266; on some obscure law-terms, 267. Hath always profited skilfully of its having guaranteed the treaty of Munster, 275. The confusions arising from the disputes between its clergy and parliament, 303. The affairs of that kingdom grow serious, 304. Supplied all the foreign markets with sugar, 320. Remarks on their threatened invasion of England, 356. In 1764, France and Spain insulted this country with impunity, 381.
- Francis I. (King of France) his delicacy in the choice of a person he was to receive knighthood from, 348.
- Francis (Mr.) See Eugenia.
- Frederick II. (King of Prussia) when he killed any quantity of wild boars, compelled the Jews to purchase them, 308.
- Frederick III. (King of Prussia) the greatest and most virtuous man, and the ablest prince in Europe, 287, 305. In a very critical situation, 317, 319. Reflections on a signal victory gained by that monarch, with some outlines of his character, 325. That victory of his of more importance than at first it seemed to be, 326, 327. Though in 1758 the Prussian Monarch was, in Lord Chesterfield's opinion, *nec pluribus impar*; yet, as the *plures* seemed to amount to a great degree of plurality, it was feared that his courage and abilities must yield at last, 328. Mr. Stanhope advised to recommend himself to that King's notice, 331. Pursued the advantages

- he had gained, 333. The Prince of Prussia's death was no misfortune to the public, 337. The King furrounded by an immense number of foes, 339, 340. His great actions disgrace preceding histories, and incline us to give credit to romances, 342. Speculations on his probable future conduct, 348, 351. His procedure towards Count Fleming, 386. His character lowered by comparison with that of Prince Henry, 392. Reflections on his intended interview with the Emperor Joseph, 399.
- French, naturally easy, free, and polite, 44, 69. Those qualifications cover many of their faults, 117. Who their best classical writers, 273.
- Friendship, professions of it from strangers should be received with civility, but not repaid with confidence, 108, 209. Real friendship, a slow grower, 128.
- Fruit, though very wholesome, should be eaten with caution, 189.
- Furies (the three) their names and office, 56.

G.

- Gallantry, at Paris, is a necessary part of a woman of fashion's establishment, 227; and of a man of fashion's, 240. A turn to it of great service to a foreign minister, 248. In what manner conducted by a man of fashion, 256.
- Galley-slaves (in France) consist chiefly of Turks and criminals, 79.
- Gallican Church, its dispute with the Crown a very important question, 262.
- Gaming, in what manner a stranger is led to it at Paris, 222.
- Genealogy, a favourite science in Germany, 125.
- Gentleman, of what nature his decent expences at Paris, 233. Has but two *procédés*, when injured or affronted, 291.
- Geoffraïne (Madame) had a great deal of wit, 252.
- Geography, a proper amusement for short evenings, 9. Necessarily the companion of history, 33. A general idea of the science, and its use explained, 28.
- George II. (King of England) detested gaming, 283. Nobody more expert in all parts of good-breeding, that being the particular of every man's character, of which he first informed himself, 284. Had a good opinion of Mr. Stanhope, 318, 323. Presented the Prince of Wales with a service of plate, 325. His death expected from a whimsical reason, 347.

- George III. (King of England) his Majesty's illness in 1765 no trifling one, 387. Shewed a public dislike to his old servants, 388. His goodness to Lord Chatham, 410.
- German, a very useful language to a negotiator, 224.
- Germany, some account of its nine electors, 83. Great events frequent in that empire, 153. Remarks on their Courts, 278. A map, and some short book of travels through it, necessary companions on the German roads, 278. Its Courts much more nice and scrupulous in points of ceremony, respect, and attention, than the greater Courts of France and England, 285. Nothing but making the empire hereditary in the house of Austria can give it a proper strength and efficacy, 286. The German ladies have always a great share in state affairs, 436.
- Germans, seldom troubled with any extraordinary ebullitions of wit, 285.
- Ghent, the capital of Austrian Flanders, 72.
- Glynne (Sir John) his unsuccessful motion for annual Parliaments, 329.
- Good-breeding, a most necessary and important knowledge, 44. Strongly recommended, 69, 80. The principal of those lesser talents which are most absolutely necessary to make a man beloved and sought after in private life; a genteel easy manner being of great consequence towards pleasing, 74. To be acquired when young, 80. Directions for attaining it, 94. Further enlarged upon, 95. Its effects, 111. All the talents in the world useless without it, 135. Defined, 200, 201, 202. With the greatest part of the world, passes for good-nature, 291. Is the best security against the ill-manners of others, 434.
- Good company, that expression defined, 161, 165.
- Good manners, to those one does not love, is no more a breach of truth, than 'Your humble servant,' at the bottom of a letter, 277. The settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial life, 304.
- Goths, some account of their origin and government, 81. Subvert the whole Roman empire, *ibid.*
- Gout, the distemper of a gentleman, 393.
- Gower (Earl) made president of the Council, 417.
- Graces cannot be too much attended to, 143. There is no doing without them in the *beau monde*, 163. Mr. Locke lays great stress on their attainment, 168. Mr. Stanhope's deficiency in

- them gently reprimanded, 179. A devotion to the Graces strongly recommended, 101, 181, 191, 192, 195, 218, 281.
- Grafton (Duke of) his character, 389. His reason for resigning in 1766 the office of Secretary of State, 398. Uncertain whether he was to continue at the head of the Treasury, 417. Engaged to bring Mr. Stanhope into Parliament, if possible, on a vacancy, 419.
- Granville (Earl) had the ablest head in England, 366.
- Grave (Viscount de) his tragedy, called "Varon," the general topic of conversation at Paris, 269. Remarks on it, 270.
- Greek, the importance of acquiring that language, 49.
- Greenland, a vulgar notion, that words freeze there as they are uttered, 137.
- Grevenkop (Monf.) Mr. Stanhope corresponded with him in the German language, 161. Lord Chesterfield's amanuensis, 306.
- Guarini, character of his Pastor Fido, 217.
- Gualco (Abbé) his character, 226, 240, 242, 246. A diamond ring sent him by Lord Chesterfield, 249.
- Guerchy (Monf. de) particulars of his difference with M. d'Eon, 387. A bill found against him at Hickes' Hall, but stopped by a *noli prosequi* from the King, *ibid.*
- Guerinière (M. de la) an attention to him recommended, 222.
- Gunarchy, whence that term derived, 350.

H.

- Hair much more ornamental than the best made wig, 158.
- Halifax (Earl of) when appointed Secretary of State, preferred the Southern department, 372.
- Hamburgh, some particulars of that city, 319. Party spirit ran high among the Ministers there, 327. The great *entrepot* of business, 329.
- Hamilton (Duchess of) married Colonel Camphell (since Duke of Argyle) in preference to the Duke of B——r, 350.
- Hampden (Mr. John) Lord Clarendon's character of him, 207.
- Hanover, some account of, 83. Its history recommended to Mr. Stanhope's attention, 285. The inaction of the army there censured, 329.
- Harcourt (Marshal de) his MS. letters in the possession of Lord Chesterfield, clear up an important period in the history of Europe, 280. His character as an ambassador, 281.
- Hardwicke (Earl of) his friendship to Mr. Stanhope, 326, 331.

Haro (Don Lewis de) by constant and cool perseverance, in a treaty with Cardinal Mazarin, obtained several important advantages, 227.

Harrington (Earl of) when he went to resign the seals, expected he should have been pressed to keep them, 323.

Harte (Mr.) meets with an accident, 181, 185. His attention to Mr. Stanhope acknowledged, 218. Takes possession of his prebendal-house, 246. Remarks on his History of Gustavus Adolphus, 353, 354. The success being unequal to his hopes, his health affected by it, 361, 363. Proposed publishing an improved edition of his History, 364. Dejected and dispirited, 374. Intended to print a great poetical work, 376. Published a good treatise on Agriculture, 381. A better poet than philosopher, 385. Severely attacked by the palsy, 405, 406, 412, 417, 422.

Haste, very different from *Hurry*, 190.

Haughtiness to servants and inferiors highly condemned, 293.

Head-ach, remedy for it, 415.

Health, deserves more attention than life, 99.

Hecht (Mons.) the Russian resident at Hamburgh, 327. His reveries chimerical, *ibid.*

Hector, some account of, 7.

Heinsius (Pensionary) governed by the Duke of Marlborough, 168.

Henault (Mons.) his *Histoire Chronologique de la France* strongly recommended, 231.

Henriade (an epic poem by M. Voltaire) its character, 292.

Henry I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. VIII. (Kings of England) their characters, 93.

Henry IV. (King of France) generally beloved, 210. Had all the accomplishments and virtues of a Hero and a King, 231.

Hertford (Earl of) Mr. Stanhope directed to wait on him at Paris, 373.

Hervey (Lady) her character, 231, 236, 238, 244. Mr. Stanhope's panegyrist, 258. A caution given him respecting that lady, 263. A conversation of hers with Lord Chesterfield, 272.

Hesse Cassel (Princess of) testimony of her esteem for Mr. Stanhope, 334. An attention to that Court enjoined him, 344, 345, 367.

Hillborough (Lord) appointed Secretary of State for American Affairs, 417.

Hippomenes and Atalanta. See *Avarice*.

- Historians, most of them shew a provoking contempt for humanity in general, 297.
- History, what it properly is, 33, 35. Caution necessary in reading it, 160. Why always read to most advantage in the country it treats of, 232.
- Hoc age, a maxim among the Romans, signifying do what you are about, and do that only, 71.
- Holderneffe (Earl of) communicates to Lord Chesterfield the office letters of Mr. Stanhope, 318. Requested the King to permit Mr. Stanhope's coming to England for his health, 353.
- Holland, the finest and richest of the United Provinces, 1. Its principal towns, the cleanliness of its streets, and extensiveness of its trade, *ibid.* How far its influence extends over the other provinces, 433. See States-General.
- Hop (Monf.) his character, 282.
- Horace, his Art of Poetry, his master-piece, 106. In what manner that poet was read by a thrifty manager of time, 133. Was of opinion that water-drinkers could never be good writers, 428.
- Horses, the Persian, the best in the world, 88.
- Hotham (Sir Charles) recommended to Mr. Stanhope, 247.
- Huet (Bp.) his Treatise on the Commerce of the Ancients commended, 160.
- Hugo (Dr.) a skilful physician at Hanover, 286.
- Hume (Mr.) his essays recommended, 317.
- Hungary (Empress Queen of) acceded to the family compact, 380.
- Hunting, difference between the practice of it in England and in France, 262.
- Huntingdon (Earl of) his character, 231, 243, 263.

I.

- James I. (King of England) his character, 93.
- James II. (King of England) some account of, *ibid.*
- Japan, short account of, 89.
- Idleness, the mother of all vice, 9. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a reasoning being can squander away a single minute in absolute idleness, 173. Seldom leaves a man a moment's leisure, 320, 321.
- Jeannin (President) his letters very useful, 280.

- Jenyns (Mr. Soame) his little poem, called "The Country Lads," and the Answer to it commended, 351.
- Jerningham (Mr. Edward) his verses to Lord Chesterfield, 445.
- Jerusalem, some account of, 87. Destroyed by Titus, the Roman Emperor, 85.
- Jesuits, the most able and the best-governed society in the world, 197, 208. Some account of their institution, 268. Reflections on their expulsion from Spain, 410.
- Jews, the absurdity of some of their modern historians, 301. The bill for their general naturalization injudiciously repealed, 303.
- Ignorance, a seeming one very often a necessary part of worldly knowledge, 298.
- Imitation, all amiable qualifications to be acquired by it, 214.
- Inattention, the never-failing sign of a little frivolous mind, 108, 362. Nothing more offensive, 194, 278.
- Indostan, some account of, 89.
- Inferiors, how to be treated, 36.
- Influenza, in 1767, epidemical at London, 413.
- Injury, sooner forgotten than insult, 113.
- Interest the prevailing principle in life, 296.
- Interregnum, can happen only in elective kingdoms, 18.
- Intrepidity, we are more surpris'd at particular instances of it in times past, than in much greater which happen before our eyes, 162.
- Joan d'Arques, short account of, 93.
- John (Mademoiselle) her romantic expedition to England, 331. Rejects the offer of five hundred pounds, 332.
- John (King of England) character of, 93.
- Jointure, an observation on her present Majesty's, 360.
- Joker, nearly allied to a buffoon, 190.
- Joly (Cardinal) his Memoirs recommended, 436.
- Joseph (the present Emperor of Germany) his character, 399.
- Ireland what made Lord Chesterfield's administration easy there, 309. What confused the Duke of Dorset's, *ibid.*
- Irish, the healthiest and strongest men in Europe, 136.
- Irony, the most effectual method of exposing vice and folly, 27.
- Italy, from the time of the Goths, had been constantly torn in pieces, 153. The language of that country easily attainable by those who are skilled in French and Latin, 199. Charles the Fifth said, he should choose to speak to his Mistress in it,

215. Authors of invention few amongst them, 217. Who their best prose writers, *ibid.*

Julius Cæsar, an instance of his true greatness of soul, 23; of his clemency, 65; of his thirst for glory, 91; of his abilities, 224.

Justice, its administration in various countries, a proper object of inquiry, 151.

Iwan (the Russian Prince) reflections on his death, 382.

K.

Keith (Mr.) employed at the court of St. Petersburg, 326. Sets off thither in consequence of Lord Chesterfield's suggestion, 327.

King of the Romans, questions relative to his election, 240. Farther reflections on that subject, 286.

Kings, a well-bred man converses as much at his ease with them as with his equals, 151, 259. Those reign most secure, and the most absolute, who reign in the hearts of the people, 293. In what their education differs from that of other men, and in what manner their favour is to be gained, 434.

Kingston (Duke of) a remark on Miss Chudleigh's quitting his Grace, for the waters of Carlsbadt, 392.

Knights of the Garter, in what manner they are elected, 440.

Kniphausen (Monf.) his character, 332, 334. Disliked a negotiation of Mr. Münchausen, 343.

Knowledge, a comfortable and necessary retreat in advanced age, 133. None but the ignorant despise it, 134. What parts of it most requisite, 152. Must be adorned by manners, 155. The possession of it increases desire, 161.

Knowledge of the World, to be acquired only in the world, not in a closet, 112. What it truly is, 127. Necessary for every body, 209. The most useful of all studies, 275, 280.

Kreuningen (Monf.) his reservedness, 300.

L.

Ladies. See Women.

Lacedæmonia, or Sparta; all its citizens were trained up to arms, 13.

Laconic Style, why so called, *ibid.*

- Lambert (Marchionefs de) her *Avis d'un Mere à un Fil*, a good book, 257.
- Lambert (Sir John) Lord Chesterfield wished to be of service to him in his profession of a banker, 269, 274.
- Language. The necessity of attending to the purity of it, 42. The shortest and best way of learning one is to know the roots of it, 63. Great attention to be paid to the primitive verbs and nouns, and the addition of prepositions, 103. Spoken badly in all countries by the common people, *ibid.* Modern languages should be known correctly, accurately, and delicately, 273. Each has its peculiarities, 313.
- Lascaris (Count) a warm friend to Mr. Stanhope, 179, 180, 181, 187.
- Latin, in what that written by a gentleman-scholar differs from a pedant's, and why, 164.
- Laughing, nothing so illiberal as loud laughter, 144, 166.
- Laurel, why esteemed the most honourable of trees, 8.
- Laziness, youth hath no pretensions to indulge in it, though it is allowable to the *emeriti*, 216.
- Learning, the opinions the ancients had thereupon, 30. Of little signification without memory, 71. From the grossest ignorance revived a little in the fifteenth century, 81. Flourished under Pope Leo X. in Italy, and under Francis I. in France, *ibid.*
- Legge (Mr.) appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, 307.
- Leipzig, some account of, 124. A place of study, rather than a place of pleasure, 171.
- Letters, those to and from foreign ministers, as far as they go, are the best and most authentic records, 280.
- Letter-writing, a talent of the greatest importance, 10. The spelling and manner, recommended to notice, 29. Ought to be easy and natural, not strained and florid, *ibid.* Directions how to avoid a formal and unnatural style, with a specimen, 71. What the best models of it, 123. What the perfection of letters of business, 265.
- Lewis XIV. (King of France) the many still-substisting expensive buildings are monuments of his munificence, humanity, and good government, 75. The age he lived in very much resembled the Augustan, 217. His vanity, not his knowledge, made him an encourager of the arts and sciences, 276. Gratified his personal pride, by giving a Bourbon King to Spain, at the expence of the true interest of France. 280. Whether

- really married to Madame Maintenon, 295. Never sat down in person before any town unless there was a certainty that it would be taken, 371.
- Libertine destroyed, in what manner a pleasureable youth affected by that comedy, 223.
- Liddell (Mr.) why chosen by Lord Chesterfield for his secretary in Ireland, 309.
- Ligonier (Sir John) appointed general and commander in chief, 324. Cruelly used by Lord Chatham, 402. Refused to resign, *ibid.*
- Lisle, the chief town in French Flanders, 72.
- Liver, what almost always specifics for obstructions in it, 353.
- Local customs, should be carefully attended to, 201.
- Longueville, (Madame de) governed her brother the Prince de Conti, but was herself governed by Marillac, 436.
- Looks, easier to be felt than described, 95. Frequently discover what words endeavour to conceal, 108.
- Lord Mayor's shew, public exhibitions an useful way of acquiring knowledge by attention and observation, 46.
- Loudon (Lord) much blamed for his retreat, 319.
- Love, how represented by the poets, 56. Vows of eternal passion may sometimes accidentally last three months, 198. Love not unaptly compared to the small-pox, 282.
- Lowndes (the famous Secretary of the Treasury) a prudential maxim of his, 216.
- Luides (De) what made his fortune with Lewis the Thirteenth, 283.
- Lursay, (Madame de) friendly and hospitable, 244.
- Lycurgus, the first legislator of Lacedæmonia or Sparta, 13.
- Lying, nothing more criminal, mean, and ridiculous, exemplified in the consequence of various sorts of lyes, 126. The only art of mean capacities, and inseparably attended with infamy. 212.
- Lyons, has an extensive manufactory of gold, silver, and silk stuffs, 77.
- L * * *, his singular character, 194, 202.

M.

- Mably (Abbé) his *Droit de l'Europe* recommended, 156, 159.
- Macartney (Sir George) to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, 417.
- Macclesfield (Earl of) one of the ablest mathematicians and as

astronomers in Europe, and had the greatest share in forming the bill for the reformation of the calendar, 247, 352.

Magna Charta, account of its origin, 93.

Machiavel, if he had been living in 1764, might have matched Cæsar Borgia with a suitable heroine, 382.

Mahony (Count) his house at Naples the resort of the best company, 221.

Maintenon (Madame) some remarks on that lady, on her letters, and on her supposed marriage with Lewis the Fourteenth, 295.

Maittaire (Mr.) gives Lord Chesterfield a favourable account of his son's progress in learning, 38, 39. His abilities handsomely commended, 52.

Mallet (Mr.) his death, 387.

Malta, some account of the Knights of that order, 158.

Man of the world, his superiority over a system-monger, 230.

Manieres. See Forms.

Manners the ornament of virtue and knowledge, 152, 180. A certain dignity in them absolutely necessary, 190.

Mansfield (Lord). See Murray.

Marcel, a particular attention to his lectures enjoined, 240, 252. Which are of more consequence, at a particular period of life, than all the bureaux in Europe, 246. Of more use than Aristotle, 247.

Marivaux, knew the human heart, perhaps, too well, 227.

Marlborough (Duke of) his character, 168. The influence of his manners and address upon the first King of Prussia, 276. Though an able negotiator, yet exceedingly ignorant of books, 281; the reason accounted for, *ibid.* Enjoyed the art of pleasing more than ever man did, 293. Slattered himself into an immense debt, 309. No man ever said a rude thing to him, 434.

Marriage, a common topic for false wit, 150. Pleasantry on two intended ones, 335. A separation the only lasting peace between a man and his wife, 371. The rage of matrimony very prevalent, instanced in some of the polite world, 380. Marriage not understood in this country, instanced in three divorces, 395; and in Lord —, who parted with his wife, to keep another whore, 396. A matrimonial phrenzy rages, 407.

Marriage contracts, differ in France from those in England, 267.

Marseilles, some account of, 79.

- Marillac. See Longueville.
- Martial, a famous epigram of his explained, 244.
- Martial air, easily acquired, 255.
- Martin (Mr.) Latin tutor to Mr. Stanhope, 42.
- Mary (Queen of England) her character, 93.
- Mary II. (Queen of England) some account of, *ibid.*
- Mary (Queen of Scots) beheaded, *ibid.*
- Mary of Medicis, overturned in a river, and half drowned, 270.
The Marshal d'Ancre executed, for having governed her by the arts of witchcraft and magic, 277.
- Mascow (Professor) Mr. Stanhope attended his lectures on the *jus publicum imperii*, &c. 124, 135. One of the ablest men in Europe for political knowledge, 143.
- Matignon (Marquis) Mr. Stanhope recommended to him, 234, 238.
- Maty (Dr.) of singular service to Mr. Stanhope, who had been unsuccessfully treated by some other gentlemen of the faculty, 377, 385. The only physician who did not mistake Mr. Stanhope's case, 419.
- Matzell, a (favourite bullfinch). Ode on his death, 154.
- Maupertuis (Monf. de) his character, 174, 292. A just observation of his, 313.
- Mauvaise Honte, its ill effects, 111, 144, 182.
- Maxims, by Lord Chesterfield, 434. By Cardinal de Retz, 435.
Lord Chesterfield's remarks on the Cardinal's, 436.
- Mazarin (Cardinal) what his predominant passion, 209. His character, 436. See Haro.
- Memories, fools only have short ones, 103.
- Memoires de Sully*, that work recommended, 231.
- Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 17eme Siecle* recommended, 160.
- Men, no distinction between them, but what arises from fortune, 36. Have done more mischief in the world than women, 110.
A trifling species, called *sine men*, abounds in courts. 164.
Have possibly as much vanity as Women, though of another kind, 202. Do not always act like rational creatures. 205.
General conclusions respecting mankind not to be drawn from particular principles, 209. A man's moral character more delicate than even a woman's reputation of chastity, 239.
- Mendez (Mr.) a friend to Mr. Stanhope, 195.
- Merit, when it is remarkable, makes its way in spite of all dis-

- ficulties, 152. Unaccompanied with external and shewish accomplishments, never makes a figure in the world, 261.
 Method, its importance through life, 309. Particularly in accounts, 319.
 Meyssonier (a wine merchant) his character, 304.
 Midas, anecdote of him to expose the extreme folly of avarice, 28.
 Middleton (Dr.) his character as a physician, 346.
 Military Men, their character delineated, 281. When of a certain rank, are usually very polite, 288.
 Milton, the Devil the hero of his *Paradise Lost*, 176.
 Mind, its health depends much on that of the body, 354.
 Minister (foreign) the requisites to make an able one, 281.
 Ministers, very shining ones, like the sun, are apt to scorch when they shine the brightest, 310.
 Ministry, a most thorough change in it, in July 1765, 389. The new one an heterogeneous jumble of youth and caducity, 390, 391. The outlines of another, 417.
 Minorities, six have happened in England since the Conquest, 248.
 Mistress, a King's, or a Prime Minister's, may often give very useful information to a foreign minister, 164.
 Mitchell (Mr.) continued minister at Berlin, at the earnest entreaty of the King of Prussia, 332, 333.
 Mob, every numerous assembly such, however respectable the individuals, 247.
 Modern History, how to attain the knowledge of, and where it commences, 81. Directions for the study of it, 145, 152.
 Modesty, the best bait for praise, 224.
 Moisy (Dr.) Lord Chesterfield benefited much by his advice, 377. A physician of eminence at Bath, 405, 447.
 Monarchy, the first form of government established at Rome, 16.
 Monconseil, (Madame) Mr. Stanhope directed to consult her, 236, 237, 238. She gives a favourable account of him, 270. Mr. Stanhope directed to call on her, 373. Lord Chesterfield accused of exhausting on that lady his talent of saying agreeable things, 438.
 Money, the cause of most of the quarrels that happen between fathers and sons, 233.
 Monsey (Dr.) his powders of service to Lord Chesterfield, 402. Our noble author's regard for him, 447, 448.
 Montbazon (Madame de). See Beauport.

- Montesquieu (President) his account of the education proper for a monarchical government, 228.
- Moral Character, should not only be pure, but even out of the reach of suspicion, 212.
- Moral Duties, to be strictly observed at all ages and at all times, 80.
- Mordaunt (General) the public expected great discoveries from his trial, 323, 324. A previous examination into his conduct, by three general officers, 325.
- Motteville (Madame de) her memoirs recommended, 436.
- Mountstuart (Lord) going to be married to one of the Miss Windsors, 398.
- Munchausen (Monf. Madame, and Miss) 282, 284. Monf. Munchausen blamed for the Hanover Convention, 322. Went to Stade on a bold and dangerous experiment, 323. The event of it fortunate, 331. A little pique he took against Mr. Stanhope adjusted by Lord Chesterfield, 335. Engaged in a negotiation with Prince Ferdinand, 343.
- Munich, the first Court at which Mr. Stanhope was presented, 325.
- Munster (treaty of) what the views of the several parties concerned in it, 159.
- Munter (Madame) a favourite of Mr. Stanhope's, 300.
- Murray (Mr. afterwards Lord Mansfield) why considered as an excellent speaker, 243. On account of his eloquence, had more practice than any other gentleman of the long robe, 307. His Lordship's eloquence in the House of Peers, 419.
- Muses (the Nine) their names, and poetical history, 3.
- Mystery, the only secrecy of weak and cunning men, 434.

N.

- Nails, directions for cutting them, 235.
- Names (proper) no settled rules for those of the ancients, 18.
- Naples, an ample theatre of *virtu*, 221.
- Natural Affection, in reality there is no such thing, 134.
- Natural Curiosities, should not be the main object of a traveller's inquiries, 192.
- Nature, dispute concerning the alteration and change of it, 281.
- Navigation, a slight knowledge of it sufficient for those who are not of the profession, 156.
- Navigation Act, some account of, 236.

- Negotiator, very few eminent for their learning, 281. What necessary to form a skilful and successful one, 290.
- Nestor, some account of, 7.
- Newcastle (Duke of) his weak side pointed out, 283. Mr. Stanhope directed to offer his services in the several departments of his Grace's office, 284. The illness of the Duchess an hindrance to Mr. Stanhope, 288. Whence the Duke's confusion in business arose, 309, 319. Appointed First Lord of the Treasury, 311. Interested himself in securing Mr. Stanhope's election, *ibid.* Distinguished that gentleman's official letters with approbation, 323. Supported by the Whigs, 324.
- New Style, when and how introduced into this kingdom, 244. Particular account of the Julian and Gregorian calendars, 247.
- New-year's-day, a time when the kindest and warmest wishes are exchanged without the least meaning, 297. The most lying day in the whole year, 349.
- Night, Virgil's description of, with remarks, 67.
- Nismes, remarks on its antiquities, 406.
- Nivernois (Duke of) Embassador at Rome from the Court of France, his character, 213, 214.
- Nolet (Abbé) a philosophical tutor to Mr. Stanhope, 244.
- Northampton, an election for that town cost the contending parties at least thirty thousand pounds on each side, 421.
- Northington (Earl of) talked of quitting the office of Lord President, 412. Was requested to continue in office, 413.
- Novel, is properly an abbreviated romance, 66.
- Numa Pompilius, some account of, 17.

O.

- Oaths, when unnecessarily taken, are always suspicious, 108.
- Oeconomy, its advantages, 434.
- Old Hock, where the best to be met with, 302, 334.
- Oliver Cromwell, his character, 93.
- Onflow (Mr. George). Mr. Stanhope, in May 1741, exhorted to endeavour to excel him in learning, each of them being then nine years old, 70, 96.
- Operas, Lord Chesterfield's opinion of them, 269.
- Orange (William I. Prince of, called the *Taciturne*) his character, 433.
- Orator, what properly he is, 10. The nature and use of ora-

- ry, 45. By study and application any man may become a tolerable orator, 77. What the best books to form and finish an orator, 203.
- Orders (Military and Religious) their history well worth consulting, 158. Remarks on their foundations, 163, 270.
- Orleans (Duke of) his character, 436.
- Orloff (Count) his influence over the Czarina easy to be accounted for, 411.
- Ormond (Duke of) character of him, 293.
- Orthography, one single error in it may fix a ridicule on a person for life, 236.
- Ossat (Cardinal de) an able negotiator, 248. His Letters the true letters of business, 265, 280.
- Ostracism, what it was, 51, 61.
- Oscitantes Librarii, that expression explained, 100.
- Ovid, his beautiful description of Envy, 56; of Apollo and his Palace, 57; of Famine, 58; of the Morning, 59; of Noon, 60; of Rumour, 62. From a natural genius to poetry, often spoke verses without intending it, 77.

P.

- Painting, a liberal art, 198.
- Palatine (La.) See Nieuville.
- Pampigny (Monf.) commends Mr. Stanhope, 118.
- Paolo (Fra.) his treatise *De Beneficiis* recommended, 197, 303. For this and some other treatises against the court of Rome, he was stillettoed, 262.
- Paracelsus, asserted that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, 164.
- Paris, his disposal of the golden apple, 5.
- Paris, a short character of that city and its inhabitants, 75. The seat of true good-breeding, 80. Cautions to Mr. Stanhope against his arrival at that gay metropolis, 222, 234, 235. Fashion more tyrannical there than in any other part of the world, 223.
- Parliament, easier to speak there than is commonly imagined, 206. The chief place for an Englishman to make a figure in, 243, 318. Plain unadorned sense and reason not sufficient for a speaker there, 247. Those of France described, 266. Instructions to Mr. Stanhope for making a figure in Parliament, 290. *A persona muta* there of the same importance

as a candle-snuffer in any other theatre, 307. Receipt to make a speaker in Parliament, *ibid.* Success in that article removes all other objections, *ibid.* Parliament, in this country, the only road to figure and fortune, 308. In that great assembly, a few only require common sense, the others flowing and harmonious periods, *ibid.* Why lawyers have a superiority in Parliament, 309. The House usually indulgent to the first efforts of a member, 311. A singular instance of unanimity in the House of Commons, on an important occasion, 332. A still greater 348. On crowded days, the House may be compared to *la grotta del cane*, 344. Impossible for any human being to speak well for three hours and a half, 366.

Partition Treaties, remarks on the two celebrated ones formed after the peace of Ryswick, 280.

Pascal, his *Lettres d'un Provincial* commended, 208, 268.

Passions, every man has a prevailing one, by which he may be worked upon, and in which it is dangerous to trust him, 112, but which it is necessary to study, 129.

Patience, a most necessary qualification for business, 412.

Patin (Guy) recommends to a patient, a horse for a doctor, and an ass for an apothecary, 404.

Patricians, their importance at Rome, 18. Abused their power. 21.

Peace, the prospect of it in 1757 not favourable to this country, 324. Very different the following year, 333. Remarks on the preliminaries, 435.

Pedantry, how to be avoided, 142.

Pegasus, his poetical history, 3.

Pelham (Mr.) his death and character, 310.

Pelnote (Mr.) French tutor to Mr. Stanhope, 42.

Pembroke (Earl of) much commended in accounts from Hanover, 289.

Perron (Comte de) 179, 180.

Perron (Monf. du) his character, 282.

Persepolis, burned to ashes by Alexander the Great in a drunken fit, 88.

Persia, some account of, 88.

Pertingue (Cardinal) commends Mr. Stanhope, 172; and renders him some services, 174.

Petrarch, his poetical character, 217.

Physical Ills, great checks to Love and Ambition, 392.

Pittiscus, his pedantry censured, 164.

Pitt (Mr.) his character, 243. His administration had many enemies, 323. Supported by the Tories and the Londoners, 324. Gained ground in the closet, without losing popularity, 332. Jogged on with the Duke of Newcastle, 333. His power in the House of Commons, 348. The junction of Spain with France did great credit to his political sagacity, 361. His vast consequence, 363, 365. Had three long conferences with the King, 371. Would not come into office without Lord Temple's consent, 389. A cripple all the year, and in violent pains at least half of it, 393. His gout very real, not political, 394. Accepted the title of Earl of Chatham, and had the entire nomination of a new Ministry, in which he chose the office of Lord Privy Seal, 400. The triumph of his enemies at his new dignity, *ibid.* Vindicated himself from the charges of a pamphlet, published by Lord Temple, 401. Confined at Bath with the gout, 407. Too ill to hear of any business, 409, 411. His gout thrown upon his nerves, 413. Conjectures on his future political plans, 416. Promised to secure Mr. Stanhope a seat in the new parliament, *ibid.* Retired to Hayes, 417. His eloquence, 419.

Pitt (Mrs.) Mr. Stanhope blamed for omitting to pay the homage due to her beauty, 298.

Places, how far they may be supposed to bias people of probity and property, 312.

Plato, the greatest philosopher that ever existed, and the most virtuous amongst the ancients, 12.

Pleasing, a very necessary art, and how to be attained, 97. Strongly recommended in every part of life, 293. The great advantages derived from studying it, 296. In what it consists, *ibid.* What the most effectual of the various ingredients that compose it, 301.

Pleasures, those proper for a gentleman pointed out, 117. The rock on which most young men split, 119. A rational plan for attaining pleasure, *ibid.* Attention necessary in pleasures as well as in studies, 130. At proper times, both necessary and useful, 141. Rational pleasures pointed out, 174. Those which are liberal, how distinguished from their opposites, 180, 224. Sweetened by business, 189. What the period of life for enjoying them, 248.

Poetry, in what it differs from prose, 24, 43. The mechanical part of it may easily be acquired, but a genius for it must be

- the gift of Nature, 77, 98. The only accomplishment which it is not in the power of every man of common understanding to attain, 113. A frozen brain unfit for it, 175.
- Poets, the modern ones have adopted all the histories of the ancients, 2.
- Poland (King of) what the probable consequences of his death, 304.
- Polignac (Madame) not handsome, 249. A piece of mohair presented to her, 262.
- Politeness, a certain sort of, due to inferiors, 36.
- Politician, what properly his rudiments, 136.
- Pope (Mr.) an instance of Lord Chesterfield's high opinion of him, 128. Many people proud of boasting an intimacy with him and Swift, who never were twice in company with either, 251.
- Pope of Rome, remarks on his pretended infallibility, 86. Hath always great influence in the affairs of Europe, 153.
- Popularity, in private life how to be attained, 296.
- Porfenna (King of Hetruria) some account of, 19.
- Portland (Duke and Duchess of) pleased with Mr. Stanhope's attention to Lord Titchfield, 345.
- Portraits, list of some which Lord Chesterfield wished to purchase, 297.
- Portugal (King of) why better off than any other of the belligerent powers, 363.
- Poulet, whence that word applied to a billet-doux, 241.
- Prætors, their origin, 21.
- Pragmatic Sanction, why so called, 76.
- Praise, when not deserved, is the severest satire, 27.
- Prejudices, how imbibed, and by what methods to be gotten the better of, 176.
- Pretender, directions for Mr. Stanhope's conduct, in case of meeting him or his adherents in Italy, 192.
- Princes, their penetration seldom goes deeper than the surface, 202.
- Probity recommended, 24.
- Pronouns, often create obscurity or ambiguity, 265.
- Protestants, why so called, 93.
- Proud Man, his insolent civility more shocking than his rudeness, 210.
- Provincial Towns, the very best of them have some awkwardnesses, 188.

Prussia. See Berlin. Frederick.

Public Minister, his profession, of all other requires the nicest and most distinguished good-breeding, 202.

Public Worship, no place which is set apart for it can be an object of laughter or ridicule, 141.

Puisieur (Madame de) friendly to Mr. Stanhope, 253, 254.

Pulteney (General) his death and immense riches, 414.

Pulteney (Lord) recommended to the notice of Mr. Stanhope, 156, 172.

Q.

Quarles, disgraced and vilified the name of Emblems, 376.

R.

Rake, an ungentlemanly character, 233.

Ranelagh Gardens, admirably calculated for serious reflections upon the vanities of the world, 348.

Rational Man, what the proper subjects for his self-examination every night, 323.

Reading, how to be profitably pursued, 216. See Books.

Reason, he who addresses himself to it, without first engaging the heart, is little likely to succeed, 161. Though it ought to direct mankind, seldom does, 308.

Reflection, what the proper age to use it, 176.

Reformation, begun by K. Henry VIII. and established by Queen Elizabeth, 93. The term explained, *ibid.* A very important æra in history, 149.

Regency Bill, Lord Chesterfield's opinion of, 387.

Rembrandt, his paintings are caricatures, 254.

Republic, the necessary institution of it is extinguished in the United Provinces, 433.

Reputation, no man deserves it, who does not desire it, 101. The advantages of a good one, 172.

Repentment, when impotent and unavailing, is beneath the dignity of a Man, 312.

Retz (Cardinal de) his Memoirs recommended, 145, 149, 161. Remarks on some select passages in them, 162. His sagacious reflection on Cardinal Chigi, 190. An excellent maxim of his applied to the repeal of the Jew bill, 303. His Political Maxims, 435. His character, 436.

- Review of an Army, what the proper questions for a spectator to ask at its, 175.
- Rhetoric, its uses, 42.
- Rheumatism, remarks on that disorder, 188. Is the distemper a hackney coachman or chairman, 291.
- Rhone, a great difference in the manners of the people on the opposite side of that river, 235.
- Richard I. II. III. (Kings of England) their characters, 93.
- Richelieu (Cardinal) what that great Minister's foible, 129. 207. A signal instance of his refined policy, 271, 286.
- Richelieu (Marshal) raised by the graces of his person and address to the highest dignities in France, 231, 258, 379. Made great progress at Hanover, in *metallic* learning, 357.
- Richmond (Duke of) asked for the office of Secretary of State, and obtained it, 398.
- Ridicule, when once accidentally fastened on any person, is with difficulty got rid of, 203, 204.
- Robertson (Dr.) his character as an historian, 354.
- Robinson (Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Grantham) accepted the office of Secretary of State with reluctance, 312.
- Robinson (Sir Thomas, of Chelsea) his letters always gave Lord Chesterfield pleasure and information, 449, 450.
- Rochefoucault (Duke de la) an improvement on one of his Maxims, 144. The foundation of his book defended, 161. Paints man very exactly, 242. His Maxims should be read in a morning, and compared with real characters in the evening, 257. One of them applied to the King of Prussia, 392.
- Rockingham (Marquis of) his connection stands fair for the ministry, 409. All his friends absolutely excluded, 417.
- Roderigue (Monf.) character of his Weekly Histories, 303.
- Romances, in what particular the modern differ from the ancient, 66.
- Rome (ancient) its history the most instructive in all antiquity, 14. A concise account of it, 15, 22, 47.
- Rome (modern) the objects of attention it furnishes, 180, 196. Character of the ladies there, 202. No good dancing-masters in that city, 218.
- Romulus, some account of, 15. His mother a Vestal, 17. Killed by the Senators, *ibid.*
- Rosenhagen (Parson) Lord Chesterfield declines using his interest to influence him in a point wished by Lord Sandwich, 377.

- Rufus (William) why so called, 93.
- Rule, what an unexceptionably useful and necessary one, 245.
- Russia, character of the court of St. Peterburgh, 326. The intentions of its sovereign in comprehensible, 332 334. In that empire, deposing and murdering are nearly allied, 382.
- Russia (Elizabeth Empress of) what would probably be the consequences of her death, 316. That event happened too late to be of any service to the King of Prussia, 323. Conjectures on the subject of the succession, *ibid.* The reasons given in her manifesto, for the march of her troops against the King of Prussia, not the true ones, 328.
- Russia (Catharine II. Empress of) completed her character of a *femme forte*, in a manner that would have qualified her for the Heroine of Machiavel, 382.

S.

- Sabines, the rape of their women, 17.
- Saint Germain (Madame) speaks advantageously of Mr. Stanhope, 118.
- Saint Germain (Marquis de) Embassador at Paris from the court of Turin, 246.
- Saint Real (Abbé) author of "Don Carlos," a pretty Novel founded in truth, 66.
- Sallier (Abbé) Mr. Stanhope directed to apply to him for a tutor in geometry and astronomy, 244.
- Sandwich (Countess of) commended, 262.
- Sandwich (Earl of) providentially raised up to vindicate true religion and morality, 375. Remarkably civil and kind to Mr. Stanhope, 377. Is appointed Postmaster, 417.
- Sardinia (King of) a very able prince, 174.
- Savary, his *Dictionnaire de Commerce* the best book of its kind, 239.
- Savoy (House of) hath produced many great men, 181.
- Saxon Heptarchy, why so called, 93.
- Saxony, queries on the state of that electorate, 144. Its court a very gaudy one, 148.
- Schaunat, his History of the Palatinate originally written in German, 303.
- Schulemberg (Count) Mr. Stanhope accompanied him to the Göhr, 289. Came to England with King George the Second, 295.

- Schwederius, his *Theatrum Pretensionum* an useful book to be occasionally consulted, 280.
- Schwiegeldt (Monf.) an old friend of Lord Chesterfield, 282, 284.
- Scipio, his moderation, continence, and generosity, 47, 60.
- Scotland united with England in the reign of James I. 93.
- Sculpture, a liberal art, 198.
- Secrecy, the only mystery of able men, 434.
- Secret expedition (in 1757) conjectures on its destination, 320. Its consequences, 321. Probable causes of its disappointment, 323.
- Secret expedition (in 1758) one of great force preparing, 333. Its object, 335; and consequences, 336, 343.
- Secrets, are more easily to be kept than is commonly imagined, 162.
- Secretary of State, what qualifications are absolutely necessary for that important office, 116, 137. In what manner it hath too frequently been filled, 152.
- Self-conversation, recommended by Lord Shaftesbury to all authors, 402; by Lord Chesterfield to all men, *ibid.*
- Self-love, always makes a man think himself of more importance than he really is, 323.
- Servants in Livery remarks on, 140.
- Seigné (Madame) her Letters, and those of Count Buffi Rabutin, recommended for an itinerant library, 123.
- Shaftesbury (Earl of) a pretty remark of his on virtue and cleanliness, 199. A singular anecdote of him, 300. Recommends self-conversation to all men, 372.
- Shepherd (James) hanged for an intention to shoot King George the First, 162. His remarkable intrepidity, *ibid.*
- Simonetti (Madame de) a lady of the first fashion at Milan, 215.
- Simulation, in what it differs from dissimulation, in the judgement of Bacon and Bolingbroke, 153, 212.
- Singularity, pardonable only in old Age and Retirement, 313.
- Sinzendorf (Count) his character, 298.
- Sixtus V. (Pope) a great but able knave, 153.
- Slingelandt (Pensionary) was Lord Chesterfield's Friend, his Master, and his Guide, 433.
- Small talk, what it is, and where most used, 260. Of great use in mixed companies, 289.

- Socrates, on account of his virtues, all vicious people were enemies to him, 12.
- Soltikow (Monf.) the Russian resident at Hamburgh, 326.
- Sorbonne, the outlines of that famous Establishment, 268.
- Souterkin of Wit, 175.
- Spain, some account of, 84. Probability of that kingdom's declaring war against Great Britain, 360. Grossly insulted this country, 381, 383.
- Speaker. See Parliament.
- Spectacle de la Nature, a superficial but pretty book, 170.
- Spectator, Lord Chesterfield's opinion of that work, 107.
- Speech, graceful speech an indispensable accomplishment, 156.
- Stamp-duty, Lord Chesterfield thought it not an object worth hazarding the disaffection of America about, 395. In his Lordship's opinion, a most pernicious measure, 396. The subject of warm and acrimonious debates in both houses, 397.
- Stanhope (Mr. John) an account of his death, 170.
- Stanhope (Mr. Philip) travelled into Holland when only five years old, 1. Improved in his translations from the Latin, 4, 41. His attention, 18. Mr. Maittaire commends his diligence, 23, 38, 39, 92; and Lord Chesterfield his modesty, 44. Begins his tenth year with a different course of life and studies, 70. His unfavourable opinion of the Ladies reprimanded, 110. Unwearied application to his studies strongly urged, 92. His diction commended, *ibid.* His attention to the Greek tongue recommended, 98. His future destination pointed out to him, 113. His improvements in good-breeding commended, 118. Advice to him on dress, 120; on making remarks where he travels, 122; on letter-writing, 123; on cleanliness of person, 124; on searching into the characters of his acquaintance, 127; on the choice of friends, 128. The character given of him by Mr. Harte afforded his noble father great satisfaction, 135. A particular attention to foreign negotiations recommended to him, 139. The only man whose destination from the beginning was calculated for the department of foreign affairs, 152. His enunciation bad, 154, 229. Master of the German language, 161. His hand-writing censured, 162, 229, 241, 247. The nature of his future expences pointed out to him, 174. His reception at Berlin, 177. Cautioned against too great an intimacy with the illiberal part of his countrymen, 182. Disordered, 185. His character by a Venetian lady, 204.

Directed to prepare himself for a seat in parliament, 205. The pleasing prospects which awaited him, 211. His accomplishments and defects contrasted, 229. His character from a friend at Paris, 242; from Mons. d'Aillon, 252; from Mons. Tollet, *ibid.*; from another friend at Paris, 253. Reckoned by Marcel one of his best scholars, 256. Directed to bring his mother some small present, 263; and Lady Chesterfield a snuff-box, *ibid.* His character, by Lord Albemarle, *ibid.* Confined by a fever, 271. His character by Mons. Boccage, 276; by Mr. Pelham, 441. Lord Chesterfield's anxiety for his reception at Hanover, 283. Rules of conduct as a courtier pointed out to him, 284. Directions to him, in case his expectations at Hanover are disappointed, 285. Has an asthmatic complaint, 286. Recommended to the notice of M. Voltaire, 287. Is well received at Hanover, 289. Parliamentary and foreign affairs, the two great objects of his education, 290. Advised to converse frequently, and be in company with his superiors in age and rank, and directions where, 193. High panegyric on him by a lady at Paris, 296. His character by Count Sinzendorf and Mons. Clairaut, 297. Naturally inclined to be fat, and, being a very hearty feeder, was consequently plethoric, *ibid.* His great superiority, at the age of nineteen, over the generality of his countrymen, 299. Had naturally a very pleasing countenance, 301. A passage in the old Bachelor humorously applied to him, 302. Is distinguished at Mannheim, 304. Sends Lord Chesterfield a wild boar, 305. His improvement in letter-writing commended, 307. His seat in the House of Commons secured, *ibid.* Will be elected for Liskeard without opposition, 309. A Pyrrhonism in matters of state enjoined him, 311. His first appearance in the House of Commons, 314. His official letters approved of by Lord Holderness, and by the King, 318; by the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Chesterfield, 323; by Lord Hardwicke, 326, 331. The Landgrave of Hesse very civil to him, 322. Directions for his conduct on an interesting political event, *ibid.* Hints suggested to him for a conference with Mons. Soltikow, the Russian resident at Hamburgh, 326, 327. The Berlin Commission for him the object of Lord Chesterfield's views, 331. Advised to write a concise history of the great events he had been witness to at Hamburgh, 333. Praised by the Princess of Hesse, and in consequence complimented by King George the Second and Princess Amelia, 334. Employed to forward some

books to the Princess Amelia of Prussia, 336. Makes Lord Chesterfield a present of some curious wine, 341. Mr. Stanhope's civilities to Lord Tichfield acknowledged by the Duke and Duchess of Portland, 345. Receives benefit from the prescriptions of Doctor Middleton, 346. Hopes to have the honour of investing Prince Ferdinand with the blue ribband, 347, 348. A difficulty started on that subject, 349. In love with a Lady of Hamburgh, *ibid.* 350. Lady Chesterfield discouraged from troubling him with a commission for herself, by his neglecting to execute some given by Madame Münchausen and Miss Chetwynd, 351. Boerhaave's advice to Lord Chesterfield applied to Mr. Stanhope, 353. Disappointed in his expectations of a visit to this country, 355. Some little difficulties attending his re-election in parliament got over, 359; that election cost him two thousand pounds, 384. Is appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Ratisbon, 367, 368, 369. Difficulties attending the ceremonial there, 370. Received much benefit from the advice of Dr. Maty, 377, 385. His disorder, which had been mistaken for the gout, proved to be the rheumatism, 378. Negotiation for vacating his seat in parliament, 384. Directed to consult the Dresden physicians, 385. Entertained Miss Chudleigh at Dresden, 392. The baths of Suabia recommended to him, 394. Directed to write often to his mother, 398. Preparing to go to the South of France, 403, 404. A seat in Parliament promised him by Lord Chatham, 406. A Borough jobber spoken to for one by Lord Chesterfield, *ibid.* Mr. Stanhope's complicated complaints, 419. Is disappointed of the seat in parliament, *ibid.* Obtains leave of absence from his post for a year, 420. Mr. Keith appointed *Chargé d'Affaires* during his absence, *ibid.* His disorder a dropsy, 422. Character of his two sons, Charles and Philip, 427, 428, 430, 432.

Stanhope (Earl) impeached the Duke of Ormond, 93.

Stanhope (Mrs. Eugenia) a proof of Lord Chesterfield's esteem for her, 426, 427. His Lordship's good opinion confirmed, 428.

Stanhope (Sir William) disappointed in not receiving some Old Hock from Hamburgh, 334. Goes to pass a winter at Nice, 415.

Stanley (Mr. Hans) going Embassador to Russia, 400.

States General, the names of the Seven Provinces which form that Government, 1. Their connexion and transactions with

- this country render a knowledge of their constitution indispensable to a senator, 311. Some account of that government, 433.
- Statesmen, like Beauties, are seldom sensible of their own decay, 309.
- Stephen (King of England) short account of, 93.
- Stevens (Mr.) a friend of Mr. Stanhope, 195. Died of a consumption, 358.
- Stormont (Lord) an encomium on, 239.
- Stafford (Earl of) governed for a considerable time the Court of Berlin, 248.
- Stratagem, the ridicule of a passage in that comedy commended, 298.
- Strathmore (Earl of) kinsman to Lord Chesterfield, 407; about marrying Miss Bowes, the richest heiress in Europe, *ibid.*
- Style, the importance of an attention to it, 203, 302.
- Sugar, is one of the most valuable branches of commerce, 320.
- Sully (Duke of) nothing contributed more to his rise than a prudent economy in his youth, 434.
- Suspicion, who the proper objects of it, 209.
- Swift (Dean) his description of the Flappers in Laputa, 131, 194. An humorous observation of his, 248. A Poem of his (since inserted in his works) which Lord Chesterfield had in the original MS. 287. See Pope.
- Switzerland, questions relative to its internal policy, 111, 114.
- Sylphium, the great value set upon it by the Romans, 341.
- Systems, perfection the object always proposed in them, 272.

T.

- Tacitus, the studying him recommended, 106. An observation of his commended, 260.
- Tarquin, some account of, 19.
- Tarquin the Proud, becoming from his tyranny detestable, was expelled with all his family, 19.
- Tartary, some account of, 90.
- Tasso, character of his poetry, 217.
- Taste, its metaphorical signification, 57.
- Taxes (Madame de) an insolent fine lady, 282.
- Teeth, directions for preserving them, 124, 182, 235. No hard substance should be used in cleaning them, 308. A sponge and warm water alone recommended, 13.

- Temper, a command of it absolutely necessary, 183, 291.
- Temperance recommended, 147.
- Temple (Earl) Mr. Pitt would not come into office without his consent, 389. Published the particulars of that great Minister's quarrel with him, 401.
- Temple (Sir William) his Letters recommended, 280; his remark on Pensionary de Witt, 283. Remarks on a negotiation which he valued himself highly upon, 433.
- Tencin (Madame de) Lord Chesterfield's esteem for her, 442.
- Teutonic Order, some account of, 158.
- Theatre, that of Paris exceeds all others, 233. Yet both that and the English want several regulations, 269.
- Thoughts lose much of their beauty, if expressed in low, improper and inelegant words, 92.
- Time, its importance, 51. The smallest portion of it may be usefully filled up, 130. Many people lose two or three hours every day, by not taking care of the minutes, 131. Few know the true use and value of time, 133. How it should be employed, 211, 274. Very few are economists of it, 216.
- Timidity, pernicious to a young man, 227.
- Toulon, some account of, 78.
- Townshend (Lord) why he never pleased as an orator, though he always spoke materially, with argument and knowledge, 205. The supposed author of a pamphlet, 391.
- Townshend (Mr. Charles) reflection on his versatility, 366. A *bon mot* on it, 391. Firmly engaged to Mr. Pitt, 372. To shew that he was in the opposition, let off a speech on the Princess Carolina Matilda's portion, 375. Had the sole management of the House of Commons, 400. Soon on ill terms with Lord Chatham, 404; who could not do well without his abilities in the House of Commons, 407.
- Trade, Axioms in it, 438.
- Tradesman, what necessary qualifications for him, 224.
- Translators, Foreign Ministers should never be under the necessity of employing, paying, or trusting them, for any European language, 285.
- Travelling, its proper object, which is usually neglected by the English, 111, 130, 182, 267, 289. What the real utility of it, 300.
- Treaties, Histories of the most considerable recommended, 152, 280.

- Treves (Chapter of) an assertion of that body, respecting Rhenish wine, 338.
- Tribunes, their origin at Rome, 21.
- Triflers, on what their attention engaged, 157.
- Troy, some account of the siege of that city, 5, 6, 7.
- Truth, the first duty of religion and morality, 91.
- Tufana, the name of a Neapolitan woman who invented a remarkable poison, 323.
- Tullus Hostilius, some account of, 17.
- Turin, an accomplished Capital, 168. Lord Chesterfield's expectations from Mr. Stanhope's stay there, 178.
- Turkey in Asia, some account of, 90.
- Turkish History, the religious part excepted, not fabulous, though possibly not true, 301.
- Tuscan Order, why the properest in the foundation of an edifice, 202.

V.

- Valiere (Madame de) her character respectable, 256.
- Vanbrugh, (Sir John) reflections on his style of building, 406.
- Vanity, unquestionably the ruling passion of women. 250. Is the most universal principle of human action, 294.
- Venice, the ministers of that state are necessarily able negotiators, 177. Remarks on that city, *ibid.* 178. Produced many great painters, 185. Few travellers know any thing of that intricate and singular form of government, 185. What a frivolous policy in it, 192.
- Vergy (Monf. du) made oath before the Grand Jury of Middlesex that he was hired by Monf. du Guerchy to assassinate Monf. D'Eon, 397. Is prosecuted by the Attorney General, *ibid.*
- Versatillity, its effects on a courtier, 214.
- Vices, those of adoption, of all others, the most disgraceful and unpardonable, 182. The English generally pursue the lowest *ibid.* Vice is as degrading as it is criminal, 189.
- Vienna, the men there make curtsies, instead of bows, to the Emperor, 125.
- Vieuville (Monf. la) his influence on La Palatine, 436.
- Ville (Abbé de la) his character, 291.
- Viner (Mr.) the only member of the House of Commons who opposed Mr. Pitt, 312, 350.

Virgil, his Description of Night, 67.

Virtù, the Pope's taste in it censured, 220.

Virtue, to be perfectly virtuous, more than mere justice is necessary, 23. The virtues of the heart recommended, 24. Virtue, sooner or later, is sure to be rewarded. 65. Reflections on Virtue, 68. Whoever knows it, must love it, 134. Every virtue hath its kindred vice, and every excellence its kindred weakness, 142. The *leniores Virtutes* more captivating than the greater, 313.

Vivacity, how far pleasing, 173.

Understanding, the subject on which women of real beauty should be flattered, 129.

United Provinces. See States General.

Voiture, made several stanzas, full of false wit, on an accident which happened to a lady, 306.

Voltaire (Monf.) his *Rome Sauvée* censured by the severer critics, 274; commended by Lord Chesterfield, 287. Sends Lord Chesterfield his *Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV.* from Berlin, 276. Remarks on that book, *ibid.* 287. Mr. Stanhope introduced to him, 286. Lord Chesterfield advises him to write a History of the King of Prussia, 287. Character of M. Voltaire's writings, 292. His Histories of *Les Croisades*, and *L'Esprit Humain*, commended; and a performance called *Micro-megas* (ascribed to him) censured, 297. His edition of *les Annales de l'Empire* wished for by Lord Chesterfield, 312. The *Contes de Guillaume Vade*, not worthy of him, 383.

Utrecht (Treaty of) an interesting period in the politics of this century, 280.

Vulgarity of Language, how acquired, 195.

W.

Wales, annexed to the Crown of England in the reign of Edward I. 93.

Wales (Frederick Prince of) probable consequences of his death, 248.

—(George Prince of) his character, 248.

Waller (Edmund) a pretty Poem of his cited and commended, 43. Fell in love with a lady who sung a song of his own writing, 55. His admirable reply to King Charles II. when accused of having made finer verses in praise of Oliver Cromwell, than he had bestowed on that monarch, 446.

- Waller (Mr.——) could seldom speak without laughing, 144.
- Walpole (Sir Robert) what his foible, 129. His great regularity made business easy to him, 309. Never had a civil thing said to him, though much flattered, 434.
- Warming-pan Story, the well known one related by Bishop Burnet, proved fatal to Jacobitism, 176.
- Wassenaer (Count) an instance of Lord Chesterfield's attention to please that Nobleman, 282. Not able to draw this kingdom into the secret treaty of 1746, 315.
- Weakness, that of every man should be humoured, 113; and attentively studied, 129. People in general will easier bear being told of their vices than their follies, 204.
- Weight of Metal, a modern sea phrase unknown to Admiral Blake, 320.
- Well-bred Man described, 111. What his characteristic, 151. Seldom thinks (and never seems to think) himself slighted, 298.
- Westminster School, not the seat of politeness, 214.
- Weymouth (Lord) nominated Secretary of State, 417. Tacitly consents to a request of Mr. Stanhope, 419.
- Wigs, for what purpose full-bottomed ones were contrived, 257.
- Wilkes (Mr.) universally given up, 374. That intrepid assertor of our rights and liberties out of danger, 375. In imitation of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile, defeated his creditors and prosecutors, 280. Lost his election for London, but *carried it hollow* for Middlesex, 421.
- William III. (King of England) some account of, 93.
- Williams (Sir Charles Hanbury) his politeness to Mr. Stanhope, 151; and his friendship, 194. His Ode on the Death of a Bullfinch, 154. His consequence at Dresden, 304. Melancholy proofs of his phrenzy, 330, 331, 332.
- Wilmington (Lord) his case remembered, when her present Majesty's jointure was settling, 360.
- Wit, may create admirers, but makes few friends, 285.
- Wits, the conversation of those at Paris generally instructive, 251.
- Wolfe (Colonel) his gallant offer at Aix, 324.
- Women, their whole sex should not be condemned for the faults of individuals, 110. The greatest attention due to them, 113. Their conversation contributes to the polishing of a gentleman, 117. On the subject of beauty, scarce any flattery too gross for them to swallow, 129, 183. Improve the manners

if not the understanding of Men, 135. Have great influence in fixing a man's fashionable character, 154. General directions for conduct respecting the Ladies, 161. To be talked to as beings below Men, and above Boys, 163. Establish or destroy every man's reputation of good-breeding, 202. Much more like each other than Men are, 209. Veteran Women of Condition the properest persons to introduce a young man into the *beau monde*, 213, 218. Are not to be captivated by beauty, but by attention, 215. A man had much better talk too much to them than too little, *ibid.* The danger of forming disgraceful connections among them, 233. Have great influence in Courts, 248. Entitled by prescription to great outward respect and attention, 259. In what particulars they resemble the spear of Telephus, 350. Have always had a great share in the politics of France, 436.

World. See Knowledge of the World.

Writing, it is in every man's power to write what hand he pleases, 172, 229, 241.

Y.

York (Edward Duke of) embarks on a secret expedition, 338.

Yorke (Colonel) Mr. Stanhope advised to cultivate his friendship and protection, 233, 263. Is a man of business, 252.

Y—— (Sir William) by what method he attained very high employments in the state, 308.

Youth, hath commonly an unguarded frankness, 128. Young people seldom know either how to love or to hate, 291. Look upon themselves to be wise enough, as drunken men think themselves sober enough, 298. Are always forgiven in carrying a fashion to excess, but never in stopping short of it, 300.

F I N I S.





Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope <<of>>, / Stanhope, Eugenia /
Stanhope, Philip

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